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THE WORKS OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

&

JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

GENERAL EDITOR: A. H. BULLEN

VOLUME IV

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THE WORKS OF
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME IV

THE FALSE ONE
THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER
VALENTINIAN
MONSIEUR THOMAS
THE CHANCES

LONDON
G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.
& A. H. BULLEN
1912

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CONTENTS

PAGE

THE FALSE ONE. Edited by Morton Luce . . 3

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER. Edited by Cyril Brett 93

VALENTINIAN. Edited by Robert Grant Martin . 209

MONSIEUR THOMAS. Edited by Robert Grant Martin 325

THE CHANCES. Edited by E. K. Chambers . . 437

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THE FALSE ONE

EDITED BY MORTON LUCE

The False One. A Tragedy.

In the Folios, 1647, 1679.

THE FALSE ONE

PREVIOUS EDITIONS.—*The False One* appeared in the Folio editions of 1647 and 1679; it was not printed separately. Later editions are those of 1711; of Seward in 1750, Colman, 1778; Weber, 1812; and Dyce, 1843. Recently it has appeared in the edition issued by the Cambridge University Press.

DATE.—Under this head Dyce remarks:—"*The False One* and *The Double Marriage* are perhaps later than March 1618-19, as the name of Burbadge, who died on the 13th of that month, is absent from the list of the original performers in these two tragedies." He adds "Both the Prologue and Epilogue attest that *The False One* was composed by more than one author; and from the comparative regularity of the plot, as well as from the versification in several scenes, Weber conjectures with much probability that a portion is by Massinger."

THE TEXT.—The text here given is based on the Folios of 1647 and 1679. The important differences between these texts, as well as the important emendations proposed or adopted are indicated in the Notes.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY.—First, as to the title, "The False One." Some think it may be claimed by three or four of the leading characters; but possibly the delineation of the villain and traitor Septimius, should be regarded as the main motive of this drama.

"Septimius," says Weber, "is the most finished villain in all these plays of Beaumont and Fletcher." As to his prominence in this play, we note especially his numerous soliloquies, and particularly the one which closes III. ii.—"How monstrous shows that man that is ungrateful." To this quotation we may now add the following:—

"Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths."—I. i. 85,

and these are the first words addressed to him on the stage.

Later we have—

"Take heed of falsehood."—IV. iii. 34.
"Since I in my nature was fashion'd to be false."—V. iii. 12, 13.
"That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason."—V. iii. 32.
"Thou wilt be false."—V. iii. 40.
"Nor true to friend or enemy."—V. iii. 55.

And the concluding couplet of this scene, and of the story of hypocrisy and treachery, reads as though it were specially intended to justify the title selected by the authors for their drama—

"Thou dost deserve a worser end; and may
All such conclude so that their friends betray."

Turning now to the dramatic story, we learn at the outset that Cleopatra, sister of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, has been ousted from joint succession with her brother, and placed in "safe custody" under her guardian Apollodorus. Next, Achillas and Achoreus meet to estimate the opposing forces of Pompey and Cæsar; Septimius breaks in upon them, proposing mirth. After leaving the stage, he re-appears with Photinus, who promises employment for his villany. Now Ptolemy brings in Labienus, who tells the story of Pharsalia and Pompey's flight to Egypt. There follows a council, in which Photinus unfolds his designs. Ptolemy is to be replaced by Cleopatra, and Cæsar to be propitiated with the head of Pompey.

In the next scene Cleopatra, taking Apollodorus into her confidence determines to win Cæsar and freedom with the aid of her blandishments.

In the Second Act, Septimius enters, bearing the head of Pompey. Achillas gives him his desert in words, and snatches the head from him. Ptolemy and his creatures now come on the scene, and discuss the propriety of the deed; but their deliberations are interrupted by the entrance of Cæsar and his followers.

Careless of their arguments, Cæsar pronounces his panegyric on Pompey, and leaves the stage—as it seems—in displeasure; but Photinus rightly interprets this as Cæsar's concealed satisfaction at the turn of affairs, and proceeds to purchase Septimius for the performance of some secret crime.

And now a large package is brought in to Cæsar by Scæva, who complains sorely of his burden; the package is opened, and Cleopatra is discovered. Cæsar falls a victim to her charms, and promises to make her Queen in Egypt.

Next, Photinus begins to plot against Ptolemy, while Cæsar's captains express opinions upon their general's love entanglements. Septimius, enriched, would play the gallant before them, but is snubbed; snubbed also by Cleopatra's waiting-woman, Eros; also by three lame soldiers.

Ptolemy hopes to dazzle Cæsar with his wealth, which is ingeniously illustrated by means of a Masque;[1] and to the disgust of Cleopatra, whom he neglected for the moment, Cæsar is more than half won over by this rival.

Again Ptolemy and his ministers take counsel, for Cæsar has appropriated the treasure, and may take the king next.

Meanwhile Cleopatra speaks her mind to Cæsar, and gives him no quarter. Moreover, Antony and the others inform him that Photinus has raised against him a revolt of the Alexandrians. At the news, Cæsar becomes himself again.

Now we have another Septimius episode; the villain apes humility and repentance, but is put to scorn by the lame soldiers and Achoreus. Photinus, however, has further need of him, and speedily he "feels himself returning rascal."

In the Fifth Act, Ptolemy protests innocence of the revolt, and yields himself to Cæsar; but together with Cæsar he is besieged by the rebels. And now the rebel leaders, Photinus, Achillas and Septimius, agree that Ptolemy must be killed as well as Cæsar, and that Cleopatra shall be left to the mercy of Photinus. Cæsar and his friends hold a useless parley with the rebels, and Cæsar determines to set fire to the palace, and in the confusion force a passage to his ships.

Septimius chafes at being the mere tool of Photinus, and attempts to transfer his services to Cæsar, who has him hanged without delay. And thus, at the very end of the play, Septimius once more claims his title—"The False One."

In the next scene Cleopatra rises to her height, far above all danger, and even the diabolical designs of Photinus. Then enters Achillas with Ptolemy's dead body and the news that Cæsar has reached his ships. And now Cæsar himself returns with reinforcements, and quells the rebels; he is reconciled to Cleopatra and promises to take her to Rome.

Sources.—The scene is Alexandria, and the year 48, 47 B.C. Among the historical events dramatized or referred to are the struggle between Pompey and Cæsar, the Battle of Pharsalia, the flight of Pompey to Egypt, his murder as he was landing, Cæsar's subsequent arrival, and the Alexandrian War with its various complications, notably Cæsar's intrigue with Cleopatra.

Therefore the authors of *The False One* had recourse to many authorities; and they were greatly indebted for information and to some extent also for inspiration to the *Pharsalia* of Lucan. "Where the *Pharsalia* is imitated,"

[1] Possibly intended for the opening of the New River, 1613.—*Fleay.*

says Dyce, "the nervous poetry (or rather rhetoric) of Lucan is paralleled to the full."

Some of these parallels are given in the notes. Lucan, who died A.D. 65, has left us little except his *Pharsalia*, an unfinished poem of Latin hexameters in ten books, which opens with Cæsar's passage across the Rubicon, and ends abruptly a little earlier than the famous swimming episode of V. iv. 154–167. For a graphic account of the latter part of the story, Niebuhr refers to Hirtius.

Among other authorities mentioned by Langbaine are Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion, Appian, Florus, Eutropius, Orosius. It will perhaps be sufficient to add here a few historical particulars gathered from various sources.

In B.C. 48, the opening year of this Drama, Pompey was 59 and Cæsar six years younger. Cleopatra, it must be remarked, was born in B.C. 69, and would therefore be about 20 years old.

The state of affairs which brought Pompey into Egypt, with Cæsar in pursuit of him, was as follows:—Pompey had allowed his friend Sabinius to restore to the Egyptian throne Ptolemy Auletes, who in return had sent Pompey some ships. But this Ptolemy was now dead; he had two daughters, Cleopatra and Arsinoë; and two sons; one of these sons, Ptolemy Dionysus, was left joint ruler of Egypt with his sister Cleopatra who was his elder; they were under the guardianship of the Roman Senate, who again had commissioned Pompey to represent their authority. Such were some of the reasons that determined his flight into Egypt. But Cleopatra had been expelled by the Alexandrians, and Pothinus and Achillas were guardians of the young Ptolemy. When news came that Pompey intended to land, Ptolemy's ministers were afraid that some of Pompey's veteran soldiers who formed part of the Egyptian army might revolt to him; and L. Septimius who had served under Pompey and had been left by Gabinius as commander in Egypt, joined with them in counselling the murder of his former general.[1]

To this account of affairs in Alexandria a few particulars illustrating the Play may now be added.

The Battle of Pharsalia, which ended in Pompey's defeat, was fought on the 6th of June, 48 B.C. Pompey fled, and his murder followed shortly after; and Cæsar reached Alexandria in time to receive, or rather to reject, Pompey's head; but he kept his ring. By August, Cæsar was shut up in Pharos, the maritime port of the city. Next spring, Achillas raised the siege, and a battle followed. The victory was with Cæsar, and many fugitives were drowned as they attempted to cross the Nile; among these was Ptolemy Dionysus himself. Cæsar now made Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, and kept Arsinoë for his Triumph. He left Egypt about the end of May, 47 B.C.

As to the stratagem by which Cleopatra gained access to Cæsar, Plutarch gives the following:—

"She only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends tooke a little bote and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, hauing no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid her selfe downe vpon a mattresse or flock bed which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound together like a bundle with a great leather thong and so tooke her vpon his back, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle vnto Cæsar in at the castle gate."

(*Life of Julius Cæsar*, North's translation, Ed. 1612.)

Of another incident in the Play, the murder of Pompey, the following account is also by Plutarch:—

"In the meane time the fisher boat drew neare, and Septimius arose and saluted Pompey in the Romaine toung, by the name of Imperator, as much as Souereigne Captaine; and Achillas also spake to him in the Greeke tong, and

[1] See second extract from Plutarch below.

bade him come into his boate, because that by the shore side there was a great deale of mud and sand bankes, so that his gallie should have no water to bring him in. At the very same time they saw a farre off diuers of the king's gallies, which were arming with all speed possible, and all the shore besides full of souldiers. Thus, though Pompey and his company would have altered their minds, they could not haue told how to haue escaped; and furthermore, shewing that they had mistrusted them, then they had giuen the murtherer occasion to haue executed his crueltie. So taking his leaue of his wife Cornelia, who lamented his death before his end, he commanded two Centurions to go downe before him into the Ægyptian's boate, and Philip one of his slaues infranchised, with another slaue called Scynes. When Achillas reached out his hand to receiue him into his boat, he turned him to his wife and sonne, and said these verses of Sophocles vnto them :

The man that into Court comes free,
Must there in state of bondage be.

These were the last words he spake vnto his people, when he had left his own gallie and went into the Ægyptian's boate. The land being a great way off from his gally, when he saw neuer a man in the boate speake friendly vnto him, beholding Septimius, he said vnto him : me thinks, my friend, I should know thee, for that thou hast serued with me heretofore. The other nodded with his head that it was true, but gaue him no answer, nor shewed him any courtesie. Pompey, seeing that no man spake to him, tooke a little booke he had in his hand, in the which he had written an oration that he meant to make vnto King Ptolomie, and began to reade it. When they came neare the shore, Cornelia, with her seruants and friends about her, stood vp in her ship in great feare, to see what should become of Pompey. So she hoped well, when she saw many of the king's people on the shore, coming towards Pompey at his landing, as it were to receiue and honour him. But euen as Pompey tooke Philip his hand to arise more easily, Septimius came first behind him and trust [*sic*] him through with his sword. Next vnto him also, Saluiais and Achillas drew out their swords in like manner. Pompey then did no more but tooke vp his gowne with his hands, and hid his face, and manly abid the wounds they gaue him, only sighing a little. Thus being nine and fiftie yeares old, he ended his life the next day after the day of his birth." (Plutarch, *Life of Pompey*, North's translation, Ed. 1612.)

It is perhaps worth mentioning that, as to the swimming episode of V. iv. 154–167, Rowe in his version of the *Pharsalia* attempted to supplement Lucan.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.—Weber mentions the *Pompée* of Corneille as a "respectable rival" to *The False One*. Dr. Ward[1] notes that "Fletcher's play was adpated by Cibber, and produced in 1724 under the title of *Cæsar in Egypt*, when his 'quavering Tragedy tunes' as Achoreus, and the pasteboard swans pulled along the Nile by the carpenters, furnished much amusement to some of the spectators."

[1] *Eng. Dram. Lit.* II. 719.

PROLOGUE

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage: what borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba? sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
In the Capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious: nor will such blame
Those that penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to the height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity;
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew:
Let reason, then, first to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them and of their cause.

In Ff, the Prologue and Epilogue are printed on one page at the end.
9, 15] The reference, of course, is to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.
11 *that*] F1. *who* F2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY,
DOLABELLA,
SCÆVA,
} Roman captains.

LABIENUS, a Roman officer, a deserter from CÆSAR to POMPEY.

PTOLEMY, king of Egypt, brother to CLEOPATRA.

PHOTINUS, an eunuch, his chief minister.

ACHOREUS, priest of Isis.

ACHILLAS, captain of PTOLEMY'S guard.

SEPTIMIUS, a Roman who has fled from POMPEY to the service of PTOLEMY.

APOLLODORUS, guardian to CLEOPATRA.

Boy, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants

CLEOPATRA,
ARSINOE,
} sisters to PTOLEMY.

EROS, waiting-woman to CLEOPATRA.

ISIS,
NILUS, and his Heads,
Three Labourers,
} in the masque.

SCENE—*Alexandria.*

Divided into Acts and Scenes in the Folios.

The principal actors were—

JOHN LOWIN.	JOSEPH TAYLOR.
JOHN UNDERWOOD.	NICHOLAS TOOLIE.
ROBERT BENFIELD.	JOHN RICE.
RICHARD SHARPE.	GEORGE BIRCH.

Fol. 1679.

Dramatis Personæ:—These are according to Dyce. None are given in F1.

Photinus] The proper spelling of the name is *Pothinus:* see the notes of Grotius and Oudendorp on Lucan, viii. 483.—*Dyce.* (In F2 is styled *a Politician, minion to Ptolomy.*)

Septimius] Pithily described in F2 as *a revolted Roman Villain.*

THE FALSE ONE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. A hall in the Palace.

Enter ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS.

Achor. I love the king, nor do dispute his power,
(For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd
By me, that am his subject), yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that still would be
A friend to justice, to demand the motives
That did induce young Ptolemy, or Photinus
(To whose directions he gives up himself,
And I hope wisely), to commit his sister,
The princess Cleopatra——if I said
The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treason,
She being by her father's testament
(Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
In all he stood possess'd of.
Achil. 'Tis confess'd,
My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
But claim a privilege equal to the male;
But how much such divisions have ta'en from
The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too sad examples:

2 *censur'd*] judged.

Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
The murders and the massacres that attend
On disunited government, and to shew
The king, without a partner, in full splendour,
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)
Should be committed to safe custody,
In which she is attended like her birth,
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
Hath found her out a husband.
Achor. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
With the rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But grant that Cleopatra can sit down
With this disgrace (though insupportable),
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,
This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey
(That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian
As well as Ptolemy's), will e'er approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?
Achil. The civil war,

26-27 *fair Cleopatra* (*An attribute not frequent*, &c.) Tennyson's description of Cleopatra in *A Dream of Fair Women* was distinctly unhappy, as T. L. Peacock satirically noticed in *Gryll Grange*, 1860:—

"*The Rev. Dr. Opimian.* . . . What do you suppose these lines represent?—

'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.'

Mr. Mac. Borrowdale. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

The Rev. Dr. Opimian. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by the portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! . . . But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says,—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see and delightful to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty."—A. H. B.

27 *in this*] *to the* F2.

In which the Roman empire is embark'd
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.
Achor. What 's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.
Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations
From whence he drew his powers; but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place, on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd
To make a public feast. They at Dyrrachium
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer: so much, I have heard,
Cæsar himself confess'd.
Achor. Where are they now?
Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;
Where Cæsar with a handful of his men
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,
Inur'd to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: and though that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicates),
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.

49 *success*] issue. Cf. "ominous conjecture on the whole success." *Paradise Lost*, II. 123.
64 *confess'd*] F1 *confesse*. F2 *confess*.—The correction was made by Seward.

Achor. May victory
Attend on 't, where it is!
Achil. We every hour
Expect to hear the issue.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' servant.
Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.
Achil. You are cruel;
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.
Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear 't: yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;
I think (and I can find no other reason),
Because I am a Roman.
Achor. No, Septimius;
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues.
Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.
Achor. Any thing honest;
That I believe without an oath.
Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad discourse: 'twill make you old
Before your time: [pox] o' these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.
Achor. What is the subject?

81 Both folios have *Septinius* in Act I., and mark his entrance at the end of *Achillas'* previous speech.
101 *sad*] grave, serious.
102 [*pox*]*o' these*] F1, "—— *o' these*"; F2, "—— *O these*"; Dyce supplied "[pox]."

Be free, Septimius.
Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself: harmless conceits,
Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it,
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.
Achor. How! as a fiddler?
Sept. No, sir, as a guest,
A welcome guest too; and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in 't;
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty
(As not a man of fashion will wear it),
To talk what we have done; at least to hear it;
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens crest-faln appetite.
Achor. New doctrine!
Achil. Was't of your own composing?
Sept. No, I bought it
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolemies;
But the hints were mine own: the wretch was fearful;
But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
That I will own it.
Achor. And be punish'd for it:—
Take heed; for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
Against religion, that your great maintainers,
Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips.
Sept. For whores, I grant you,
When they are out of date; till then, [they] are safe too,

107 *gamesters*] "dissolute persons of both sexes."—*Dyce.*
113 Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *himself.*
138 *When*] So F2. F1, *Till.* [*they*] not in Ff. *they're*, other edd.

Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs :
And, for mine own defence, I 'll only add this ;
I 'll be admitted, for a wanton tale,
To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,
Shall wait without unnoted. So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [*Exit.*
Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
This fellow does put on.
Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.
Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as virtues do for others :
'Tis the times' fault ; yet great ones still have grac'd,
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.
Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts ; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now, in a danger
When he should use his service.

Enter PHOTINUS *with* SEPTIMIUS.

Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear !
Sept. Hell, and the Furies,
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
You are my god on earth ! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter !
Pho. Thou art believ'd : dost thou want money ?
Sept. No, sir.
Pho. Or hast thou any suit ? these ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.
Sept. You much wrong me :
How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal

147 *accepted of*] "i. e. received or admitted."—*Weber.*
151 *Observers*] "i. e. obsequious attendants, parasites."—*Dyce.* Cf. "ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely," Shakespeare, *King Lear*, II. ii. 109–110.
153–4 *and now . . . service*] "Septimius was not only a fugitive from Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged in a war with Cæsar."—*Seward.*
154 s.d.] Ff. give the s.d. at l. 151 after *Achillas'* speech.

To do your greatness service? Do but think
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below, against me:
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have use,
I 'll put you to the test.
Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger! You are cold,
And know not your own powers: this brow was fashion'd
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs; the people's eye 's upon you,
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?
Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.
Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In the ocean of your bounties: I have no friend,
Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I 'll preserve at any rate.
Pho. No more.
When I call on you, fall not off; perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you:
So, leave me for a while.
Sept. Ever your creature! [*Exit.*
Pho. Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend, Achillas,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?
Achil. That we are
To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.
Pho. I 'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more.—The king, with him a Roman.

Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS *wounded,* Guard.

Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war

175 *soldier*] i. e. soldiery (as frequently).
193 s.d. *wounded*] not in Ff.

Dy'd deeply on his face.
Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
And, though he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.
Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise:
But more of that hereafter.
Lab. In a word, sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;
How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers;
Or how the Roman piles on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons,
The sword, succeeded, which, in civil wars,
Appoints the tent on which wing'd Victory
Shall make a certain stand; then, how the plains
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures
And other birds of prey hung o'er both armies,
Attending when their ready servitors
(The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason and of pity),
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;
How Cæsar with his javelin forced them on
That made the least stop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up against some known friend's face;

212–214 *Or how the Roman piles . . . succeeded*]—*piles*, i. e. javelins, darts.—"Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter amongst them, says,

Ensis habet vires, et gens quæcumque virorum est,
Bella gerit gladiis. Lib. [viii. 385]."—*Seward.*

215–6 *Appoints . . . stand*] Decides which army shall be victorious.

224–5 *when their angry hands*
Were lifted up against some known friend's face]
"*Adversosque jubet ferro confundere vultus.*
Lucan [vii. 575].

Then coming to the body of the army,
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
To waste their force upon the common soldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
He would have spar'd,)——
Ptol. The reason, Labienus?
Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty of the world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The fam'd Torquati, Scipios, and Marcelli,
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth:
The nobles and the commons lay together,
And Pontic, Punic, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake: which Pompey seeing,
And that his and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampire of his camp,

The famous speech of Cæsar in this battle—*Miles, faciem feri*—is variously interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, or else that the gay handsome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This last is Florus's reason; our authors prefer the former," &c.—*Seward.*

226] *Then coming to the body of the army,*
He shews the sacred senate, &c.]

"*In plebem vetat ire manus, monstratque senatum.*
Scit, cruor imperii qui sit, quæ viscera rerum:
Unde petat Romam, libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit ferienda loco. permixta secundo
Ordine nobilitas, venerandaque corpora ferro
Urguentur: cædunt Lepidos, cæduntque Metellos,
Corvinosque simul, Torquataque nomina, regum
Sæpe duces, summosque hominum, te, Magne, remoto.
Lucan [vii. 578]."—*Seward.*

In the passage just cited I have followed Oudendorp's text.—*Dyce.*

239–40 *And . . . crimson lake*]

"*sanguis ibi fluxit Achæus,*
Ponticus, Assyrius: cunctos hærere cruores
Romanus, campisque vetat consistere torrens.
[Lucan, vii. 635.]

The description of Pompey's despair and flight is likewise a fine abridgement of Lucan, who labours much to excuse Pompey for flying so precipitately that he carried the news of his own defeat. . . . Our poets have judiciously omitted all the circumstances that are disadvantageous to Pompey; and in this they follow nature, for a lieutenant sent by him to Ptolemy would naturally speak so."—*Seward.*

Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves;
That he desir'd not so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes; and then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And with Cornelia his wife, and sons,
He 's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia
(Famous in his defeature of the Crassi)
Offer'd him his protection; but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,
And try a second day. Now, Ptolemy,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,
(As this of yours your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion,) to do you more honour,
In his declin'd estate, as the straight'st pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me: yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness
(Which next to hell I hate). Pray you, retire,
And take a little rest;—and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way

264 *At his devotion*] At his disposal—by his will. Cf. "At the devotion of her brother," I. ii. 26.

To do great Pompey service.
Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you. [*Exit with* Guard.
Ptol. Sit, sit all;
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.
Achor. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,
Though Pompey never rise to the height he 's faln from,
Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.
Ptol. What 's yours, Photinus?
Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd
Like a religious and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,
What in a man sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person, is preferr'd,
No policy allows of in a king:
To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty:

283 s.d.] Ff. simply *Exit.*

285 *A short deliberation in this*, &c.] "We have the purport of this speech of Achoreus in Lucan.

> "*quos inter Achoreus*
> - - - - - - - - -
> *Consilii vox prima fuit, meritumque, fidemque,*
> *Sacraque defuncti jactavit pignora patris.*
> [vii. 475]."—*Seward.*

285 *in this*] so Ff. Is the line complete?

292 *censure*] i. e. judgment.

302 *To be or just, or thankful*, &c.] "From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a literal translation out of Lucan:

> *Jus et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemæe, nocentes*
> *Dat pœnas laudata fides, cum sustinet, inquit,*
> *Quos Fortuna premit. fatis accede, Deisque*
> *Et cole felices, miseros fuge. sidera terræ*
> *Ut distant, ut flamma mari, sic utile recto.*
> *Sceptrorum vis tota perit, si pendere justa*
> *Incipit; evertitque arces respectus honesti.*
> *Libertas scelerum est, quæ regna invisa tuetur,*
> *Sublatusque modus gladiis. facere omnia sæve*
> *Non inpune licet, nisi cum facis. exeat aula*
> *Qui vult esse pius. virtus et summa potestas*

And faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
Such as good fate forsakes : join with the gods,
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched ;
The stars are not more distant from the earth
Than profit is from honesty ; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course as what 's right guides him: let him leave

Non coëunt : semper metuet, quem sæva pudebunt.
Non inpune tuos Magnus contemserit annos ;
Qui, te nec victos arcere à litore nostro
Posse, putat. neu te sceptris privaverit hospes,
Pignora sunt propiora tibi : Nilonque, Pharonque,
Si regnare piget, damnatæ redde sorori.
Ægypton certe Latiis tueamur ab armis.
Quidquid non fuerit Magni, dum bella geruntur,
Nec victoris erit. toto jam pulsus ab orbe,
Postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, quærit,
Cum qua gente cadat : rapitur civilibus umbris.
Nec soceri tantum arma fugit : fugit ora senatus,
Cujus Thessalicas saturat pars magna volucres.
Et metuit gentes, quas uno in sanguine mixtas
Deseruit ; regesque timet, quorum omnia mersit :
Thessaliæque reus, nulla tellure receptus,
Sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem.
Justior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemæe, querelæ
Caussa data est. quid sepositam, semperque quietam
Crimine bellorum maculas Pharon, arvaque nostra
Victori suspecta facis? cur sola cadenti
Hæc placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata
Conferres, pœnasque tuas ? jam crimen habemus
Purgandum gladio. quod nobis sceptra senatus,
Te suadente, dedit, votis tua fovimus arma.
Hoc ferrum, quod fata jubent proferre, paravi
Non tibi, sed victo. feriam tua viscera, Magne :
Malueram soceri : rapimur, quo cuncta feruntur.
Tene mihi dubitas an sit violare necesse,
Cum liceat ? quæ te nostri fiducia regni
Huc agit, infelix ? populum non cernis inermem,
Arvaque vix refugo fodientem mollia Nilo ?
Metiri sua regna decet, viresque fateri.
Tu, Ptolemæe, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
Sub qua Roma jacet ? bustum, cineresque movere
Thessalicos audes, bellumque in regna vocare ?
Ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis :
Pompeii nunc castra placent, quæ deserit orbis ?
Nunc victoris opes, et cognita fata lacessis ?
Adversis non deesse decet, sed læta secutos.
Nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos.
[viii. 484]."—*Seward.*

Here again I have given Oudendorp's text.—*Dyce.*

The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.
Achor. Oh, wicked !
Ptol. Peace.—Go on.
Pho. Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns your youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tired
With being a king, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge : resign rather
The government of Egypt and of Nile
To Cleopatra, that has title to them ;
At least, defend them from the Roman gripe :
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endur'd,
The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What nation he shall fall with ; and, pursu'd
By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,
He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
Of sharp Pharsalian fowl ; he flies the nations
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
Are sunk in his ; and, in no place receiv'd,
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
And Ptolemy, things considered, justly may
Complain of Pompey : wherefore should he stain
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
Or make the peaceable or quiet Nile
Doubted of Cæsar ? wherefore should he draw
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
Or choose this place to suffer in ? Already
We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of Pompey.
Achor. Great Osiris,
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty
And barbarous ingratitude !
Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of state.
This sword, which fate commands me to unsheathe,

337 *or*] Qy. "*and*"?—*Dyce.*

I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd ;
I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar ;
But we must follow where his fortune leads us :
All provident princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them.
And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop
His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd ?
Shall we, that in the battle sate as neuters,
Serve him that 's overcome ? no, no, he's lost :
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd,
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him set thy foot upon his head.
Achor. Most execrable counsel !
Achil. To be follow'd ;
'Tis for the kingdom's safety.
Ptol. We give up
Our absolute power to thee : dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.
Pho. Good Achillas,
Seek out Septimius : do you but soothe him ;
He is already wrought. Leave the despatch
To me of Labienus. 'Tis determin'd
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, since now the die is cast,
But that this hour to Pompey is his last. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the mansion of CLEOPATRA.

Enter ARSINOE, APOLLODORUS, EROS, *and a* Boy.

Apol. Is the queen stirring, Eros ?
Eros. Yes ; for, in truth,
She touch'd no bed to-night.

360–1 *thy part. . . . dear*] If you are not pledged to support his interests, then, though he be one . . .

SCENE II. s.d.] Ff. Enter Apollodorus, Eros, Arsino.

Apol. I am sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with any hazard
To give her ease.
Ars. Sir, she accepts your will,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,
So far as, if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.
Apol. Did you tell her
Of the sports I have prepar'd to entertain her?
She was us'd to take delight, with her fair hand
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,
Contended to be taken; other times,
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her
To his last gasp, then prouder of his fate,
Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been chosen
To fall a sacrifice before the altar
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Photinus,
Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit
In which she is confin'd gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Increase with my best service.
Eros. Oh, but the thought
That she that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint or liberty to others, should be
At the devotion of her brother, (whom
She only knows her equal,) makes this place
In which she lives, though stor'd with all delights,
A loathsome dungeon to her.
Apol. Yet, howe'er
She shall interpret it, I 'll not be wanting
To do my best to serve her: I have prepar'd
Choice music near her cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,
In the praise of imprisonment.—Begin, boy.

SONG by the Boy.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:
Even in shadows you are fair.

---

3 *any*] Seward's emendation for *my* Ff. 33 *time*] tune.

Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confin'd,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and desire
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: alas, you wash an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name!), and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monsters
That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court
Where they reside, and this, where I, a prison?
But there 's a Rome, a senate, and a Cæsar,
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,
May think of Cleopatra.

Apol. Pompey, madam——

Cleo. What of him? speak: if ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happiness; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour (kings have kneel'd in vain for,)
And kiss my hand.

Apol. He 's lost.

Cleo. Speak it again.

Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pursu'd
By the all-conquering Cæsar.

Cleo. Whither bends he?

Apol. To Egypt.

Cleo. Ha! in person?

Apol. 'Tis received
For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again;
And, if assurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
To do me right. But how to free myself,
And get access? the guards are strong upon me;
This door I must pass through [*Aside*].—Apollodorus,
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,
Thy life was not thine own.
Apol. I am not alter'd;
And let your excellency propound a means
In which I may but give the least assistance
That may restore you to that you were born to,
Though it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,
Offer my throat to serve you; ever provided,
It bear some probable show to be effected:
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
Not loyal duty.
Cleo. [*To* ARSINOE, EROS, *and* Boy] Stand off.—To thee alone [*To* APOLLODORUS.
I will discover what I dare not trust
My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,
And taken more with the title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion; he lov'd Eunoe,
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a king; on both
He did bestow rich presents: shall I, then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? Art thou mine?
Apol. I am.
Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect
Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I purchase
His grace with loss of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

77, 106 *Aside*] Not marked in Ff. 89 s.ds.] Not marked in Ff.
93 *Eunoe*] "Eunoen Mauram Bogudis uxorem."—Suetonius.
106 *skills not*] i. e. matters not.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter SEPTIMIUS, *with a head*, ACHILLAS, Guard.

Sept. 'Tis here, 'tis done. Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength! look, look again! 'tis finish'd:
That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors;
That steel'd War waited on, and Fortune courted,
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achillas;
Egypt and Cæsar owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius;
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions:
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, thou loud boaster,
Think not she is bound to love him too that 's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I 'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;
It was a sacred head I durst not heave at,

7 *steel'd War*] "The first folio has 'steele *warr*'; the second 'steel *war*.'—Both Theobald and Sympson saw that '*steel'd*' was the right reading."—*Dyce.*

21 *It was a sacred head I durst not heave at*] "Our authors have falsified history in the character of Achillas, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achillas joined with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion; but Septimius stabbed him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face."—*Seward.*

Not heave a thought.
Sept. It was.
Achil. I 'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
I 'll make thee blush: it was thy general's;
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd thee
From his care kindled ever: nay, I 'll shew thee,
Because I 'll make thee sensible of thy baseness,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on,
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion:
He triumph'd three times: who durst touch his person?
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;
Dear to the gods he was; to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?
Amid the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, sword to sword.
Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look——
Achil. On deeds so barbarous.
What hast thou got?
Sept. The king's love and his bounty,
The honour of the service; which, though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;
And I shall live——
Achil. A miserable villain.

26 *breath'dst?*] So F2. F1 has *breath'st.*

28–29 *sensible of thy baseness*] Seward's correction. F1 "*sensible of thy* businesse." F2 "*sensible of* the business." (Dyce remarked that "durst not touch at it" means "durst not touch at the head of Pompey," comparing ll. 21, 22, and 32.)

37 *Amid the red Pharsalian fields*] "F1 has 'Armed *the red,*' &c. F2 (its editor not having perceived for what 'Armed' was misprinted) has 'Armed in *the red,*' &c. (but the sentence closes with 'sword to sword'); and so the modern editors."—*Dyce.*

What reputation and reward belongs to it,
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine :
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay ; read in mine eyes the reason :
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own ;
Inherit those rewards ; they are fitter for thee.
Your oil 's spent, and your snuff stinks : go out basely !
Sept. The king will yet consider. [*Exit.*
Achil. Here he comes, sir.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS.

Achor. Yet if it be undone, hear me, great sir ;
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrooken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young, be provident ; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt ;
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder,
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.
Pho. [*To* ACHILLAS] You have done well ; and 'tis done.—See Achillas,
And in his hand the head.
Ptol. Stay ; come no nearer :
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me.
I do remember him ; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me :
What a full majesty sits in his face yet !
Pho. The king is troubled.—Be not frighted, sir ;
Be not abus'd with fears : his death was necessary ;
If you consider, sir, most necessary,
Not to be miss'd : and humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands :
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd,

56 *Sir*] So Ff.—Dyce (following Weber) gave : *Achil.* Here he comes. *Enter* PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, *and* PHOTINUS. Sir—[*To* PHOTINUS.
58 *unstrooken*] F2 "unstrucken."
67 That floods of useless tears will never remedy.
68 No s.d. in Ff.

And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursu'd him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?
[*A flourish within.*
I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger:
Give me the head: and be you confident.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA.

Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,
Now this head 's off!
Cæsar. Ha?
Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar:
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travail and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.
Achil. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strongly,
An inward war: he was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,

82 *Charges*] orders. 86 No s.d. in Ff.
104 Achil.] Ff. Ach.—Seward compares Lucan, lib. ix, 1026, &c.

Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.
Scæ. Give me hate, gods!
Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had faln upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way:
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible. Let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.
Cæsar. Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!
Scæ. He was basely ruin'd;
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.
Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him, distrusted, that in tears falls with thee
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee:
Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.
Ant. Oh, how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!
Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.
Cæsar. Egyptians, dare you think your high pyramides,

149 *high pyramides*] Seward changed to *highest pyramids*. The form *pyramides* is common.

Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramides set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.
Scæ. If thou beest thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again,
But how he would set his face. [*Aside.*
Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?
Ptol. We desire it.
Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards?
Scæ. Let me give 'em:
I 'll give 'em such as nature never dreamt of;
I 'll beat him and his agents in a mortar
Into one man, and that one man I 'll bake then.
Cæsar. Peace.—I forgive you all; that 's recompense.
You are young and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.

150 *out-dure*] Seward's correction of Ff's *out-dare*.

154 *pyramides*] modern editors (including Dyce) silently read *pyramids*—for the sake of the metre.

161 *But great men may dissemble*, &c.] "This, which comes very naturally from the rough honesty of Scæva, and what Photinus afterwards says more fully to the same purpose, is copied from Lucan, who, writing with the zeal of party against Cæsar, laughs at his pretended piety upon this occasion:

tutumque putavit
Jam bonus esse socer; lacrimas non sponte cadentes
Effudit, &c. [ix. 1037]."—*Seward.*

165 No s.d. in Ff.

Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they err'd : I am bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful : be you most thankful ;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew
What to send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, though it were your brightest sister's,
(But her you hate,) I would not be behind ye.
Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar?
Cæsar. I have heard too much :
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :
Ye are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it :
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try ye, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with you :
Swords, hungers, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And, now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That, where the day gives light, will be himself still ;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies :
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix

186 *you*] So F1—F2 "*ye*."
191 Omitted in F2.
198 *with you*] *with ye* F1.
199 *hungers*] Dyce's correction. F1 *hangers ;* F2 *hangmen* (and so editors before Dyce).
204 *decline*] "divert from his course."—*Dyce.*

Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.
Ptol. We will do all.
Cæsar. You have robbed him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye.
My grief has stopt the rest. When Pompey liv'd,
He us'd you nobly; now he is dead, use him so.
[*Exit with* ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCÆVA.
Ptol. Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,
The oracles and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;
The death of him, you urged a sacrifice
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin:
Where are your counsels now?
Achor. I told you, sir,
(And told the truth,) what danger would fly after;
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,
I told ye, that the foulness of his death,
The impious baseness——
Pho. Peace; ye are a fool.
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em:
Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his sorrows,
(Which are put on for forms and mere dissemblings)
I am confident he's glad: to have told ye so,
And thank ye outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
Be confident, and proud ye have done this service;
Ye have deserv'd, and ye will find it, highly.
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,
Both close and short enough, she may not see him.

221 Ff. Exit. 234 *ye*] F2 "*you*." 239 *thank*] Ff. Dyce gave *thank*['*d*].

The rest, if I may counsel, sir——
Ptol. Do all;
For in thy faithful service rests my safety. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court;
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now
As though I were a rascal; no man knows me,
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,
Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd at,
Because I have done a meritorious murder:
Because I have pleas'd the time, does the time plague me?
I have known the day they would have hugg'd me for it;
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
Open'd their hearts and secret closets to me,
Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villany
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do them service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities that became me:
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on: and he comes; now, Fortune!

Enter PHOTINUS.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,
A little frets my blood: take heed, proud Roman,
Provoke me not, stir not my anger farther;

23 *and he comes*] "I suspect the poet wrote '*and* here *he comes*.'"—*Dyce.*
26 *my*] *mine* F2.

I may find out a way unto thy life too,
(Though arm'd in all thy victories) and seize it:
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.
Sept. May it please your lordship——
Pho. Oh, Septimius!
Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs.
Pho. Wrongs!
Sept. Yes, my lord;
How the captain of the guard, Achillas, slights me.
Pho. Think better of him; he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
The times are alter'd, soldier; Cæsar's angry,
And our design to please him lost and perish'd:
Be glad thou art unnam'd; 'tis not worth the owning.
Yet, that thou mayst be useful——
Sept. Yes, my lord,
I shall be ready.
Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve; say that it be a brother,
Or a hard father?
Sept. 'Tis most necessary;
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.
Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?
Sept. 'Tis all one.
Pho. I know thou wilt stir for gold.
Sept. 'Tis all my motion.
Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell:
[*Gives him a purse.*
I have greater business now.
Sept. I am still your own, sir.
Pho. One thing I charge thee! see me no more, Septimius,
Unless I send.
Sept. I shall observe your hour. [*Exit* PHOTINUS.
So; this brings something in the mouth, some savour:
This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,
My friends, allies: and here lies my allegiance.
Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,

46 No s.d. in Ff. 49 Exit PHOTINUS] Ff. Exit.

Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I am honourable :
This god creates new tongues and new affections ;
And, though I had kill'd my father, give me gold,
I 'll make men swear I have done a pious sacrifice.
Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

CÆSAR'S *apartments in the Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends ;
There is no trusting to these base Egyptians :
They that are false to pious benefits,
And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.
Ant. We 'll call ashore
A legion of the best.
Cæsar. Not a man, Antony ;
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness :
No ; 'tis enough my name 's ashore.
Scæ. Too much too ;
A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
There are some two or three malicious rascals,
Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus,
That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey—
Dol. 'Tis strange ; a Roman soldier !
Scæ. You are cozen'd ;
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villains and knaves : 'tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience ; when that 's once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil !
Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
That 's now become a natural crocodile,

60 Dyce thought that the word *drunk* had been omitted after *servants* in Ff, and inserted it in brackets in his text. But this violent change is not needed. *Make all my servants* means *make all men my servants ; have all men at my beck and call.* The words, apparently, do little more than repeat, "Now I will out-brave all."

15 *contains him*] "restrains him, keeps him within bounds."—*Mason.*

Must be with care observ'd.
Ant. And 'tis well counsell'd ;
No confidence nor trust——
Scæ. I 'll trust the sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politic lions
Conceal their claws ; I 'll trust the devil first ;
The rule of ill I 'll trust, before the doer.
Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts ; pray, no more compliment ;
Once more, strong watches.
Dol. All shall be observ'd, sir.
[*Exeunt all except* CÆSAR.
Cæsar. I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.
How happy was I, in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany,
When every night with pleasure I set down
What the day minister'd ! the sleep came sweetly :
But since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,
What have I done that speaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man ? I have enter'd Rome by force,
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample :
The dear veins of my country I have open'd,
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody streams, that in their confluence
Carried before 'em thousand desolations :
I robb'd the treasury, and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
Plac'd there as sacred to the peace of Rome :
I raz'd Massilia in my wanton anger ;
Petreius and Afranius I defeated ;
Pompey I overthrew ; what did that get me ?
The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy.
[*Noise within.*

25 Omitted in F2. 28 s.d.] Ff. Exit.
32 *set*] So F2. F1 *sat*.
50 *The slubber'd . . . enemy*] "Cæsar's meaning appears to me to be this. Soon after he had passed the Rubicon, Pompey fled from Rome, and was

I hear some noises; they are the watches, sure.—
What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
Is pass'd now into Afric to affront me;
Juba, that killed my friend, is up in arms too;
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
And from the relics of their scatter'd faction
A new head 's sprung: say I defeat all these too?
I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.—
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer:
Are the guards fast? who waits there?

Enter SCÆVA, *with a packet*, CLEOPATRA *in it.*

Scæ. Are ye awake, sir?
Cæsar. I' th' name of wonder——
Scæ. Nay, I am a porter,
A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir:
An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.
Cæsar. What hast thou there?
Scæ. Ask them which stay without,
And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,
And put 'em by, took up the load myself;
They say 'tis rich, and valu'd at the kingdom;
I am sure 'tis heavy. If you like to see it,
You may; if not, I 'll give it back.
Cæsar. Stay, Scæva;
I would fain see it.
Scæ. I 'll begin to work, then.
[*Undoing the packet.*
No doubt, to flatter ye, they have sent ye something
Of a rich value, jewels or some treasure;

---

followed by the greater part of the senate. When Cæsar arrived there, he was named dictator by such of the senators as remained in the city, and chosen consul for the ensuing year. Invested with these offices, which entitled him to the legitimate command of the republic, he subverted the liberties of his country: it is to this he alludes, when he says that he had gained

'The slubber'd name of an *authoriz'd* enemy.'"—*Mason.*

(*slubber'd*, soil'd, sullied.)

54 *affront me*] "i. e. oppose me, meet me face to face."—*Mason.*

55 *my friend*] The young Curio, who gave Cæsar valuable help in the senate.

71 No s.d. in Ff.

73 *some treasure*] So F1. F2 "*some* rich *treasure.*"

May be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:
I pray you, stand farther off; if there be villany,
Better my danger first; he shall scape hard too.
[*The packet having been opened,* CLEOPATRA *is discovered.*
Ha! what art thou?
Cæsar. Stand farther off, good Scæva.—
What heavenly vision—do I wake or slumber?—
Farther off, that hand, friend.
Scæ. What apparition,
What spirit, have I rais'd? sure, 'tis a woman;
She looks like one; now she begins to move too.
A tempting devil, o' my life!—Go off, Cæsar,
Bless thyself, off!—A bawd grown in mine old days!
Bawdry advanc'd upon my back! 'tis noble!—
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;
She is sent to dispossess you of your honour;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories:
An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers trim her;
They 'll give her that she came for, and despatch her:
Be loyal to yourself.—Thou damned woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?
And am I made the instrument of bawdry?
I 'll find a lover for ye, one shall hug ye.
[*Draws his sword.*
Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beast!
Scæ. Thou beast!
Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?
Scæ. Divine, or human,
They are never better pleas'd, nor more at heart's ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.
Cæsar. Move this way, lady: pray you, let me speak to you.
Scæ. And, woman, you had best stand——
Cæsar. By the gods,

76, 94 No s.d. in Ff.
88 *trim*] See Henley & Farmer's *Slang and its Analogues.*
94 *one shall*] So F1. F2 *one* that *shall.* 97 *man*] Ff. *men.*

But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!
Scæ. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend ye.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time),
Carries her litter to lie soft; do you see that?
Invites ye like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush:
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia
Mingle with base embraces. Am I he
That have receiv'd so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target groves of darts still growing?
Have I endur'd all hungers, colds, distresses,
And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?
Cæsar. Offend no more; be gone.
Scæ. I will and leave ye,
Leave ye to women's wars, that will proclaim ye:
You 'll conquer Rome now, and the Capitol,

120 *Upon . . . growing*] "Scæva had been a common soldier, but preferred for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieged Pompey at Dyrrachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a hundred and thirty darts stuck in his target; one had pierced his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and dashed, with his eye-ball, on the ground: Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory; and he, pretending faintness, asked them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died; two soldiers, believing him in earnest, came to him; the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Scæva the preservation of all Cæsar's army.

Quem non mille simul turmis, nec Cæsare toto
Auferret Fortuna locum, victoribus unus
Eripuit, vetuitque capi: seque arma tenente,
Ac nondum strato, Magnum vicisse negavit.
Scæva viro nomen, &c. [v. 140.]

I need not mention the justice with which our poets have drawn Scæva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier-like honesty."—*Seward.*

With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar.
Cleo. Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to ye ;
But thus low first, for as a God I honour ye. [*Kneels.*
Scæ. Lower you 'll be anon.
Cæsar. Away!
Scæ. And privater ;
For that you covet all.
Cæsar. Tempt me no farther. [*Exit* SCÆVA.
Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar :
I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,
The sister to the mighty Ptolemy ;
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preserve me.
Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.
Cleo. I dare not ;
Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity, to help me,
Thus to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar :
And if it be not in thy will to right me,
And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins ;
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions ;
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
And, if thou be'st a man, for despis'd beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he should be but the title :
As thou art wonder of the world——
Cæsar. Stand up, then, [*Raises her.*
And be a queen ; this hand shall give it to ye :
Or choose a greater name, worthy my bounty ;
A common love makes queens ; choose to be worshipp'd,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
A suitor of your sort, and blessèd sweetness,
That hath adventur'd thus to see great Cæsar,
Must never be denied. You have found a patron

130 No s.d. in Ff. 133 *kneel*] So F2. F1 *know.*
155, 171, 206 No s.d. in Ff.

That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty :
The god of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous ;
To whom, and to your service, I devote me.

Re-enter SCÆVA.

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I 'll work him ;
The conqueror of the world will I lead captive. [*Aside.*
Scæ. Still with this woman ! tilting still with babies !
As you are honest, think the enemy,
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on ye,
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——
Cæsar. Hear me,
But tell me true ; if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me,)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, would'st thou not
Most greedily accept ?
Scæ. Not as an emperor,
A man that first should rule himself, then others :
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir ;
Yet that 's a weakness too.—Hear me, thou tempter ;—
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me :—
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms),
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor), inhabits—
Cæsar. Fie ! thou blasphem'st.
Scæ. I do, when she is a goddess.—
Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities ?
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,
Proud of their chains, have waited on ?—I shame, sir.
Cæsar. Alas, thou art rather mad ! take thy rest, Scæva ;
Thy duty makes thee err ; but I forgive thee.

180 *should*] F2. F1 *would*.

Go ; go, I say ! shew me no disobedience. [*Exit* SCÆVA.
'Tis well ; farewell.—The day will break, dear lady ;
My soldiers will come in : please you retire,
And think upon your servant ?
Cleo. Pray you, sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæsar. The greater, I more love ye ;
And you must know me too.
Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, sir. Ye are too violent.
Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.
Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred),
You will right me as a queen——
Cæsar. These lips be witness ! [*Kisses her.*
And, if I break that oath——
Cleo. You make me blush, sir ;
And in that blush interpret me.
Cæsar. I will do.
Come, let 's go in, and blush again. This one word,
You shall believe.
Cleo. I must ; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter PTOLEMY *and* PHOTINUS.

Pho. Good sir, but hear.
Ptol. No more; you have undone me:
That that I hourly fear'd is faln upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a remedy.
Ptol. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all! Your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me:
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.
Pho. Would that were the worst, sir!
That will repair itself: but I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with Cæsar.
Ptol. 'Tis most likely;
And what am I, then?
Pho. Plague upon that rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——

Enter ACHILLAS.

Ptol. Curse on you all! ye are wretches.
Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.
Achil. Pardon me.
Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful.
Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for 't:
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of household furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,

5 *secure*] falsely confident. Cf. III. iii. 16 and IV. ii. 158.

Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?
I was abus'd.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler;
Let us consider timely what we must do:
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions——
Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.
Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions——
Pho. Speak your mind, sir.
Achor. Let us choose Cæsar (and endear him to us)
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister; this is safe now,
And will show off most honourable.
Pho. Base,
Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission.
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout counsellors;
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loathes us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.
Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And, if I say most bloodily, I lie not:
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.—
Be wise, oh, king!
Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service;
To my fair sister my commends negotiate;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.
Achor. Crown'd with fair peace, I go.
Ptol. My love go with thee:— [*Exit* ACHOREUS.
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus. [*Exit.*
Pho. This for our service! Princes do their pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces:
The lowest we can fall to is our graves;

36 *loathes*] So F2. F1 *loades.*

There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achillas;
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——
Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously;
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgrac'd.
Pho. Thou lov'st me, and I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA.

Dol. Nay, there 's no rousing him; he is bewitch'd, sure,
His noble blood crudled and cold within him;
Grown now a woman's warrior.
Scæ. And a tall one;
Studies her fortifications and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chastity.
Ant. Be not too angry;
For, by this light, the woman 's a rare woman,
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness——
Dol. But why should he be fool'd so?
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour——
Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut through,
I do not hold it so discreet: but a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winning'st orators,
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The oracles of love——

54 *raw*] So F2. F1 *rare.*
2 *crudled*] So F1. F2 *curdled* (a more modern form).
15 *Gentlemen*] F1 *Gentleman.*

Scæ. I would you had her
With all her oracles and miracles!
She were fitter for your turn.
Ant. Would I had, Scæva,
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend 'em;
O' that condition I made thee mine heir.
Scæ. I had rather have your black horse than your harlots.
Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now; the sound of war
Is grown too boistrous for his mouth; he sighs too.
Scæ. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up to hear him, gentlemen.
Shortly she 'll make him spin; and 'tis thought he will prove
An admirable maker of bonelace;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!
Ant. I would he could abstain!
Scæ. She is a witch, sure,
And works upon him with some damn'd enchantment.
Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends!
Scæ. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to die,
All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him:
I make no doubt she will be drunk, too, damnably,
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.
Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in!
Scæ. 'Twas my blind fortune:
My shoulders told me by the weight 'twas wicked.
Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! he has advanc'd me
From an old soldier to a bawd of memory.
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse him;

28 *gentlemen*] Ff. *Gent.* 29 *thought*] ends the line in Ff.
38 *half-an-hour*] So F1. *half hour*, F2.
42 *shoulders*] Dyce's correction of Ff's *Souldiers.*
45 *of memory*] memorable—notorious.

That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances
Might shake him, like an earthquake!

Enter SEPTIMIUS, *richly dressed.*

Ant. What 's this fellow?
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes
Ant. By my faith, he is brave indeed. He 's no commander?
Scæ. Yes, he has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars,
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings shew it.
Sept. An they will not know me now, they 'll never know me.
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? ha!
Am I not totally a span-new gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? have I not gold
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now,
(Though I were the arrantest rogue, as I am well forward,)
Mine own curse and the devil's are light on me.
Ant. Is 't not Septimius? [*Aside.*
Scæ. Yes.
Dol. He that kill'd Pompey?
Scæ. The same dog-scab; that gilded botch, that rascal.
Dol. How glorious villany appears in Egypt!
Sept. Gallants, and soldiers—sure, they do admire me. [*Aside.*
Scæ. Stand further off; thou stink'st.
Sept. A likely matter!
These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trimming these clothes, cost me——
Scæ. Thou stink'st still.
Sept. The powdering of this head too——
Scæ. If thou hast it,
I 'll tell thee, all the gums in sweet Arabia

50 *richly dressed*] not in Ff.
61 *are light on me*] So F1—F2 "too *light on me.*"
61; 65 No s.d. in Ff.

Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.
Ant. I smell him now: fie, how the knave perfumes him,
How strong he scents of traitor!
Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you should have wash'd off that, sir;
Fie how it chokes! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hir'd coward;
A dead dog is sweeter.
Sept. Ye are merry, gentlemen,
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too;
You speak like good blunt soldiers; and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I have done ye simple service on your Pompey;
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelve-months,
And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——
Ant. He brags on 't too;
By the good gods, rejoices in 't!—Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!
Scæ. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!
Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.
Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I have found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and you are liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately.
Here 's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander:
And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
He 's merry with his wench now; be you jovial,

78–9 *gum. . . coat*] Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, II. ii, "he frets like a *gummed velvet*."
89 *look'd*] sought for.

And let's all laugh and drink: would ye have partners?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em;
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
I 'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.
Ant. I blush,
All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him;
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
Through them I should blush too; pray ye, let's be walking.
Scæ. Yes, yes: but, ere we go, I 'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it.—First, rogue! then, pandar!
Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's presence,
And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,
Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desert,
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;
And that in all the shapes of all thy villanies
Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor thee,
And even the sun will shame to give thee light,
Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
Go hang thyself!
Dol. Hark to that clause.
Scæ. And that speedily,
That Nature may be eas'd of such a monster!
[*Exeunt all except* SEPTIMIUS.
Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;
Rude valours, so I let 'em pass, rude honours.
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain,
That, when she sees this gold, she 'll leap upon me;
And here she comes: I am sure of her at midnight.

Enter EROS.

My pretty Eros, welcome.
Eros. I have business.
Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.
Eros. Yes, indeed, sir,
Far, far above.

123 Ff. Exit.
125 *gold*] So F2.—F1 God.

Sept. Why, why so coy? 'pray ye, tell me.
We are alone.
Eros. I am much asham'd we are so.
Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,
A scarf, and some odd toys: I have gold here ready;
Thou shalt have any thing.
Eros. I want your absence:
Keep on your way; I care not for your company.
Sept. How! how! you are very short: do you know me, Eros?
And what I have been to ye?
Eros. Yes, I know ye,
And I hope I shall forget ye: whilst you were honest,
I lov'd ye too.
Sept. Honest! Come, prithee, kiss me.
Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;
I hate their looks; and, though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
Purchase so foully got. I pray ye, unhand me;
I had rather touch the plague than one unworthy:
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company; she is too good for ye.
[*Exit.*
Sept. Marry, this goes near: now I perceive I am hateful.
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dangerous;
For money seldom they refuse a leper;
But, sure, I am more odious, more diseas'd too:
It sits cold here.

Enter three lame Soldiers.

What are these? three poor soldiers?
Both poor and lame: their misery may make 'em
A little look upon me, and adore me.
If these will keep me company, I am made yet.
[*Aside.*

147 *bloody*] So F2. F1 *blood.*
147 *purchase*] plunder.
153 *stuff*] So F2. F1 *stuffes.*

First Sold. The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes us miserable:
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at;
He banquets, and we beg.
Sec. Sold. He was not wont
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.
Sept. Save ye, good soldiers! good poor men, Heaven help ye!
You have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.
First Sold. Some new commander, sure.
Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.
Sec. Sold. To Cæsar, for our means, sir.
Sept. And 'tis fit, sir.
Third Sold. We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sept. I grieve for it.
Good soldiers should have good rewards, and favours.
I 'll give up your petitions, for I pity ye,
And freely speak to Cæsar.
All Three. Oh, we honour ye!
First Sold. A good man, sure, ye are; the gods preserve ye!
Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, soldiers: [*Gives money.*
Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it freely;
'Twill keep ye in good heart.
Sec. Sold. Now goodness quit ye!
Sept. I 'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with ye too, and we 'll be merry;
And every day I 'll see ye.
First Sold. You are a soldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think.
Sept. I'll clothe ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for ye;
And at my table, where no want shall meet ye——

Enter SCÆVA.

All Three. Was never such a man!

169 *To*] omitted F1.
175 No s.d. in Ff.
177 *quit*] i. e. requite.

First Sold. Dear honour'd sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship ye.
Sec. Sold. That we may ever thank.
Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.
[*Aside.*
Scæ. A cunning thief!—Call him Septimius, soldiers,
The villain that kill'd Pompey!
All Three. How!
Scæ. Call him the shame of men! [*Exit.*
First Sold. Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to break thy brains out!—Fling all; [*They fling the money at him.*
And fling our curses next; let them be mortal!—
Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charities, to poison us?
Sec. Sold. I know him now.—May never father own thee,
But, as a monstrous birth, shun thy base memory!
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden,) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!
Third Sold. Methinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists, to crown his villanies.—
Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heaven hated!
First Sold. And valiant minds hold poisonous to remember!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable house to thine;
No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life for 't,
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starv'd, drink with thee!
Sec. Sold. Thou art no company for an honest dog,
And so we 'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Sept. Contemn'd of all! and kick'd too! Now I find it:

187, 191 No s.d. in Ff.
194 *thy charities*] So Seward. F1 "the *charities*"; F2 "*thy* charitie."
202 *Infectious*] So F2. F1 *The infectious.*

My valour's fled, too, with mine honesty ;
For since I would be knave, I must be coward :
This 'tis to be a traitor and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monstrous shews that man that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,
Inspir'd with what I have done ; the winds will blast me.
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact, my soul 's oppress'd :
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so ;
A preparation I have set o' foot,
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar :
My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd ;
Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties,
Compar'd to what I 'll take his eyes withal,
Shall be a dream.
Pho. Do you mean to shew the glory
And wealth of Egypt?
Ptol. Yes ; and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
And all her riches, of no note unto it.
Achor. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair sister,
Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,
A danger of this precipice : but note, sir,
For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies ;
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
An armèd guest : feed not an eye that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.
Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me :
Let all be ready, as I gave direction ;
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly and handsomely ; and all about it :

16 *secure*] See III. i. 5.
20 *Let*] Ff *Yet.*

No more dissuading: 'tis my will.
Achor. I grieve for 't
Ptol. I will dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.
Pho. I fear you 'll curse your will: we must obey ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another apartment in the same, with a gallery.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA, *above.*

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.
Scæ. I 'll tell ye;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em:
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.
Ant. The young queen comes: give room.

Enter CLEOPATRA [*above*].

Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest
Come, bless my side.
Scæ. Ay, marry, here 's a wonder:
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I be not readiest to recant.
Cleo. Be merry, sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, ACHILLAS, PHOTINUS, APOLLODORUS [*above*].

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar!
My royal guest, first I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee.
Treasure brought in [*below*].
Cæsar. What rich service!
What mines of treasure! richer still!
Cleo. My Cæsar,

10 *readiest*] So F1; F2 *readie.*
16 *richer still*] omitted in F2.

What do you admire? pray ye, turn, and let me talk
to ye:
Have ye forgot me, sir? how, a new object!
Am I grown old o' th' sudden? Cæsar!
Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties banish'd?
Ptol. I 'll tell thee, Cæsar;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus:
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus
All this is nourish'd; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven deities
(His conceal'd heads) unto thee: see with pleasure.
Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land!
Cleo. Come, ye shall hear me.
Cæsar. Away! let me imagine.
Cleo. How! frown on me!
The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!
Cæsar. I am sorry:
But, let me think.

Music. Enter below in a masque, ISIS, *and three* Labourers.

ISIS' SONG.

Isis, the goddess of this land,
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs: and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew
His matchless wealth in overflow.

Labourers' SONG.

Come, let us help the reverend Nile;
He 's very old; alas the while!
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays;

---

29 *me*] So F2. Omitted in F1.
32 s.d.] Ff Musick, Song. Enter Isis, &c.
32 Isis' Song] No s.d. in Ff.

To delight his streams, let 's sing
A loud welcome to our spring :
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds ;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain :
How he tumbles here amain !
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels ! Labour, all,
And let him in ; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty shew.
With incense let us bless the brim,
And, as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away !
Our labour is our holiday.

ISIS.

Here comes the agèd river now,

Enter NILUS.

With garlands of great pearl his brow
Begirt and rounded. In his flow
All things take life, and all things grow :
A thousand wealthy treasures still,
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising flood, and pour
Perpetual blessings in our store.
Hear him ; and next there will advance
His sacred heads to tread a dance,
In honour of my royal guest :
Mark them too ; and you have a feast.

Cleo. A little dross betray me! [*Aside.*

Cæsar. I am asham'd I warr'd at home, my friends,
When such wealth may be got abroad : what honour,
Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchas'd,
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt!

NILUS' SONG.

Make room for my rich waters' fall,
And bless my flood ;
Nilus comes flowing, to you all
Increase and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
And the merry ploughman sing :

---

64 s.d. *Isis*] Dyce has "Song by Isis."
65 Nilus' entrance not marked in Ff.
72 *in our store*] Seward altered to *On our shore.*
77 No s.d. in Ff.
81 s.d.] Ff add *and Dance.*

In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and every thing.
Let the damsels sing me in,
  Sing aloud, that I may rise:
Your holy feasts and hours begin,
  And each hand bring a sacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow;
    Now my gold,
  And treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow;
And, after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy heads arise.

Enter the Seven Heads of Nilus, *and dance.*

[*Exeunt* Masquers.]

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well. Good night.
Scæ. I am glad ye have it:
Now we shall stir again.
Dol. Thou, wealth, still haunt him!
Scæ. A greedy spirit set thee on! we are happy.
Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance!
Cleo. Well,
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
Thou hast wrong'd her love—the rest here. [*Aside.*
Ptol. Lights along still!
Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar! [*Exeunt.*

88 *hidden*] F1, *bidden* F2.
100 *heads*] Dyce's correction of Ff's *head.*
100 s.d.] Supplied by Dyce.
103 *Dol.*] Seward's correction of Ff's *Ptol.*
107 *the rest here*] "The meaning may be, *the rest of what I intend to do and say, I keep to myself till a fit opportunity.*"—*Seward.*
107 The *Aside* not marked in Ff.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS

Achor. I told ye carefully what this would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon ye: I advis'd your majesty
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
A bait to catch a mind bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.
Pho. I was not heard, sir,
Or what I said, lost and contemn'd: I dare say
(And freshly now) 't was a poor weakness in ye,
A glorious childishness. I watch'd his eye,
And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it mark'd it:
I observ'd his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what commerce we held for such abundance;
The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd.
Achor. He never smil'd, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure:
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the music.
Most sure he has not slept since; for minds, troubled
With objects they would make their own, still labour.
Pho. Your sister he ne'er gaz'd on; that 's a main note:
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.
Achor. Where was his mind the whilst?

21–2 *for . . . labour*] Dyce's reading. F1
"his *minds troubled*
With objects they would make their own still labour."
F2. "his mind's *troubled*
With objects that *would make their own still labour.*"

Pho. Where was your carefulness?
To show an armed thief the way to rob ye?
Nay, would you give him this, 't will excite him
To seek the rest: ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds: indeed, ye have done most weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
Of indiscretion; and your friend has found it.
Had ye been train'd up in the wants and miseries
A soldier marches through, and known his temperance
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.
Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him to make kings.
Pho. Pray thee, be wiser,
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty:
To be a king still at your own discretion,
Is like a king; to be at his, a vassal.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to ye
The freedom of a prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late else;
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.
Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus?
Achor. I 'll go pray, sir,
(For that is best counsel now,) the gods may help ye.
[*Exit.*
Pho. I found ye out a way, but 't was not credited,
A most secure way: whither will ye fly now?
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power must follow.
Pho. And that diminish'd also, what 's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You say true.

27 *'t will*] Dyce *it will.*
38 *thee*] omitted in F2.

Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolemy? If they do look,
It must be in scorn; for a poor king is a monster:
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesy
(A noble one) to take your life too from ye:
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly
They bear fair streams? Oh, sir, does this not shake ye?
If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a fool.
Pho. For then, sir,
Your country's cause falls with ye too, and fetter'd:
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.
Ptol. No more; I am sensible: and now my spirit
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And last, be counsell'd.
Ptol. I will, though I perish.
Pho. Go in: we 'll tell you all, and then we 'll execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The apartments of CLEOPATRA *in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, EROS.

Ars. You are so impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cause?
Women of common beauties and low births,
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?
Ars. Yes, 'tis fit:
But then again you know what man—
Cleo. He is no man;
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: he is no conqueror;
H'as suffer'd under the base dross of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth,

59 *But if . . . victory*] or your life may be spared to grace a conquest.
62 *honey'd*] allured by sweet speeches.
67 Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *streams*.

(The god of bed-rid men) taught his eyes treason ;
Against the truth of love he has rais'd rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.
Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike : but to prefer
The lustre of a little earth, Arsinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me ! He is no soldier ;
All honourable soldiers are Love's servants :
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,
Servile to gain ; he trades for poor commodities,
And make his conquests thefts. Some fortunate captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him ;
Himself ne'er won it : he is so base and covetous,
He 'll sell his sword for gold.
Ars. This is too bitter.
Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper !
I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes,) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting ;
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had sav'd mine honour,
I had been happy still : but let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded ;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies :
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too ; I lose my health : I will not,
I will not cry ; I will not honour him

17 *a little earth*] "Both the folios have a '*little* art.' . . . In this line Cleopatra is not alluding to the *jewels*, but to the *gold* which had been displayed (*in the next line* she mentions the *jewels*) : compare her words at III. iv. 77, 'A *little dross* betray me !' and line 9 above."—*Dyce*. Sympson conjectured *a little dirt*.

With tears diviner than the gods he worships ;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing.
Eros. Do not; you shall not need.
Cleo. Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him !
I will love any man, to break the heart of him
Any that has the heart and will to kill him.
Ars. Take some fair truce.
Cleo. I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him.
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him !

Enter APOLLODORUS.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.
Cleo. His service ! what 's his service ?
Eros. Pray you, be patient ;
The noble Cæsar loves still.
Cleo. What 's his will ?
Apol. He craves access unto your highness.
Cleo. No ;
Say, no ; I will have none to trouble me.
Ars. Good sister—
Cleo. None, I say ; I will be private.
Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When first thou gav'st consent to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæsar !
Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endur'd.
Cleo. Take this, [*Giving a jewel.*
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee ;
There 's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind : bid him make love to it ;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——
Apol. He enters.

Enter CÆSAR.

Cleo. How !

66 No s.d. in Ff.

Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady ;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.
Cleo. I guess so by your rudeness.
Cæsar. Ye are not angry ?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown ? good gods, what a set anger
Have you forc'd into your face ! come, I must temper ye :
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful !
How like an ominous flash it broke out from ye !
Defend me, Love ! sweet, who has anger'd ye ?
Cleo. Shew him a glass : that false face has betray'd me,
That base heart wrong'd me.
Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.
I wrong'd ye, fair !
Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries !
They are too gross. But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to ye.
Cæsar. Pray ye, undo this riddle,
And tell me how I have vex'd ye ?
Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate ye ;
Let that begin the story : now, I'll tell ye.
Cæsar. But do it milder : in a noble lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness,
Shews blessed, like herself.
Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me : till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of ;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd me,

81 *wrong'd*] Seward's emendation. Ff *wrought.*
97 *than*] So F2. F1 *to.*

When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appear'd your mistress; took into your eyes
The common strumpet love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at:
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at:
I spake to ye then, I courted ye, and woo'd ye,
Call'd ye "dear Cæsar," hung about ye tenderly,
Was proud to appear your friend——
Cæsar. You have mistaken me.
Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
Was I bless'd back with, but shook off rudely;
And, as ye had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,
Forgotten and contemn'd; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd;
The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains:
Shall I endure?
Cæsar. You are deceiv'd in all this;
Upon my life, you are; 'tis your much tenderness.
Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are cozen'd:
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
And where I love will triumph.
Cæsar. So you shall;
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear ye;
All I have won shall wait upon ye.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd me!— [*Aside.*
Dear mistress, shall I but this night——
Cleo. How, Cæsar!
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope?
Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any thing.

114 *with*] So F2. Omitted in F1. Seward printed "withal"; so the Editors of 1778; and so perhaps the author wrote.—*Dyce.*
130 No s. d. in Ff.

Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee;
Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:
Till when, farewell, unthankful!
Cæsar. Stay.
Cleo. I will not.
Cæsar. I command.
Cleo. Command, and go without, sir.
I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.
Cæsar. Thus low, beauty——
[*Kneels.*
Cleo. It is too late: when I have found thee absolute,
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror!
[*Exit with* ARSINOE, EROS, *and* APOLLODORUS.
Cæsar. She mocks me too. I will enjoy her beauty;
I will not be denied; I'll force my longing:
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him;
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.—
Stay, fool, and be advis'd; that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By Heaven, she is a miracle! I must use
A handsome way to win——

Enter SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA.

How now! what fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.
Scæ. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you are secure here,
And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And most lasciviously die in delights,

141] No. s.d. in Ff.
144 s.d.] Ff. *Exit.*

You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.
Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to assault.
Ant. Led on
By the false and base Photinus and his ministers.
No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed dart.
Scæ. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger:
They swear they will flea us, and then dry our quarters;
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for ye?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?
Bring out the lady: she can quell this mutiny,
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
She can destroy and build again the city;
Your goddesses have mighty gifts: shew 'em her fair breasts,
The impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em;
They are not above a hundred thousand, sir;
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fly before her heats.
Cæsar. Begirt with villains!
Scæ. They come to play you and your love a hunt's-up.
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long ago would come to;
You are taken napping now: has not a soldier
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lie still digging like a pioner,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you would think——
Dol. And time too; or you will find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.
Ant. Look out, and then believe.
Scæ. No, no, hang danger!

169 *flea*] Old form of *flay*.
184 *a hunt's-up.*] Blast of the horn announcing the hunt.
188 *pioner*] So F1—one who digs trenches or pits. F2 gives the more modern form *pioneer*.

Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;
Charge her whole body: when the sword's in your throat, sir,
You may cry, "Cæsar!" and see if that will help ye.
Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift, Scæva,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em.
Scæ. Now ye speak sense, I'll put my life to the hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She will spoil your sword-hand.
Cæsar. Go [*Exit* SCÆVA]. Come, let's to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter three lame Soldiers.

First Sold. Did ye see this penitence?
Sec. Sold. Yes, I saw, and heard it.
Third Sold. And I, too, look'd upon him, and observ'd it;
He's the strangest Septimius now!
First Sold. I heard he was alter'd,
And had given away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrously.
Sec. Sold. He cries abundantly;
He is blind almost with weeping.
Third Sold. 'Tis most wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
Should have so much kind moisture. When his mother died,
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'st ballads!
First Sold. 'Tis like enough; he never lov'd his parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd him:

201 Cf. *Pericles,* iv. 3, "Thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels."
205] No. s.d. in Ff.
s.d.] Ff *Enter* Souldiers.

His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and ever after
She whistled him up to th' world. His brave clothes too
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now;
Walks with his hands in 's pockets, poor and sorrowful,
And gives the best instructions!
Sec. Sold. And tells stories
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd; and runs mad,
If he but hear of any ungrateful person,
A bloody or betraying man.
Third Sold. If it be possible
That an arch-villain may ever be recover'd,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour
To see him once again.
First Sold. He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.

Enter SEPTIMIUS *dressed in black, with a book in his hand.*

Sept. Bless ye, my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company.
First Sold. Did I not tell ye?
Sec. Sold. What book 's that?
First Sold. No doubt,
Some excellent salve for a sore heart.—Are you
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey?
Sept. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood;
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude!
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs:

23 *This penitent*, etc.] This line is harsh, but not obscure. *Put hard* = try hard.
25 s.d.] Ff *Enter* Septimius.
25 *Bless*] So Ff. Dyce [*Heaven*] *bless.*
27 *taking*] infecting.
29 *salve for a sore heart*] Such titles to books were not uncommon.—*Dyce.*

Take heed of pride ; 'twas that that brought me to it.
Sec. Sold. This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.
Third Sold. 'Tis very fit he were hang'd, to edify us.
Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient,
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye ;
Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,
As in the use of arms ; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,
Pride and ambitious wantonness ; those spoil'd me :
Rather lose all your limbs than the least honesty ;
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit
Benumb ye through ; scars, and those maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity.
First Sold. I cry.
Sec. Sold. And so do I.
Third Sold. An excellent villain!
First Sold. A more sweet pious knave I never heard yet.
Sec. Sold. He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Who 's this? a priest?
Sept. Oh, stay, most holy sir!
And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,
Isis and great Osiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly
With what most humble sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me ;
Take from my heart those thousand thousand Furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.
Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder,
And therefore he found grace : thou, worst of all men,
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slew'st thine own feeder. Come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice ;
Thou art mark'd for shame eternal! [*Exit.*

Sept. Look all on me,
And let me be a story left to time
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monstrous my hop'd grace at court! Good soldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness!
First Sold. Dost thou want any thing?
Sept. Nothing but your prayers.
Sec. Sold. Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst:
We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.
Third Sold. Come, cry no more: thou hast wept out twenty Pompeys.

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS.

Pho. So penitent!
Achil. It seems so.
Pho. Yet, for all this,
We must employ him.
First Sold. These are the arm'd soldier-leaders:
Away, and let 's to th' fort; we shall be snapt else.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Pho. How now! why thus? what cause of this dejection?
Achil. Why dost thou weep?
Sept. Pray, leave me; you have ruin'd me,
You have made me a famous villain.
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his lewdness.
Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right hand:
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be hearten'd.—
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done?
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?
Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace
That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd:
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

83 s.d.] Ff Exit.
90 *blench*] shrink, turn pale.

Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I am now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee,
Those that would raise thy head.
Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I 'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.
Pho. Thou shalt be noble;
And who dares think then that thou art not honest?
Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our strong forces;
And, if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?
Sept. I am rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue is all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile: wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyself glorious still, though ne'er so stain'd,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—
Sept. I'll stop mine ears.
Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——
Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty,
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As sure they will), and beat thee for thy poverty;
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some hope.
Sept. My foolery!
Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.
Achil. He begins to hearken.—
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.
Sept. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar

111 *glorious*] haughty, proud.

Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword? to cry for 't?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey: he'll kill all his kindred,
And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too,)
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.
Sept. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it;
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar: so mayst thou be;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.
Sept. He was poor.
Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sept. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raise thee.
Off with thy pining black!—it dulls a soldier—
And put on resolution like a man:
A noble fate waits on thee.
Sept. I now feel
Myself returning rascal speedily.
Oh, that I had the power——
Achil. Thou shalt have all;
And do all through thy power: men shall admire thee,
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.
Sept. Off, off; thou must off; off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!
Pho. Now thou speak'st nobly.
Sept. Off, my dejected looks! and welcome, impudence!
My daring shall be deity, to save me.
Give me instructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,
And let my wit and valour work. You will raise me,
And make me out-dare all my miseries?
Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.

Sept. Use me, then :—
Womanish fear, farewell! I 'll never melt more :—
Lead on to some great thing, to wake my spirit:
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I 'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar too.
Pho. Now thou sing'st sweetly,
And Ptolemy shall crown thee for thy service.
Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace for cooling. [*Exeunt.*

158 *wake*] "So F2 and the Editors of 1778 and Weber. F1 has 'weale'; which Seward gave, informing us in a note that it means--render well or healthy. Though the reading of the second folio affords very good sense, I strongly suspect that it is not the genuine lection, and that the poet wrote 'steel': in the second scene of the next act, Septimius says, 'Now I am '*steel'd.*'"—*Dyce.*

159 *I cut the cedar Pompey*, etc.] "This passage, observes Gifford, is copied from the following one in Jonson's *Sejanus*, act v., sc. 4,—*Works*, iii. 126:

> 'I, that did help
> To fell the lofty cedar of the world
> Germanicus; that at one stroke cut down
> Drusus, that upright elm; wither'd his vine;
> Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks,
> Flat on the earth,' etc."—*Dyce.*

162 *for cooling*] Ff. i.e. for fear he should cool.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S *apartments in the Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA.

Ant. The tumult still increases.
Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!
My lustful folly rather! but 'tis well,
And worthily I am made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspir'd against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me.
Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate
Where danger look'd most dreadful.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the king and his sister
Be buried in your ruins; on my life,
They both are guilty: reason may assure you,
Photinus nor Achillas durst attempt you,
Or shake one dart or sword, aim'd at your safety,
Without their warrant.
Cæsar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be misled; but for his sister,
Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
Of blasphemy to doubt her: ugly treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is

12 *exercise his fate*] apply his genius, and dare destiny.
22–3 *ugly . . . building*] "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple." Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, I. ii. 457.

Admit of falsehood.
Ant. Let us seize on him, then;
And leave her to her fortune.
Dol. If he have power,
Use it to your security, and let
His honesty acquit him; if he be false,
It is too great an honour he should die
By your victorious hand.
Cæsar. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS.

Ptol. Let not great Cæsar
Impute the breach of hospitality
To you, my guest, to me: I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head; and would they aim'd no farther,
Provided that I fell a sacrifice
To gain you safety! That this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad cause by being present with them;
But I, that yet taste of the punishment
In being false to Pompey, will not make
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd:
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.
Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it.
Achor. If they have any touch
Of justice or religion, I will use
The authority of our gods to call them back
From their bad purpose.
Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible; we may make it good
Till your powers rescue us.
Cæsar. Cæsar besieg'd!
Oh, stain to my great actions! 'Twas my custom,
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be first in the chase; nor walls nor bulwarks

Could guard those that escap'd the battle's fury
From this strong arm; and I to be enclos'd!
My heart! my heart! but 'tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield; and I obey,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An inner court of the Palace.

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, Soldiers.

Pho. There 's no retiring now: we are broke in;
The deed past hope of pardon: if we prosper,
'Twill be styl'd lawful, and we shall give laws
To those that now command us. Stop not at
Or loyalty or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject; Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.
Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolemy's death.
Pho. The better;
The glebe of empire must be so manur'd.
Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower
Drain'd from a brother's heart; nor was she rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
By the sack of neighbour cities, ne'er made hers
Till they were cemented with the blood of those
That did possess 'em: Cæsar, Ptolemy,
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.
Pho. Well said, Septimius;
Thou now art right again.

11 *glebe*] Dyce's emendation. Ff and the other modern editors have *globe*. *Manur'd*] F1 *manur*.

18 *ne'er*] Dyce's emendation. F1 has *were*, F2 and the other modern editors *not*.

Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra?
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,
She bears her brother company: that 's my province;
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolemy.
Sept. Cæsar shall be my task;
And, as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar.

Enter (*above*) CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, ANTONY, DOLABELLA.

Pho. 'Tis resolv'd, then;
We'll force our passage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desir'd a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now, Photinus?
Pho. Now, Ptolemy?
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale
In which our worth is weigh'd.
Cæsar. Presumptuous villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to raise
Thy servile hand against the king, or me
That have a greater name?
Pho. On those by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,
Against the laws of Rome; and at the name
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus,
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy country;

36 *them*] F1, *'em*.F2.
37 *No addition*] Have you forgotten to address me by my royal title?

Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crown'd with fair success: why should we fear, then?
Think on that, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be brav'd thus!
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!
Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the highest point,
And must descend.
Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.
Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans,
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?
Pho. There is no hope to scape us:
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches. I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.
[*Exeunt* PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, *and* Soldiers.
Ant. Let us die nobly;
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.
Cæsar. That Fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Though for a while she clothe her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me: who will pay her
Or sacrifice or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and Rome acknowledg'd
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously
A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger
Must by a way more horrid be avoided,

65 s.d.] F1 Exit, F2 Exeunt.

And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd :
Start not ; it shall be so ; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,
Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
Through fire and swords I force a passage to
My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st follow
Where Cæsar leads, or live or die a freeman !
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave ! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An open place in the city.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,
Will shake me off again : he told me so,
When I kill'd Pompey ; nor can I hope better,
When Cæsar is despatch'd. Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd
With deadly hate : I learn'd this principle
In his own school. Yet still he fools me : well :—
And yet he trusts me : since I in my nature
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,

82 *ensuing flames*] i. e. "The flames which would ensue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan say, that it was the enemies' ships in the harbour that Cæsar fired, as they were attempting from them to scale the palace in which Cæsar was besieged, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treasure of Egyptian, Grecian, and eastern learning, was totally destroyed. Our poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæsar's heroism."—*Seward.*

4 *property*] Stage appurtenance. Cf. "Do not talk of him But as a property."—*Julius Cæsar*, IV. i. 39, 40.

7 *Services done*, etc.] "From Tacitus : 'Nam beneficia eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse ; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur.' *Annal.* iv. 18.,—a passage which Jonson also has imitated in *The Fox*, act iv. sc. 2,—*Works*, iii. 282. ed. Gifford."—*Dyce.*

That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one
To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,
Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
(As it is in my power,) redeem my credit,
And live, to lie and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece! Ha!—me! Cæsar!
How's he got off?

Enter CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, Soldiers.

Cæsar. The fire has took,
And shews the city like a second Troy;
The navy too is scorch'd; the people greedy
To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
Make spoil of all: only Achillas' troops
Make good their guard; break through them, we are safe:
I 'll lead you like a thunder-bolt.

Sept. Stay, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius!

Ant. Cut his throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now; fawn you so soon?

Sept. Oh, hear me!
What I 'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
For all your good.

Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,
On festival days!

Sept. I am an alter'd man,
Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cause
To say I am a Roman.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.

Sept. Trust me, I 'll make the passage smooth and easy
For your escape.

Ant. I 'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.

Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.

Ant. There 's no doubt, then,

20 —*me*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber inserted *curse;* Dyce *blast.*
32–3 *That . . . days*] One line in Ff.
33–5 *I am . . . Roman*] Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *indeed.*

Thou wilt be false.
Sept. Still to be true to you.
Dol. And very likely!
Cæsar. Be brief; the means?
Sept. Thus, Cæsar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: in this cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.
Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.
Dol. I 'll fly in the air first.
Sept. Then in the dead of night I 'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.
Cæsar. Good:
What follows?
Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.
Cæsar. Oh, devil!—Away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor. I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digg'd for 't like a mole. Our swords and cause
Make way for us: and that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this sword makes for you.
[*Exeunt all, except* SEPTIMIUS, *and two* Soldiers *who seize him.*
First Sold. Here's a belt;
Though I die for it, I 'll use it.
Sec. Sold. 'Tis too good
To truss a cur in.
Sept. Save me! here 's gold.

First Sold. If Rome
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.
Sec. Sold. Hang not an arse.
First Sold. Goad him on with thy sword.—
Thou dost deserve a worser end; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the city.

Enter, severally, ARSINOE, EROS, CLEOPATRA.

Ars. We are lost!
Eros. Undone!
Ars. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldier's face, more horrid,
Circle us round!
Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.
Ars. My brother seiz'd on
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out
For his protection or revenge.
Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransack'd.
Ars. I have lost my jewels too: but that 's the least;
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.
Eros. They ruffled me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.
Ars. Oh, my sister!
Eros. My queen, my mistress!
Ars. Can you stand unmov'd,
When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,
And the court trembles?
Cleo. Yes, Arsinoë,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress: then we forsake

12 *ruffled*] F1 *rufled*—handled saucily. F2 *rifled.*
13 *and tire 'em too*] Omitted in F2.

The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield
Or shrink at her assaults: I am still myself,
And though disrob'd of sovereignty, and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it:
Nay, grant they had slav'd my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoë: common burdens
Fit common shoulders: teach the multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister,
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful;
I dare not tell a lie: you, that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble hand-maid,
Must not presume to rival.

Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms!
His weapon drawn too!

Enter PHOTINUS.

Cleo. Though upon the point
Death sate, I 'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.

Pho. [*To those without*] Keep the watch strong; and guard the passage sure
That leads unto the sea.

Cleo. What sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath

23 *And though disrob'd*] i. e. "and remain so though disrobed." *Ed.* 1778.
28 *that*] "the calamity in question."—*Dyce*; (esp. "my enslaved body." Ed.)
48 No s.d. in Ff.

Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are duty and obedience fled to heaven,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Photinus,
A thing thy mother brought into the world
My brother's and my slave; but thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that sovereignty thou shouldst bow to.
If in the gulph of base ingratitude
All loyalty to Ptolemy the king
Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy confusion:
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
And let me read submission in thine eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To Cæsar and my brother.
Pho. Plead my pardon!
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus
To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay, the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my essence with a sensual beast:
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
Were aim'd to purchase you.
Cleo. How durst thou, being
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought?
Pho. They that have power are royal; and those base
That live at the devotion of another.
What birth gave Ptolemy, or fortune Cæsar,
By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
The story of a supreme monarchy,
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus' name had long since been as great

64 *thy*] Ff *the.*
72 *to Cæsar*] F1. F2 or Cæsar.
76 *purchase*] acquire. 79 *at the devotion of*] cf. I. i. 264.
81 *on*] So Dyce. Ff *in.*

As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is:
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
The knot of loyalty that chain'd my freedom,
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might cause,
That I and they might see no sun appear,
But Cleopatra, in th' Egyptian sphere.
Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
Cimmerian darkness! Inconsiderate fool,
Though flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou believe,
Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
And that by kings set on thy head, all sceptres
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man,
A gelded eunuch?
Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures
Hymen, though blessing a new-married pair,
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendour of dread majesty,
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world:
My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to it.
Cleo. Baser than thy birth!
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the earth?
Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee; or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh, and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me;
Or, if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.
Cleo. Most impious!
Pho. They are dreams
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods), weak Ptolemy dead,

114] Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *thee*.
116 *cloy'd*] "i. e. nailed or spiked up; derived from the French verb *clouer*." —*Mason*. "To *cloy* is still a technical term in artillery."—*Weber*.

And Cæsar, both being in my toil, remov'd,
The poorest rascals that are in my camp
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
In thee and young Arsinoë, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods
That you think can protect you.
Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the mistress of my fate:
So hope I of my sister: to confirm it,
I spit at thee, and scorn thee.
Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.
Cleo. Never:
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter ACHILLAS, *and* Soldiers, *with the body of* PTOLEMY.

Pho. The king dead! this is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.
Ars. Oh, my dear brother!
Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoë, (common women do so,)
Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him:
But study to die nobly.
Pho. Cæsar fled!
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;
It chokes my vital spirits: where was your care?
Did the guards sleep?
Ackil. He rous'd them with his sword;
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself;)
And, as inspir'd by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake through our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He went on
But still pursu'd by us: when on the sudden
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which strook in us no less fear and amazement
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

124 *toil*] snare, net.
128 Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *vain*.
133 *it*] So F1. *thee* F2. 134 *I will*] So F1. F2 omits I.
146 *eaglets*] F2 *eagles*. 148 *'em*] So F1. F2 *them*.

Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar.
Achil. We faln back, he made on; and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd: but, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forg'd by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made a way,
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons, follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a cheerful music. We shower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ships:
And in their safety we are sunk, for Cæsar
Prepares for war.
Pho. How fell the king?
Achil. Unable
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.
Ars. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes! [*Exit* ACHILLAS *with* Soldiers.
Pho. I feel now
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees.
Cleo. I laugh at thee:
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [*Shout within.*
Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That plac'd his Heaven on earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar; banish fear, my fairest;
You now are safe.

161 *a way*] Ff *away.* 171 No s.d. in Ff.

Scæ. By Venus, not a kiss
Till our work be done! the traitors once despatch'd,
To it, and we'll cry aim!
Cæsar. I will be speedy.
Exeunt CÆSAR, SCÆ., ANT., *and* DOL.
Cleo. Farewell again!—Arsinoë!—How now, Eros!
Ever faint-hearted?
Eros. But that I am assur'd
Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too.
Cleo. He is all honour;
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserv'd him.
Ars. He 's come back.

Re-enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* Soldiers, *with the heads of* PHOTINUS *and* ACHILLAS.

Cæsar. Pursue no farther; curb the soldiers' fury.—
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.
Scæ. Furies plague 'em!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter
Should have despatch'd them.
Cæsar. All is but death, good Scæva;
Be therefore satisfied.—And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,
A conqueror: and, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we 'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee. [*Exeunt.*

187 *cry aim*] "i. e. encourage you. 'It ill beseems this presence to cry aim'—*King John*, II. The phrase is from archery; the bystanders being accustomed to encourage the archers by crying '*Aim!*' See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 28. ed. 1813."—*Dyce.*
187 s.d.] Simply *Exeunt* in Ff.
196 s.d.] *Re-enter* etc. Ff have Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, Souldiers, with the heads.
196 *Cæsar*] Omitted altogether in F1, and prefixed to next line in F2.
205 *to*] So F2.; F1 *for.*

EPILOGUE

I NOW should wish another had my place
But that I hope to come off, and with grace :
And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
In the favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assur'd the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

6 *In the favour*] So F1.F2. *In favour.*

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

Edited by Cyril Brett

The Little French Lawyer is the third play in the folio of 1647, occupying pp. 51–75; it is the sixteenth play in the folio of 1679, occupying pp. 336–358 of the first system of pagination. It appears in Tonson's ed. (1711), vol. iv. pp. 1224–1307; in Theobald's ed. (1756), vol. iv. (*curavit* Seward) pp. 175–268; in Colman's (1778); in Weber's (1812); in Darley's (1840); Dyce's (1843); Waller and Glover's Cambridge ed. (1906).

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

TEXT.—The basis of the Text is F1; all changes of importance introduced either in F2 or in later editions, have been recorded, so far as known. I have not been able to see the edition of 1778, or that by Weber; Darley, however, exactly follows Weber, and I have therefore recorded his variants (especially when Dyce happens to mention Weber), as W.D. The 1778 readings have been taken from Dyce's notes. I have noted Tonson's 1711 edition as T: and his follows F2, except in one place; Seward's (1750) as S, and Sympson's suggestions therein as Sy; and Dyce as Dy. Dyce has been followed, as a rule, in spelling and punctuation: I have, however, restored *ye*, y', etc., for Dyce's *you*, occasionally altered the stops, and kept the original forms of some interesting words. The stage-directions are usually those of F1. The necessary corrections or additions are noted.

ARGUMENT.—Dinant, apparently the favoured suitor of Lamira, is suddenly rejected by her, in favour of old Champernel, whom she marries. Dinant and his friend Cleremont stop the wedding party on their way from church, and insult bride and bridegroom. They are challenged by Beaupré and Verdone, relations of Champernel and Lamira. Lamira sends for Dinant and prevents him fighting, tells him that he must protect her honour elsewhere, at the time fixed for the duel. Cleremont, Beaupré, and Verdone arrive at the rendezvous, and Cleremont is forced to get a passer-by to fight in Dinant's place. This, a little lawyer, named La-Writ, finally consents to do; he disarms Beaupré first, and afterwards Verdone, who was pursuing Cleremont. La-Writ then meets with Dinant, who believes him to be the impugner of Lamira's honour; they are about to fight when Cleremont appears, parts them, and upbraids Dinant for his failure to appear to keep the appointment. While Dinant is explaining matters, Lamira's Nurse brings a second message, desiring Dinant and Cleremont to visit Champernel's house. This they do; Lamira pretends to be ready to meet Dinant's wishes, if Cleremont will take her place beside her lord; finally Cleremont consents. Lamira, however, befools Dinant the whole night, and finally calls up her husband, kinsmen, and servants, who disarm the two gallants; Cleremont is even more abashed than Dinant on finding that his bedfellow was Lamira's sister, Annabell. Cleremont and Annabell fall in love at first sight. With taunts and insults Cleremont and Dinant are dismissed, vowing revenge. Meanwhile La-Writ has turned swashbuckler and duellist, and his causes therefore fail in court. He vows vengeance against the judge Vertaigne; Cleremont contrives that Vertaigne's foolish kinsman Sampson shall meet La-Writ in combat; he and a friend, under pretence of observing the strict rules of the duello, take away their principals' upper garments, and the morning being wintry, La-Writ and Sampson are presently reduced to so miserable a state, that old Champernel knocks all the fight out of both. Dinant and Cleremont then carry out a plan of revenge against their enemies: taking advantage of Lamira's household's presence in the woods, their friends, disguised as robbers, make the ladies and the young men prisoners, and hurry them away from Champernel and Vertaigne. Dinant and Cleremont next appear in the guise of rescuers, and Cleremont is married to Annabell, while Dinant first bullies and then soothes Lamira. Finally, captives and captors rejoin the distracted Champernel and Vertaigne, and the general relief brings about a general reconciliation.

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.—Critics have generally agreed that the date of the play is between 1619 and May 1622; that it followed the *Custom of the Country*, and preceded *Women Pleased*. These three plays were acted by the King's men, Taylor, Lowin, Underwood, Benfield, Tooley, Sharpe, Egglestone, and Holcombe. In 1619–20, Fletcher and Massinger were together writing for the King's company; 1620–1, Massinger was altering Dekker plays for the Revels men at the *Bull*, and Fletcher was writing alone.[1]

The Prologue mentions "the writers," the Epilogue "your Poets": Dyce therefore supposes that the play is by Beaumont and Fletcher, and mentions that Seward and Weber give La-Writ to Beaumont. Later critics agree that not Beaumont, but Massinger, was Fletcher's collaborator. We know from Sir Aston Cokayne[2] that these two did work together.

The next question is, can it be shewn that they wrote this play "together"? Boyle, Bullen, Fleay, Macaulay, Oliphant, Swinburne, and Thompson call it Fletcher and Massinger's. Dyce had already pointed out that two passages in the *Little French Lawyer* nearly resembled two in Massinger's *Parliament of Love*;[3] and Boyle insists on Massinger's constant repetition of himself in those plays known to be his, and notices many parallels here.[4] He also says that all Massinger's undoubted plays, and this, shew a specific type of sensual woman, and impotently passionate, now jealous, now unduly submissive, man. But the test which has been most used, apparently with the clearest results, is that of versification. Boyle,[5] Fleay,[6] and Oliphant,[7] have applied this, and E. N. S. Thompson[8] has summarised their results. Fleay assigns *La-Writ* and *Annabell* stories to Fletcher, who, he thinks, inserted *Annabell's* speeches even in such Massinger scenes as iv. 5. 6, and v. 1. *Lamira's* part he gives to Massinger. He points out that Massinger accents *Dinánt*, Fletcher *Dínant*; and that the *Old Lady* appears in the F. scenes, *Nurse* in those by M. (except in ii. 3, the only F scene where she speaks).

Boyle says that rime is no test between F. and M., since neither uses it much; F. uses more double endings than M., M. many more run-on lines than F. F. has few light or weak endings. The total percentages are: (F.) 52·3. double endings; 6·3. run-on lines; light and weak endings, negligible: (M.) 43·0 double endings; 32·5 run-on lines; 3·5 light endings; 1·6 weak endings.

The following is Oliphant's allotment of scenes :—

F.	M.
Act ii. : iii. 2, 4, 5.	Act i. : iii. 1, 3. : iv. 5, 6a.
iv. 1–4; 6b (from *enter* La-Wr.): 7b.	7a (to *enter* Dinant):
v. 1a (to *enter* Charl.): 2.	v. 1b, 3; prol. and epil.

Fleay only differs from this in giving V. 3a to F.
Boyle only differs from this in giving iii. 3, iv. 5, 6 to F.
Bullen gives i. and parts of iii. and iv. to M.
Thompson summarises: "F. in the second act, after M. had started in

[1] Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, i. 211.
[2] *Small Poems* (1658).
[3] *L.F.L.*, i. 1. + *P.L.*, i. 5.; ii. 1. + iv. 2.
[4] Cf. *D. of Milan*, i. 1. 86: iii. 3. 125: v. 1. 40. *Reneg.*, v. 8. *Un. Comb.*, iii. 2. 56. *Parlt. L.*, ii. 2.: i. 4. (Ovid.). *G.D. of F.* iii. 1. (locking up secrets). *Picture*, i. 1. (yielding fort of honour), 6: iii. 1 & 6 (ref. to Hercules). *Guard.*, iii. 2. 36 (Hymen): iii. 6. 13.
[5] *Eng. Studien*, v. 75.; vii. 66 sqq.; viii. 39 sqq: ix. 209 sqq.
[6] *Eng. Stud.* pp. 12 sqq.: *N. Sh. Soc. Tr.* i. (1874) pp. 51 sqq. *Biogr. Chron.*, i.; *Shakesp. Manual*, p. 151 sqq. etc.
[7] *Eng. Stud.*, xiv. pp. 53 sqq.; xv. pp. 321 sqq., xvi. pp. 180 sqq.
[8] *Eng. Stud.*, xxxi. pp. 39 sqq.
Cf. *Anglia* xxxiii. 2. (Apr. 1910). "Fletcher's Habits of Dramatic Collaboration," by O. L. Hatcher. (As far as *L.F.L.* is concerned, only supports Thompson's conclusions.)

the first or main business of the comedy, introduced the humorous motive of the *L.F.L.*

This farce he handled throughout. Beyond this, Fleay assigns him nothing of importance; but Boyle, using metrical tests more rigorously, gives him the climax of the main plot, where *Lamira's* suitor is teased and flouted, and the impudent scenes in *act iv.*, where the men play a return trick on the ladies."

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.—The earliest known literary form of the story is the *Novellino* of Massuccio Salernitano (1420—c. 1474), Nov. 4, of which the following is Weber's summary: "Duke Regnier, of Anjou, having been driven by King Alfonso from Naples, retired to Florence. Two French noblemen, Filippo de Licurto and Ciarlo d'Amboia, frequently accompanied him when he rode through the city, and on one of these occasions the former fell in love with the beautiful wife of a citizen, and soon found means of paying his addresses, which the lady did not reject; but the jealousy of the husband prevented the accomplishment of their desires. In the mean time Ciarlo happened to fall in love with the sister of the lady, who dwelt in the same house. The husband at last was about to proceed to Pisa, when Duke Regnier was forced to return to France, and the two lovers to accompany him. Filippo gradually forgot his *innamorata*; but the lady's affections remained unaltered; and in order to make him sensible of his faithlessness, she caused a false diamond to be set in a ring of fine gold, with the inscription LA NA ZA BATANI, which she sent by a trusty messenger to Paris. Filippo having, by applying to other friends, solved the mysterious meaning of the ring, immediately set out for Florence, and persuaded his friend to accompany him. . . . They were received with transport by the lady, who promised to fulfil Filippo's wishes that night, if his companion would consent to occupy her place in bed by the side of the old husband. Ciarlo long refused to take such a perilous situation, but the tears of his friend at last prevailed, on the promise of his being soon released. Having undressed himself, and taken a sword in his hand, he was silently led to a chamber, and left by the amorous lady, who rejoined Filippo. When Ciarlo had lain in the greatest fear for two hours, he began to curse his fate; when four hours were past, he became distracted; but when the morning sun illumined the windows, and the servants were lighting the fires and scouring the passages, he grasped his sword, and endeavoured to force the door, which suddenly opened from without, and his friend, with the lady, entered. The lady began to mock Ciarlo on his want of instinct, and opening the bed-curtains, showed him that he had all night lain with her sister, whom he so ardently loved. She then left the room laughing, with Filippo, and left the happy Ciarlo to excuse himself for his want of discernment."[1]

The story occurs again in Guzman d'Alfarache,[2] as Langbaine noticed; here the old man is a Conde; there is no duel; the woman is entirely complaisant—the husband really away; there is a substitution of the Countess' sister for the Count. All the characters are Spaniards.

Other versions are Scarron's *Fruitless Precaution*;[3] (Don Rodriguez and Virginia (!) are naught together: Annabell-Violanta is not married by Don Pedro. We only hear of the Count); and the *Complaisant Companion*.[4] Koeppel points out[5] Fletcher and Massinger's alteration: they make Lamira retain her physical honour; he compares the Nurse to Juliet's, and the comic duel-scene to that between Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius.

[1] Eng. ed., tr. W. G. Waters (1895), ii. 262 sqq. Italian ed., p. 280.
[2] or *Spanish Rogue*, tr. Mabbes (1622), ii. pp. 37-43, (ch. iv.).
[3] tr. by Jo. Davies of Kidwelly (1665), pp. 21-36.
[4] 8vo, p., 263. (Dy.)
[5] *München. Beitr.*, xi. (1895), pp. 60-61. "Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen," etc.

History.—This play seems to have always attracted particular attention. The commendatory verses prefixed to F1 (1647) mention it specially three times.[1] Butler says [2] "It is a Dangerous thing to flesh men, as you may see in the little French lawyer in the third act about, the 4th or 5th sceane, who being by Accident fleshd beat all those who had beaten him before in all his lifetime."

Richard Cumberland in his "Memoirs" (4to, p. 192) says that he took a hint for *Sir Benjamin Dove* in the *Brothers* from *La-Writ*.

On July 30, 1717, it was acted at Drury Lane, twice running, not having been acted for twenty years before. Norris took La-Writ.

October 25, 1717, Drury Lane, again; Dinant by Mills, Cleremont by Ryan, &c. In this representation, the characters Charlotte, Nurse, Annabell, and Lamira were omitted.

30 June, 1720, Drury Lane. Norris took La-Writ; Miller, Sampson; and Mrs. Thurmond, Lamira.

7 October, 1749. "Never performed, a Farce in one act, called the *Little French Lawyer*." (Woodward, Palmer, Blakes, Winstone, Taswell, King, Shuter, Costollo, and Mrs. Bennett.)

The *General Advertiser* (October 9) says it was played "to a crowded house, every scene save the last gaining universal applause, but that meeting with disapproval, is now altered, and will be performed again to-morrow night." (It accordingly was put on again.)

27 April, 1778, Covent Garden: Quick's benefit. *Tancred and Sigismunda*; after which the *Little French Lawyer* printed 1778 with following cast:

La-Writ—Quick (well adapted to his style; *Mellefont* (=Cleremont)= Death; *Dupré* (=Dinant)=Whitfield: *Sampson*=Wilson; *Champernel*= Fearon; *Vertaign*=L'Estrange; *Beaupré*=Booth; *Verdone*=Thompson; *Lamira*=Mrs. Lessingham; *Villetta* (=Annabell)=Mrs. Willems; *Agnes* (=Charlotte)=Mrs. Poussin. The five acts were reduced to two; blank verse became prose. Dinant's trick on Lamira was changed and mutilated. There were additions; all however, were immaterial or absurd, *e.g.*,

"No judge *or jury* shall soften my indignation." [3]

The play has been translated into French, by Ernest Lafond, 1865.[4]

[1] In verses by Rd. Lovelace, Robt. Gardiner and G. Hill.
[2] Wks. (Cambr. ed.), p. 424. (I owe this reference to the kindness of Professor Littledale.)
[3] Genest; *Some Acct. of the Eng. Stage*, vol. ii. pp. 603, 613; iii. 12; iv. 290; vi. 25–26.
[4] "Contemporains de Shakespeare. Beaumont et Fletcher; traduits par Ernest Lafond, avec une notice sur la vie de ces deux poètes." Paris: J. Hetzel; 1865, p.xii.+575. [1] 8vo. [*Contents*; Notice; Les deux nobles cousins; tragédie de Valentinien; Rollo duc de Normandie; le petit avocat Français.]

PROLOGUE

To promise much, before a play begin,
And when 'tis done, ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves; for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp time's dull wings, and make you merry too:
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wisht ends, if you commend it.

PROLOGUE. Printed with Epilogue, at end of Play, in Ff.

5 *The writers*] Cf. Introduction.

8 *Imp*] here = "to strengthen, improve the flight of." In iii. 5. 42, it = "to improve by (metaph.) engrafting." Cf. *Richard II*, II. i. "Imp out our drooping country's broken wing."

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

DINANT, a gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretended to love LAMIRA.
CLEREMONT, a merry gentleman, his friend.
CHAMPERNEL, a lame old gentleman, husband to LAMIRA.
VERTAIGNE, a Nobleman and a Judge.
BEAUPRÉ, son to VERTAIGNE.
VERDONE, nephew to CHAMPERNEL.
MONSIEUR LA-WRIT, a wrangling Advocate, or the little Lawyer.
SAMPSON, a foolish Advocate, kinsman to VERTAIGNE.

Provost.
Gentlemen.
Clients.
Servants.
LAMIRA, wife to CHAMPERNEL, and daughter to VERTAIGNE.
ANNABELL, niece to CHAMPERNELL.
OLD LADY, nurse to LAMIRA.
CHARLOTTE, Waiting Gentlewoman to LAMIRA.

The Scene, France.

The principal actors were,

Joseph Taylor.	Nicholas Toolie.
John Lowin.	William Egleston.
John Underwood.	Richard Sharpe.
Robert Benfield.	Thomas Holcomb.

DRAM. PERS.] List, etc. as in F2. F1 has no list, statement of scene, or names of actors.
T inserts *Men* and F2 *Women* before those groups of characters.
DIN.] *pretends to* S.D.
CLER.] Dyce om. *a merry gentleman.*
CH.] Dyce om. *lame old gentleman* and inserts *veteran naval warrior.*
VERT.] Dyce om. *A nobleman and.*
BE.] Dyce has *his son.*
LA-W.] Dyce om. *Monsieur . . . a wrangling . . . or the little Lawyer.*
S.] Dyce *an advocate, nephew to . . .*
SERVANTS] Dyce adds MUSICIANS.
OLD LADY] Dyce om.
CHAR.] *waiting-woman* Dyce.

Scene, PARIS *and the adjacent country*. Dyce.

The names *Lamira* and *Charlotte* occur in *Honest Man's Fortune; Cleremont* in *Philaster* and in the *Noble Gentleman; Verdone* in the *Bloody Brother; Cleremont, Dinant, Lamira* and *Beaupré* in Massinger's *Parliament of Love.*

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

A COMEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Paris. A street.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Din. Dissuade me not.
Cler. It will breed a brawl.
Din. I care not, I wear a sword.
Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off; let that direct your arm;
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.
Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not stoics, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in lackeys,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank,
And quality, as I am.
Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,

A COMEDY] added in F2.

ACT I . . . *street.*] In Ff, this play is divided into Acts, and the first scene of each Act is marked. Weber completed the numbering of the scenes, and first marked their localities, Dyce added a few stage directions, and made some changes, which will be noticed hereafter.

1–3] I much prefer to make two lines of 1–3, ending the first at *I care not.*—A.H.B.

6 *Than*] F1 always reads *Then* for this word; F2 usually has the more modern form.

Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For the honour of our country and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expense
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
For every trifle; and these private duels,
Which had their first original from the French,
(And for which, to this day, we are justly censur'd,)
Are banisht from all civil governments;
Scarce three in Venice, in as many years;
In Florence they are rarer, and in all
The fair dominions of the Spanish king
They are never heard of; nay, those neighbour countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.
Din. Will you end yet?
Cler. And I have heard, that some of our late kings,
For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
A cheat at cards or dice, and such like causes,
Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
As might have met the Great Turk in the field
With confidence of a glorious victory:
And shall we, then—

20 *French*] *Frcenh* misprint F2. These proper names the Ff usually print in italics.
22 *Are*] F2. *And* F1.
22 *banisht*] Ff *banish'd* Dyce. The *'d* forms have in such verbs been uniformly changed for the Ff spelling in *-t*.
25 *the Spanish king*] James Howell, writing from Madrid to Viscount Colchester in February, 1623, remarks "You shall seldom hear of Spaniards employ'd in night service, nor shall one hear of a duel here in an age" (*Epistolæ Ho-elianæ*). (A.H.B.)
26] A glance at England.
29 *Will . . . yet?*] F2. *Will you? and yet*—F1.
30] cf. Massinger, *Parlt. of Love* (1624 ?), i. 5. (ed. 1813, ii. 249). (Gifford, qd. by Dyce.)

> "Nay, I dare go further,
> And justify your majesty hath lost
> More resolute and brave courageous spirits
> In this same dull and languishing fight of love
> Than e'er your wars took from you."
> (ed. Cunningham 1897, p. 168.)

31 *mistress' favour*] Dyce. *Mistris, feathers*, F1. *Mistris favour* F2.
36 *we, then*] Dyce. *we then* Ff, with less emphasis, perhaps, on *we*.

Din. No more, for shame, no more!
Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn't; give it to some orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise,
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant, that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
And mere apocrypha.
Cler. Why, what know you of me?
Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years, I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.
Cler. Well sir, well.
Din. But yesterday, thou wast the common second
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills
Set up on every post, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties;
And as, to save the charges of the law,
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels;
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That, if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engag'd thyself. This goodly calling

37 *patron*] here = "pleader, advocate, [esp. of a theory or practice: 1573–1796, *N.E.D.*] etc. But the word *Speech*, Declaration, Harangue . . . . might be understood to make the following line sense; and it is highly probable that a whole line is lost, something like . . . *too? How long have you been conning this speech? 'Tis a new one.*"—S.

C. cj. *pattern* [of which *patron* is an old spelling].

M. cj. *parson.*

Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 307, ed. 18—) "If conjectural emendation, like this, [S.'s] be allowed, we might venture to read:—'Are you become a patron *to a new tune?*' or, 'A. y. b. a. p? 'Tis a new *tune.*'"

Dyce agrees with S. that there is perhaps an ellipse of *Speech* on the line. This is borne out by the *burn't, give it*, etc. of l. 38.

45 *apocrypha*] perh. "nonsense." though as adj. or quasi-adj., it usually = "false." (1587–1690.)

50] Dyce om. commas of Ff at *yesterday, and second*, thus spoiling the cumulative emphasis of Dinant's sentences.

51–52 *Bills on every post*] Advertisements of himself, that he was ready to act as second, if he should be informed of duellists needing help. Cf. Jonson *E. Man out*, iii. 1. *ad init.* (*Not* bills of himself as *challenger*, as Weber.)

59 *goodly*] So F2 and subseqt. edd. F1 *godly.*

Thou hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and studied
The criticisms of contentions ; and art thou
In so few hours transform'd ? Certain, this night
Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.
Cler. Yes, sir,
I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipt first,
The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not ; what I will be, is resolv'd on.
Din. Why then you 'll fight no more ?
Cler. Such is my purpose.
Din. On no occasion ?
Cler. There you stagger me :
Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.
Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one ?
Cler. Words, are but words.
Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow ?
Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk, and from an enemy,
I think, much less.
Din. There's some hope of thee left, then.
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd ?
Cler. Do you think I am a rogue ? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.
Din. Or in thy presence
See me o'ercharg'd with odds ?
Cler. I'd fall myself first.
Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be taken from thee

60 *follow'd*] So Dyce. Ff, T *followed*, one of several instances where the Ff print an *e* which is not, apparently, pronounced.

66 *been*] F2 and sqq. *bin*] F1 (always).

67 *It skills not*] i. e. "It matters not," W.

73 *Words,*] F1, perhaps marking a pause, or change of speech. S, seeing that *Din.* apparently takes *Cler.* to mean that he would *not* put up with being called or thought a coward, cjd. a lost line, . . . *but coward is a name I could not brook.* Perhaps a gesture made his meaning evident on the stage. Mason says no cj. or change is necessary.

78 *presence*] F2 sqq. *presence?* F1.

80 *mistress be*] Ff. *mistress t' be ta'en* . . . S. *mistress to be taken* T [one of *the very few* places in which T differs from F2].

And thou sit quiet?
Cler. There you touch my honour;
No Frenchman can endure that.
Din. Plague upon thee!
Why dost thou talk of peace, then, that dar'st suffer
Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,
That is unmanly?
Cler. That, I grant, I cannot;
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing stammel breeches, or this gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this man's taking up a common wench
In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her
Caroch'd in cloth of tissue; nor five hundred
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me:
Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is question'd
I have a sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a rascal's throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.
Din. Thou art of a fine religion;
And rather than we 'll make a schism in friendship,
I will be of it. But, to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair Lamira?
Cler. Too well, sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—
Your slave-like services, your morning music,
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers;

82 *Plague*] *Pl*—Ff, and so always; cf. 119, etc.
87 *stammel*] A coarse red stuff, inferior to scarlet. Cf. Nares who quotes this passage, and also *Red-hood, the first that doth appear | In Stamel.* A. *Scarlet is too dear* (Jonson, *Underwoods*, vol. vii. 54.), and Randolph, *Hey for Honesty*, "When I translated my *stamel* petticoat into the masculine gender, to make your worship a paire of scarlet breeches."
91 *Caroch'd in*] So Ff and all edd. till Dyce. *Caroch'd, in.* . . . Dyce. *Caroch* = a large and stately carriage (cf. Nares.)
93 *friend's*] So S, D, Dyce. *friend* Ff. T.

How then you triumph'd! Here was love, forsooth!
Din. These follies I deny not,—
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me;
But my reward for this——
Cler. As you deserv'd;
For he that makes a goddess of a puppet
Merits no other recompense.
Din. This day, friend,
For thou art so—
Cler. I am no flatterer.
Din. This proud, ingrateful she, is married to
Lame Champernel.
Cler. I know him; he has been
As tall a seaman, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a leg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame,
Plague on 't, it mads me; if it were my case,
I should kill all the family.
Din. Yet but now
You did preach patience.
Cler. I then came from confession,
And 't was enjoin'd me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally; Foot, do anything,
I 'll second you.
Din. I would not willingly
Make réd my yet white conscience; yet I purpose,
In the open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Music plays.*
Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy. They come, upon 'em!
Din. Observe a little, first.
Cler. This is fine fiddling.

107] Two lines in Ff, dividing at *triumph'd.*
119 *Plague*] So D and Dyce. *Pl.*— Ff, T, S.
125 *tally, Foot, do*] *Tally, Foot do* Ff. *Tally, 'foot do* T, S. *tally, 'Foot do* W.D., Dyce. Ff shew that *Foot* is an exclamation [*God's foot*] and *Cleremont* is prepared to *do anything.* Dyce's punctuation is perhaps preferable. *tally* i. e. "begin a new account or reckoning," "turn over a new leaf."
132 *fine*] *a fine* W and D.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, Nurse, BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE.

An Epithalamium. Song at the Wedding.

Come away, bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side ;
You fair troop of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her,
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

CHORUS.

Hymen, fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ :
Bless the bed with holy love :
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I 'll be heard.
Vert. This is strange rudeness.
Din. 'Tis courtship, balanced with injuries.
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour. First, to ye, my lord,
The father of this bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.
Cham. How ? to her grave?
Din. Be patient, sir, I 'll speak of you anon.—
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune ;
You that are rich, and but in this, held wise too,
That as a father should have look'd upon
Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth, and heat of blood requir'd
In lawful pleasures, than the parting from
Your crowns to pay her dower ; you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,

s. d. Epithalamium. Song]. *Epithalamin. Song* F2.
143 *I'll*] *I'le* F2, *I will* D.W. *'twill* F1.
144 *courtship*] "courtesy" Dyce.
144 *balanced*, etc.] So Ff, T, S. Mason proposed to insert *my* before *injuries*, and Dyce considered it "absolutely necessary for the sense." It is certainly better sense, but perhaps not absolutely necessary. Dyce read *balanc'd with* [*my*] *injuries*.

As if you were assur'd to live here ever,
What poor end had you in this choice? In what
Deserve I your contempt? my house and honours
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold; and, add to that, he's old too,
His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your family: here was providence,
I grant; but, in a nobleman, base thrift:
No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen
Their countrymen; but you, a gentleman,
To save a little gold, have sold your daughter
To worse than slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home, indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh language was deliver'd to
An old man, but my father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design, let me alone
To answer him, or any man.

Verd. You presume
Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindful of my service,
For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost; and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been, you to whom nature
Gave, with a liberal hand, most excellent form;
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgment to distinguish; when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand, how wretched

171 *Upon your*] So F2 sqq. *Upon a* F1.
182 *cozen'd*] So F2 sqq. *cousin'd* F1.
184 sqq.] Punctuation various and difficult. Dyce brackets (*For now . . . must have been,*) and further reads; . . . *form; . . . distinguish;*
Ff, T, S have no brackets, comma at *form.*
F1 has no stop *distinguish when . . .*
F2 has comma *distinguish, when . . .* (so T, S).
The jerky movement is due to *Din.'s* excitement, and the rapid evocation of one thought by another: perhaps we might read: . . . *service,—For now . . lost;—and yet . . . torment in you—*(*For such you . . . distinguish*)*—; when you shall,* etc. (resumption of original intention).

And miserable you have made yourself,
And, but yourself, have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
But you will say you serv'd your father's pleasure;
Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
Are not to be obey'd, or, that you are rich,
And that to wealth all pleasures else are servants;
Yet but consider how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the possession.
Cham. You sir, know
I got it, and with honour.
Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how.—You 'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, "This rich cloth of Arras
I made my prize in such a ship; this plate
Was my share in another; these fair jewels,
Coming ashore, I got in such a village,
The maid or matron kill'd, from whom they were ravish'd;
The wines you drink are guilty too; for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone,
These suckets brake as many more." In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears and groans of such as were the owners.
Cham. 'Tis false, most basely false!
Verta. Let losers talk.
Din. Lastly, those joys, those best of joys, which Hymen
Freely bestows on such that come to tie

198 *pleasures else*] So S, W.D., Dyce. *pleasure else* Ff, T.
199 *purchas'd*,] In frequent sense of "gain'd," perhaps with sub-sense of toil and difficulty.
202 *You'll come*] Here he turns again to Lamira.
205 sqq.] A far-fetched terror; though probably true, it would not appeal much to that age, especially to so "cruel" a lady as Lamira.
211 *Candy wine*] = "Cretan wine." *Candia* = "Crete."
212 *suckets*] = "Dried sweetmeats, or sugarplums."—Nares. "Any kind of sweetmeats."—Mason.
215] In this speech, Ff, T, S have no inverted commas,—a relief, as it is always difficult to know when *Din.* speaks in his own person, and when as *Cham.*
216 *losers*] so F2 sqq. F1. *loosers*.

The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal love and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable you shall never taste of;
This marriage-night you 'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,
Sin in your wish it were so.
Cham. Thou art a villain,
A base, malicious, slanderer!
Cler. Strike him.
Din. No,
He is not worth a blow.
Cham. O that I had thee
In some close vault that only would yield room
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
To run away; I would make thee on thy knees
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me.
Verta. Pray you have patience.
Lam. This day I am to be your sovereign,
Let me command you.
Cham. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am myself, nor you.
Away, dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this country,
With brave triumphant spoils,) censure our actions?
You object my prizes to me; had you seen
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood which straight,
Like oil pour'd out on 't, made it burn anew;
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools

225 *it were so*] i.e. that you were a widow.
226–7 *No . . . blow.*] One line in Ff.
238 *that, as I am*] No brackets in Ff, T. S first inserts them.
244–5] S cjs. *oil pour'd on it*, though he admits the text can mean the same. He also notes that *quench'd* = "made abate for a while."

That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
That were against me, to the angry sea,
Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,
But in despite of the four elements,
The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
To be achiev'd; you would confess, poor men,
(Though hopeless such an honourable way
To get or wealth or honour in yourselves,)
He that through all these dreadful passages
Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it styl'd
By the base name of theft.
Din. This is the courtship
That you must look for, madam.
Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with.
Your tongue is sound, good lord; and I could wish,
For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,
And there is something else I will not name,
(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her,)
Had the same vigour.
Cham. You shall buy these scoffs
With your best blood. Help me once, noble anger!
[*Draws his sword.*
Nay stir not, I alone must right myself,
And with one leg transport me to correct
These scandalous praters. [*Falls.*] Oh, that noble wounds
Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
I got these, not as you do your diseases,
In brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen only
In that you have been laid and cur'd. Go to!

248 *tempests*] So F2, T, S sqq. *tempest* F1.
250 *thrown*] Dyce. *throwen* F1.
265] Brackets in Ff and Dyce, though not in S, T.
267 s.d.] *Draws his sword* Dyce. *Draws* W.D. No s.d. in Ff, T, S.
268] i. e. "must avenge myself;" it does not mean that he has stumbled.
270 *Falls*] Ff, T, S. *Falls; they laugh* D, W.

You mock my leg, but every bone about you
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.
Din. Put up your sword.
Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there't may be useful;
And live on the relation to your wife
Of what a brave man you were once.
Din. And tell her
What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
To give an old man pap.
Cler. Or hire a surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.
Din. To make a poultice, and endure the scent
Of oils and nasty plaisters. [CHAMPERNEL *weeps.*
Verta. Fie, sir, fie!
You that have stood all dangers of all kinds,
To yield to a rival's scoff?
Lam. Shed tears upon
Your wedding-day?—This is unmanly, gentlemen.
Cham. They are tears of anger. Oh, that I should live
To play the woman thus! All-powerful Heaven,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again,
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,
When you please I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.
Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.
Verdo. You shall have satisfaction,
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.
Beau. I say no more; you have a brother, sister:
This is your wedding-day, we are in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine by their example.
Verta. If there be laws in Paris, look to answer

289] Ff, T, S. *pultess(e)*: in general use till c. 1750, and still dialectal (*N.E.D.*).
290 s.d.] inserted by W.
293 *gentlemen*] It is just possible that we should read *gentleman;* and take the remark as spoken to Champernel. (Very probable. A.H.B.)
301–2] *Verdone* is speaking to *Champernel.*

This insolent affront.
Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heaven's sake. For my part, I know not
Nor care not what they are.—Is there aught else
That you would say?
Din. Nothing; I have my ends.
Lamira weeps,—I have said too much, I fear.
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears.
[*Exeunt* DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.
Cham. See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew.
Verdo. If I fail in 't,
Ne'er know me more.—Cousin Beaupré!
[*They talk apart.*
Cham. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life; thou shalt not find
I am decrepit; in my love and service
I will be young and constant; and believe me,
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me,)
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour,
And in all circumstances of a husband
Perform my part.
Lam. Good sir, I am your servant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not,)
To undo the knot that by the church is tied;
Only I would beseech ye, as you have
A good opinion of me and my virtues,
(For so you have pleas'd to style my innocent weakness,)
That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.

314 s.d.] So Ff sqq., except that F1 has DIONANT and *Exiunt*.
316 *more . . .*] *more, Cousin . . .* Ff, T, as if the whole speech were to B. *more; Cousin . . .* S.
316 s.d.] om. Ff, T, S. *They speak apart* W.D.
324 *my part*] So F2, S, Dyce. parts F1, C, W.D.
330 *you have*] *you've* S.

Cham. I apprehend you;
You think I will be jealous; as I live,
Thou art mistaken, sweet; and, to confirm it,
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.
Lam. I 'll use this liberty
With moderation, sir.
Beau. [*To Verdo.*] I am resolv'd.
Steal off, I 'll follow you.
Cham. Come sir, you droop;
Till you find cause, (which I shall never give,)
Dislike not of your son-in-law.
Verta. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use; I am most happy
In being so near you. [*Exeunt* VERDONE *and* BEAUPRÉ.
Lam. Oh my fears!—Good nurse,
Follow my brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.
Nurse. I will be careful, madam.
[*Exit* Nurse.
Cham. Between us compliments are superfluous.
On, gentlemen! Th' affront we have met here
We 'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest
Or to ourselves or to our nuptial feast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The apartments of DINANT.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'er fear 't.
Din. What sport, I prithee?

340 s.d.] om. Ff, T, S; inserted by W.
345 *Oh my fears*, etc.] *O my feares good nurse Follow*, etc. F1.
347 s.d.] So Ff, S, T. *Exit* W.D., Dyce.
349 *On . . .*] *One . . .* F1. *On* F2, sqq.
No division of scenes marked here or elsewhere in Ff, T. S.
Scene, etc. W inserted the place of scene.

Cler. Why, we must fight; I know it, and I long for 't;
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone; Beaupré look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They are both brave fellows,
Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men from whom no honour can be lost:
They will play up to a man, and set him off.
Whene'er I go to the field, Heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or coward!
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot;
The coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him, without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.
Din. All this while
You ne'er think on the danger.
Cler. Why 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,
And drinking hard: mischief comes there unlook'd for,
I am sure, as sudden, and strikes home as often;
For this we are prepar'd.
Din. Lamira loves
Her brother Beaupré dearly.
Cler. What of that?
Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words,) that little hope is left me
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heaven) I long for,
Is taken from me.
Cler. Why what can you hope for,
She being now married?
Din. Oh my Cleremont,
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no farther wrong me. I am a Frenchman,

6 *proud*] *prou'd* F1.
21 *to account*] So Ff, W.D., *to an account* T. *t'an . . .* S.
22 *spake*] *speake* F1 (and so *break* F1 in I. i. 212, where other texts have *brake*).
22–3] No brackets in Ff.
24] Brackets as in F2 sqq. F1 brackets (*next . . . for*). 26 *Oh*] *On* F1.

And, for the greater part, we are born courtiers;
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends,—I confess, ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.
Cler. Sits the wind there? pray you tell me,
How far off dwells your love from lust?
Din. Too near;
But prithee chide me not.
Cler. Not I, go on, boy;
I have faults myself, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
Of my opinion,) as a fair protection
To play the wanton without loss of honour.
Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.
Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I have
The gift of prophecy.

Enter BEAUPRÉ *and* VERDONE.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
I am glad to find you, sir.
Din. I am at your service.
Verdo. Good monsieur Cleremont, I have long wish'd
To be known better to you.
Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, sir.
Beau. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess,
I should have been most proud to have had the honour
To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know no man lives
That can command his passions, and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
You were pleas'd to use to my father and my sister:
He's old, and she a woman; I most sorry

41] *I have*] *I've* S.
46 *use of*] So F2 sqq. *rise of* F1.
47] Ff, T, S begin new line at *Whether I have. . .*

My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword to meet me,
A mile without the city.
Din. You much honour me
In the demand ; I 'll gladly wait upon you.
Beau. Oh sir, you teach me what to say. The time ?
Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.
Beau. The place ?
Din. Near to the vineyard eastward from the city.
Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you please,
Will keep me company.
Cler. That is agreed on ;
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.
Verdo. You shall not miss my service.
Beau. Good day, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* BEAUPRÉ *and* VERDONE.
Din. At your commandment.
Cler. Proud to be your servants.
I think there is no nation under heaven
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment
And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em ; for myself,
As I have little to lose, my care is less ;
So till to-morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions ; and, those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight as in a castle.
Din. Thou art all honour ;
Thy resolution would steel a coward ;
And I most fortunate in such a friend.
All tenderness and nice respect of woman

62 *sword to meet*] punctuation of Ff, T, S. *sword, to meet.* D, Dyce.
71 s. d.] inserted here by Ff, T, S ; at 72 by D, W, Dyce. The *places* of the original stage-directions are important, as illustrating stage conditions of the time.
72 *commandment*] *commandement* F1. *proud*] *prou'd* F1.
78 *lose*] *loose* F1 (usual form in vb. and sb.).
82. *as in a castle*] A proverbial expression that occurs again in IV. vi. 11 "And we may do't, as safe as in a castle." Compare *1 Henry IV*, II. i., "We steal as in a castle, cocksure," where Steevens quoted from the present play.—A.H.B.
83 *resolution*] *resoultion* F1.
85 *nice . . .*] Does he mean "womanish respect" or tenderness ; or is he thinking that he is to fight Lamira's brother?

Be now far from me. Reputation, take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the house of CHAMPERNEL.

Enter LAMIRA *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lam. Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte?
Charl. Not to be wak'd.
By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well perceive
That this night the good lord hath been
At an unusual service; and no wonder
If he rest after it.
Lam. You are very bold.
Charl. Your creature, madam, and when you are pleas'd,
Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon,
If I speak like a fool; I could have wisht
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinánt,
Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
Those delicates, which, by his lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.
Lam. No more!
Charl. I am silenc'd, madam.
Lam. Saw you my nurse this morning?
Charl. No, madam.
Lam. I am full of fears. Who 's that?
[*Knock within.*

SCENE . . .] S thought this the beginning of the second act, "for a whole night is past since the last scene." W kept the Ff division of the acts: So D and Dyce. W added the locality.

3] "One of the many lines in these plays which seem to have been mutilated either by the transcriber or the printer."—Dyce. It is just possible that *perceive* should come in from line 2.

5 *rest*] So Ff, T, Dyce. *rests* S, W.D.

10 *obsequious*] = prompt to serve or please, obedient, dutiful. Cf. *M. Wives*, IV. ii. 2, and *P. Lost*, vi. 10.

11 *delicates*] F2 *dedicates* F1.

14 Two lines in Ff, first ending at *jears*.

s.d.] So Ff, T, S, W.D. *knocking within* Dyce.

Charl. [*going to the door.*] She you enquir'd for.
Lam. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit* CHARLOTTE.
Now, Nurse, what news?

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Oh lady, dreadful ones!
They are to fight this morning; there's no remedy.
I saw my lord your brother and Verdone
Take horse as I came by.
Lam. Where's Cleremont?
Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.
Lam. Where's Dinánt?
Nurse. There's all the hope; I have staid him with a trick,—
If I have done well so.
Lam. What trick?
Nurse. I told him
Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently; and to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.
Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter?
Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The Duke of Burgundy met Lewis th' Eleventh.
Lam. Enough, I will reward thee liberally.
Go bring him in. [*Exit* NURSE.
Full dear I loved Dinánt,
While it was lawful; but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth forgive me,

15 s.d. *going to the door*] Not in Ff, T. S.
16 s.d.] After *news*? Ff. Before *Now nurse* Dyce and W.D.
22 *well so.*] F2, T, S. *well so,* F1. *well, so.* Dyce.
30–31 *'tis where The Duke of Burgundy met Lewis th' Eleventh*] In 1465 the Comte de Charolois (Charles the Bold) with his allies was investing Paris and held several conferences with Louis XI. The particular reference is doubtless to the Bois de Vincennes. See Philippe de Commines, *Mémoires*, Bk. 1, ch. xiv.—A.H.B. *Lewis th'*] F2, T, S. om. *th'* F1, W.

And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

Enter DINANT.

Din. Now, your pleasure?
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.
Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it; and 'tis not worth my thanks then.
But there has been a time in which you would
Receive this as a favour.
Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.
Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinánt, and 'tis yet in my power,
(I dare not say I'll put it into act,)
To reward your love and service.
Din. There's some comfort.
Lam. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it or with danger, or performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.
Din. Name that danger,
Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,
Which I will shrink at; only, at this instant,
Be speedy in't.
Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to-day,—do you start at that?—
Not with my brother; I have heard your difference;
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended; if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience;
There's no way else to gain 'em.

38 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *Enter* D. *disguised.* Dyce.
39 *perceive*] 1·2 sqq. *persev'd* F1.
47] Brackets in Dyce; none in Ff, T, S.
49 *prize*] *przie* F1.
51 *danger, or*] *danger or* F1. *danger of* F2, T, S, with break at end of speech in S sqq., as if incomplete. Dyce returned to F1, except that he inserted comma after *danger*.
59] F1 has no stop after *defended*.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend,
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.
Lam. Why, foolish man,
Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,—
In which not only I abuse my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly,—and yet name your honour ?
Yours suffers but in circumstance ; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit,—
From whom ? the giddy multitude ; but mankind
Will censure me, and justly.
Din. I will lose
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward :
'Tis better be no man.
Lam. This will not do. [*Aside.*
Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours ;
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly :
Let me not suffer for you ; I am careless.
Din. Suffer for me ?
Lam. For you ; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.
Din. Oh that I knew the wretch !
Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him :
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the west port of the city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinánt,
To satisfy, (though sure I think I shall,)
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,

70 *honour*] So F2, T, S, Dyce. *honours* F1, W.D.
71 *suffers*] So F2, T, S, W.D., Dyce.
77 s.d.] Inserted by W.
82 *me ?*] Here, as often in similar cases, where exclamation and interrogation are combined, I have kept the *?* of the Ff, in preference to the *!* of modern editors.
86 *instantly,*] no comma in Ff, T, S, but inserted by W.

Be desperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.
Din. Two hours, do you say?
Lam. Only two hours.
Din. I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*
Lam. I am glad on't:
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.
[*Exit.*

98 s.d.] So F2 sqq. *Exeunt* F1.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A field near the east port of the city.

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. I am first i' th' field; that honour's gain'd of our side;
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably!
The hour is past, I wonder Dínant comes not;
This is the place; I cannot see him yet;
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse, nor man; 'twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones:
I never knew him last.

Enter BEAUPRÉ *and* VERDONE.

Beau. You are well met, Cleremont.
Verdo. You are a fair gentleman, and love your friend, sir.
What, are you ready? the time has overta'en us.
Beau. And this, you know, the place.
Cler. No Dínant yet? [*Aside.*
Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do.

ACT II, SCENE I.] *Actus Secundus, Scena Prima,* Ff.
SCENE] Loc. given by W, who reads *before the east.* . . . not *near the* . . . as Dyce.
Enter C.] *Enter C., as in the field.* Ff, T, S.
1–2.] Cf. Massinger, *Parlt. of Love,* IV. ii. (ii. 289 ed. 1813.)
"The honour to have enter'd first the field,
However we come off, is ours."—W. and Dyce.
6 *to his*] *to this* F1. *to his* F2 sqq.
12 i. e. "Well, are you ready?" not surprise at his *being* ready so soon.
13 s.d.] inserted by W, and so with the other similar directions throughout the scene.

We wait you, sir.
Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen ;
We have day enough.—Is't possible he comes not ?
[*Aside.*
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come : walk but a turn or two ;
'Twill not be long.
Verdo. We came to fight.
Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough ; but a short turn or two.
I think I see him, set up your watch, we'll fight by it.
Beau. That is not he ; we will not be deluded.
Cler. Am I bobb'd thus ? [*Aside.*] Pray take a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air ; by that time, gentlemen—
Verdo. Come, draw your sword ; you know the custom here, sir,
First come, first serv'd.
Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practis'd so, I do not hold it honest :
What honour can you both win on me single ?
Beau. Yield up your sword then.
Cler. Yield my sword ? that's Hebrew ;
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old GENTLEMAN.

You are an old gentleman ?
Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.
Cler. And wear no sword ?
Gent. I need none, sir.
Cler. I would you did, and had one.
I want now such a foolish courtesy.
You see these gentlemen ?
Gent. You want a second ?

23 *bobb'd*] = cheated, fooled, mocked.
26–7 W notes that seconds were frequently engaged as well as principals and cfs. Brantôme ed. 1787, viii. 79.
29 *your*] So F2 sqq. *you* F1.
30 *a-pieces*] *a pieces* F1. *a pecies* F2, T.
31 *gentleman ?*] So F2. T, S. *gentleman.* F1.
35 *gentlemen ?*] So Dyce. *gentlemen .* F1.
35 *second ?*] Dyce. *second.* Ff sqq.

In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it ;
I would you had my son, but he 's in Italy ;
A proper gentleman. You may do well, gallants,
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy ;
The gentleman may do his country——
Cler. Now I beseech you, sir,
If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon :
There lies your way.
Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Verdo. You see your fortune ; you had better yield your sword.
Cler. Pray ye, stay a little ;

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—
Well Dínant, well!—These wear swords, and seem brave fellows. [*Aside.*
As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me :
I want a second now, to meet these gallants ;
You know what honour is.
1 *Gent.* Sir, you must pardon us ;
We go about the same work you are ready for,
And must fight presently ; else we were your servants.

37 *Italy.*] So Dyce, W.D. *Italy*, Ff, T, S, so that the next words apply to the son.

38 *gentleman!*] Dyce. *gentleman ;* Ff, T, S. *gentleman.*— W.D. Acc. to Dyce, D.W, a remark about Cleremont, but there is perhaps not enough reason to alter the Ff readings.

39 *your*] F2 *you* F1.

40 i. e. may serve his country well.

43] Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *fortune.*

44 s.d.] Ff, T, S have s.d. here ; W.D., Dyce insert it after 45.

44–6] Perhaps, at the first entry of the Gentlemen, some distance off, he thinks one of them is Dinant. Then he is disappointed, *Well, D. well!* and then thinks that in any case the newcomers may help him.

48 *I want a second now*] Captain Hutton (*The Sword and the Centuries*, p. 157) remarks that in the early years of the xviith century "it had become the fashion for a party who were on their way to keep their appointment, and found themselves shorthanded, to stop the first gentleman they met in the street and invite him to join them whether they knew him or not, and the etiquette of the day precluded him from refusing, but compelled him to take up a quarrel with which he had nothing to do, on account of people he was utterly unacquainted with, and to fight to the death with a man he had not heard of before." From the authentic memoirs of M. D'Artagnan (not from Dumas) he gives a curious account of a duel of this kind.—A.H.B.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day.

[*Exeunt* GENTLEMEN.

Cler. Am I thus colted? [*Aside.*

Beau. Come, either yield—

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune;
And if I fight not like a man—Fie, Dínant,
Cold now and treacherous! [*Aside.*

Enter MONSIEUR LA-WRIT *within.*

La-Writ. I understand your causes;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses,—
Will you make me mad? have I not all the parcels?
And his petition too, about bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses.—What will you have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted.—
And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first.—Commend me to your mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall despatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales.
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation!—Bid my wife send me some puddings;
I have a cause to run through requires puddings,
Puddings enough.—Farewell.

Cler. God speed you, sir.

Beau. Would he would take this fellow!

Verdo. A rare youth!

Cler. If you be not hasty, sir—

52 s.d.] So S, W.D., Dyce. *Exit Gent.* Ff, T.

52 s.d. *Aside*] om. by all save Dyce, as also *Aside*, l. 46. But in 56, *Aside* inserted by W.

52 *colted?*] = "befooled, tricked" W.D. Cf. 1 *Hy. IV.*, ii. 239, and *Loyal Subject*, iii. 1.

56 s.d. *Enter*. . .] So Ff, T, S *La-Writ* [*within*]. W.D., Dyce.

58 *parcels*] = "part of a deed, in which lands, etc., to be conveyed, is described." (Reed ap. Dyce.) (*N.E.D.* only gives examples of this sense from 1766.)

70 *Farewell*] Here Dyce inserts s.d. *Enter* La-Writ *with a bag.* and W.D. *Enter* La-Writ.

La-Wr. Yes, I am hasty,
Exceeding hasty, sir, I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag; if you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.
Cler. Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.
La-Wr. I have no skill in't then.
Cler. I must desire you,
'Tis a sword matter, sir.
La-Wr. I am no cutler,
I am an advocate, sir.
Beau. How the thing looks!
Verdo. When he brings him to fight——
Cler. Be not so hasty;
You wear a good sword.
La-Wr. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword.
Cler. I must entreat you try, sir; and bear a part
Against these gentlemen; I want a second:
Ye seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.
La-Wr. I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter.
Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to satisfy.
Beau. This is some sport yet.
Verdo. If this fellow should fight!
La-Wr. And for anything I know, I am an arrant coward;
Do not trust me, I think I am a coward.
Cler. Try, try, you are mistaken.—Walk on, gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.
La-Wr. Are ye mad, gentleman?
My business is within this half-hour.
Cler. That's all one;
We'll despatch within this quarter.—There in that bottom
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.

74 *bag*] i. e. the buckram bag of papers: (cf. our *blue bag*).
78 *desire you*] Does he sign to, or touch *La-Writ*, or the sword, here?
86 *Ye*] *You* W.D., Dyce.
93 *ye mad*] So Ff. *you* Dyce.
95 *quarter.—There . . .*] So W.D., Dyce. . . . *quarter, there . . .* Ff, T, S.

Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir.
Verdo. Why this will be a comic fight. You'll follow?
La-Wr. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.
[*Exeunt* BEAUPRÉ *and* VERDONE.
Cler. Away, away!
I know you can; I like your modesty;
I know you will fight, and so fight, with such metal,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury,—
I see it in your eye, sir.
La-Wr. I'll be hang'd, then:
And I charge you in the King's name, name no more fighting.
Cler. I charge you in the King's name, play the man;
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you;
I'll make you dance; do you see your fiddlestick?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.
La-Wr. Stand farther, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps——
Cler. Spoke bravely.
And like thyself, a noble advocate!
Come, to thy tools.
La-Wr. I do not say I'll fight.
Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.
La-Wr. If I do fight,—
I say, if I do, but do not depend upon't,—
And yet I have a foolish itch upon me—
What shall become of my writings?
Cler. Let 'em lie by;
They will not run away, man.
La-Wr. I may be kill'd, too,
And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight, I cannot fight; my causes——
Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes;
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,

98 *true*] "i. e. honest," Dyce.
98 *Away, away!*] with —— after, as addressed to *B.* and *V.*; Dyce. *Away, Away*, Ff, as addressed to *La-Wr.*, scoffing at his hesitation.
100 *metal*] so Ff, T, S. *mettle* W.D., Dyce.
101 *enemy's*] so T, S, W.D., Dyce. *enemies* Ff.

And carry it with honour.
La-Wr. Hum! say you so? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now!
Cler. I know thou art most valiant.
La-Wr. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay; I have business.
Cler. We'll do't in a minute, in a moment.
La-Wr. Here will I hang my bag then, it may save my belly;
I never lov'd cold iron there.
Cler. You do wisely.
La-Wr. Help me to pluck my sword out then; quickly, quickly!
'T has not seen sun these ten years.
Cler. How it grumbles!
This sword is vengeance angry.
La-Wr. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy!
If I be kill'd, remember the little lawyer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the same.

Enter BEAUPRÉ.

Beau. They are both come on; that may be a stubborn rascal.
Take you that ground; I'll stay here. Fight bravely!

128 *We'll do't*] So Ff, S. *do it* W.D., Dyce.
129] W.D., Dyce add s.d. *Hangs his bag before him.*
133] i. e. in front of his face.
134 *say*] *saw* T. *Away boy!*] to *Cler.*
135] Probably spoken to the audience.
SCENE II. etc.] inserted by W.D.
2] Two lines in Ff, the first ending *ground.*

Enter LA-WRIT.

La-Wr. To't cheerfully, my boys! You'll let's have fair play,
None of your foining tricks.
Beau. Come forward, monsieur. [*Fight.*
What hast thou there, a pudding in thy belly?
I shall see what it holds.
La-Wr. Put your spoon home, then:
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, sir!
God-a-mercy, bag!
Beau. Nothing but bombast in ye?
The rogue winks and fights.
La-Wr. Now your fine fencing, sir.
[BEAUPRÉ *loses his sword.*
Stand off, thou diest on point else!
[LA-WRIT *treads on it.*
I have it, I have it!
Yet further off!—I have his sword!
Cler. [*within.*] Then keep it,
Be sure you keep it.
La-Wr. I'll put it in my mouth else.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.
Beau. Pox, what a fortune's this, disarm'd by a puppy,
A snail, a dog!

2 s.d.] inserted by Ff, T, S, between *ground* and *I 'll.* After *bravely* Dyce inserts s.d. *To* Verdone *within.*

4 s.d. *Fight*] so Ff, T, S. W transfers it to l. 6, and so D. Dyce has s.d. after 7 *They fight;* Beaupré *hits him on the bag.*

8] *bombast* = "stuffing" (Dyce), orig. = "cotton wool," and came to this sense from being used to stuff clothes. (*N.E.D.*)

9 *winks*] shuts his eyes.

9–10 s.d.] Ff print it in two parts as here: W.D., Dyce, in one line, after 9.

10] W.D. insert s.d. after *I have it!*; "Calls to Cleremont"; Dyce "To Cleremont within." First half of line is one of the many Pistollian refrains in *La-Writ's* part.

10, 11, 12] F1 divides the lines at *else, off; Swora. you keep it.* F2 the same, except that *I have . . . you keep it* forms one line

11 *Cler.*] F2 *Beau* F1. Dyce, W., D., inserted [*within*] after *Cler*

17 *what a*] So F1, Dyce. *what fortune's* F2, T, S.

La-Wr. No more o' these words, gentleman;
Sweet gentleman, no more; do not provoke me;
Go walk i' th' horse-fair; whistle, gentleman.—
What must I do now?

Enter CLEREMONT *pursued by* VERDONE.

Cler. Help me, I am almost breathless.
La-Wr. With all my heart, there's a cold pie for you, sir!
Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool!
La-Wr. Thou fool, stand further off, then.—
Deliver, deliver!
[*He strikes up the other's heels, and takes his sword too.*
Cler. Hold fast.
La-Wr. I never fail in't.
There's twelvepence, go buy you two leaden daggers.
Have I done well?
Cler. Most like a gentleman.
Beau. And we two basely lost!
Verdo. 'Tis but a fortune;
We shall yet find an hour.
[*Exeunt* BEAUPRÉ *and* VERDONE, *sad.*
Cler. I shall be glad on't.
La-Wr. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets? Or will you fight any longer,
For a crash or two?

21] W.D. insert s.d. after *do now:* "To Cleremont, entering": Dyce "To Cleremont within."
21 *I am*] *I'm* S.
22 *La-Wr.* pretends to misunderstand *help*, and helps him to "cold pie"; or he disregards the words, and "strikes Cleremont" [s.d. W.D., Dyce] in his fighting humour, or really by mistake for Verdone.
24 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. "Strikes up Verdone's heels, and takes his sword too" W.D. "Strikes up Verdone's . . . sword" (om. *too*) Dyce.
29] Ff divide *trinkets? / Or will . . . or two?*
30] *Crash*, "a bout of revelry, amusement, fighting, etc., a short spell, spurt." Obs. (1549-1767). *N.E.D.* gives these quotations:
a. 1652. Brome *New Acad.*, iii. 1. "Come, Gentlemen, shall we have a crash at cards?"
c. 1575. Fulke *Confut. Purg.* (1577) 40. "But first he must rayle a crash at the forsaken Protestants.")
Wright's *Dialect Dict.* gives *s.v.* "crash." "4 *sb.* a noisy feast or entertainment," with quotation from Byrom's *Remains* (Cheth. Soc. xi. 152. (1737). "The doctor and his lady were writing shorthand, and we had a crash at it," where it surely = a bout, trial, spell?

Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.
La-Wr. It may be so.
Cler. What honour shall I do you,
For this great courtesy?
La-Wr. All I desire of ye, is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on't;
I have no liking to 't, 'tis a foolish matter;
And help me to put up my sword.
Cler. Most willingly;
But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave you.
La.-Wr. I tell you, I will not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too;
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposure.
And so, and so—— [*Exit* La-Writ.
Cler. This is a most rare lawyer,
I am sure, most valiant. Well, Dinant, as you satisfy me,
I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer.
[*Exit* Cleremont.

Scene III.

Before the west port of the city.

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be despatcht upon a sleeveless errand,
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted,
These are trim things! I am set here, like a perdu,

32, 33] Ff. make one line of *is to take . . . no more on't.*
40 *disposure*] = "power or right to dispose of"; "disposal." Cf. Massinger: *Picture*, I. ii. "Surrendering up my will and faculties to your disposure"; and Ford, *Honour Triumpht*, 13.
41 s.d.] Om. F1. *Exit.* Dyce.
43 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. "Exit with the swords" W.D., Dyce.
Scene . . .] Inserted by W.
3 *perdu*] *perdue* Ff, T, S = "one who acts as a watcher, scout, or spy." (1639–1734.) Cf. *Loyal Subj.*, I. i. 70, where it is used in the sense of "forlorn hope," "lost"; *K. and no K.*, I. i. "I had as lieve set thee Perdue for a pudding in the dark"; and Massinger, *Bondman*, II. i. "a sport . . . named lying perdue." Cf. *Woman's Prize*, I. iii. and *Mad Lover*, I. i. 101. A favourite word of Fuller's.

To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way ;
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be William or John,
Or Anthony or Dick, or any thing, I know not ;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at ;
And there 's the office of an ass flung on me.
Sure, Cleremont has fought ; but how come off,
And what the world shall think of me hereafter !—
Well, woman, woman, I must look your rascals,
And lose my reputation : ye have a fine power over us,
These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,
Nor any face to quarrel with. What 's that ?
[LA-WRIT *sings within, then enters.*
This is a rascally voice ; sure, it comes this way.
La-Wr. *He strook so hard, the bason broke*
And Tarquin heard the sound.
Din. What mister thing is this ? let me survey it.
La-Wr. *And then he strook his neck in two—*
Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal ;

4 *watch a*] i. e. "*watch* for" Cf. 13 *look your rascals* = "look after [W.] or for, your rascals."

17 s.d.] so Ff, T, S, W.D. "then enters" om. Dyce, who inserts "Enter La-Writ" after l. 18, and [singing] after La Writ's name at side.

19 From the Ballad "The Noble Acts of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table ; with the valiant Achievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake." (Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. ii. ed. 1810. p. 7.)

> "He struck soe hard, the basin broke.
> When Tarquin heard the sound,
> He drove a horse before him straight,
> Whereon a Knight lay bound."

or, with the text given by Percy *Rel. of A.E.P.* vol. i. ed. 1794. p. 216. l. 45.

> "He struck soe hard, the bason broke ;
> And Tarquin soon he spyed ;
> Who drove a horse before him fast,
> Whereon a Knight lay tyed.

Tarquin is otherwise known as Sir Turquine. The ballad is that which begins "When Arthur first in Court began, And was approved King." ; quoted by Falstaff, 2 *Hen. IV.*, II.

21 *mister thing*] F2, S, D.W., Dyce. *master* F1, T (most unusual for T to agree with F1) ; which S. (note 9) interprets "what masterpiece of oddity." Both forms really mean "what kind of thing." (O.F. *mestier*).

21 W, Dyce insert s.d. "Aside," and also after l. 26.

What an alphabet of faces he puts on!
Hey, how it fences! If this should be the rogue,
As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—
La-Wr. *Was ever man for lady's sake? down, down!*
Din. And what are you, good sir? *Down, down, down, down.*
La-Wr. What's that to you, good sir? *Down, down.*
Din. A pox on you, good sir! *Down, down, down!*
You with your buckram bag, what make you here?
And from whence come you?—I could fight with my shadow now.
La-Wr. *Thou fierce man, that like Sir Lancelot dost appear*
I need not tell thee what I am, Nor eke what I make here.
Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay, stay, good Tristram,
And let me ask thy mightiness a question;
Did ye never abuse a lady?
La-Wr. Not; to abuse a lady, is very hard, sir.
Din. Say you so, sir? did'st thou never abuse her honour?
La-Wr. Not—to abuse her honour, is impossible.
Din. Certain this is the rascal. What 's thy name?
La-Wr. My name is Cock a two; use me respectively,
I will be cock of three else.
Din. What's all this?
You say, you did abuse a lady.
La-Wr. You lie.

24 *alphabet*] "a long or complete series." Cf. Nash *Pierce. P.* (1592. ed. 2, 8b) "small beere that wold make a man runne thro' an Alphabet of faces." Cf. *Mad Lover*, I. ii. 43, and Holland's Pliny, xxii. 7, 436, where the phrase renders *varios voltus*.

27 D has s.d. *Mimicks him. Down.* . . No italics for Down . . in Ff, T, S throughout.

31 *buckram*] Cf. Tourneur, *Rev. Trag.*, iv. 2. 107, and Fl. *Sp. Cur.* iv. 7.

33, 34 Arranged in two lines (Roman) in Ff, in four lines in Dyce.

38 *Not; to*] So Ff, T, S. *Not to* . . . W.D. *Lady 's very* S. *Not—to*, etc. Dyce.

39 Two lines dividing at *sir?* in Ff.

40 *Not—to*] So Dy. *Not; to* . . . Ff. *Not to* . . . W.D.

42 *Cock a two*] So F1. *Cock-o'-two* F2. *Cock-a'-two* Dy.
This is the earliest quotation of the word in N.E.D. The earliest use in the literal sense, given there, is 1634.

42 *respectively*] i.e. respectfully. V. com. in this sense 1600–50.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.
La-Wr. That 's two lies,
Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.
Din. What art thou, or what can'st thou be, thou pea-goose,
That dar'st give me the lie thus? thou mak'st me wonder.
La-Wr. And wonder on, till time makes all this plain.
Din. You must not part so, sir. Art thou a gentleman?
La-Wr. Ask those, upon whose ruins I am mounted.
Din. This is some Cavaliero Knight o' th' Sun.
La-Wr. I tell thee I am as good a gentleman as the duke:
I have achieved.—Go follow thy business.
Din. But for this lady, sir—
La-Wr. Why, hang this lady, sir!
And the lady mother too, sir! What have I to do with ladies?

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. 'Tis the little lawyer's voice: has he got my way?
It should be hereabouts.
Din. Ye dry biscuit rogue,
I will so swinge you for this blasphemy—
Have I found you out? [*Draws.*
Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.

47 *pea-goose*] "The word is properly *peakgoose* (peeking goose)—silly fellow" (Dy.) (Used from Ascham to mod. dialects. *N.E.D.*)
48 *dar'st*] So Ff, T, Dy. *durst* S, W.D.
49] So F1, D, and W. 1778. *make all things* F2, T, S, Dy. "because nearer to line of Sh., which . . . *La-Wr.* here parodies: 'But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.'—*M. N. Dr.* v. 1."
52 *Cavaliero*] Dy. *Cavallero* Ff. *Cavalero* T, S.
54 *achieved*] i. e. won my spurs.
55 *But*] *Bur* F2.
s d.] *Enter* Cleremont *behind* Dy. *behind* om. Ff, T, S, D.
57 *got my way*] (i) Got ground of me? (ii) found me out? (iii) reached the place before me?
60] s.d. *Draws* in D and Dy, om. Ff.

La-Wr. *And I defy thee, do thy worst:*
Oh ho, quoth Lancelot tho.
And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant;
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,
And, though I never heard of her, a deboshed lady,
And thou, a squire of low degree; will that content thee?
Dost thou way-lay me with ladies?—A pretty sword, sir,
A very pretty sword; I have a great mind to 't.
Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue!
Cler. Hold, hold!
Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!
La-Wr. As much as you will; my hand is in now.
Cler. I am your friend, sir. Dinant, you draw your sword
Upon the gentleman preserv'd your honour;
This was my second, and did back me nobly;
For shame, forbear!
Din. I ask your mercy, sir,
And am your servant now.
La-Wr. May we not fight then?
Cler. I am sure you shall not now.
La-Wr. I am sorry for 't;
I am sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on ye afore? I will sing still, sir. [*Exit.*

61, 62] One line in Ff., 62 being in italics as a quotation. Both in italics in D. A quotation from *Noble Acts of King Arthur* (Percy and Evans Collections). (Cf. above.) l. 101. "And I *desire* thee do thy worst. (Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin, tho' etc.)" *tho* = then; 1778 has *tho'* and W.D. *though*. (Dyce.)
66 *deboshed*] = "debauched." Form obsol. in Eng. bef. end of xvii. cent. though now revived in lit. sense. Cf. Fl. and Mass., *Prophet*. IV. ii.
67 *a squire*, etc.] "Cf. The popular metrical romance of that name, printed by Ritson, *Metr. Rom.*, ii. 145." (W.)
70 *lose*] *loose* Ff.
70] s.d. *coming forward* before *Hold* . . . in Dy. Om. by Ff. T, S, D.,
72] i. e. I will engage you both.
76–7 *I ask* . . . *now*] All in one line F1, T, S. (Thus by Dy.)
79 sqq.] Arr. in Ff, as follows: *I am sorry for't* [F2 *for't,*] *I am sure I'le stay no longer then,*|*Not a jot longer: are there any more on ye there afore?*|*I will sing still sir.*
80 s.d.] Exit La-Writ. F1. Exit La-Writ singing F2, T, S, D. Exit singing. Dy.

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd: yet when you know——
Cler. I thank ye!
Do you think, that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——
Din. I do confess——
Cler. That boyish sleight——
Din. Not so, sir.
Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words?
Din. I give you way still.
Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a friend's part,
A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then when his honour call'd him,
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune;
To halt and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have given my life I had never known thee;
Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again
Din. This I can suffer too, I find it honest.
Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or anything like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me like an ass?——
Din. Will you but hear me?
Cler. Expose me like a jade to tug, and hale through,
(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted) your disgraces.
Invite men's swords and angers to despatch me!——
Din. If you will be patient——

86 *sleight*] Ff, W, D, Dy. *slight* T, S.
88 *allay'd*] i.e. "calmed, appeased, repressed." (intrans. it can = "become mild.") (*N.E.D.*)
93 *lea*] F2, T, S, Dy. *lead* F1
95 *I had*] Ff, etc. *I'd* S.
97 *thy*] F2, T, S, Dy. *my* F1. (Either reading makes sense.)
99 *an excuse*] So Ff, etc. *a 'scuse* S.
103 No brackets till W. M. cj. above reading: "C. is recapitulating the injuries he had received from D., not describing their consequences."

Cler. And be abus'd still! but that I have call'd thee friend,
And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me; I would not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,
And bear your own abuses; I scorn my sword
Should travail in so poor and empty quarrels.
Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swinge of anger,
I'll bear all with content.
Cler. Why were you absent?
Din. You know I am no coward, you have seen that,
And therefore out of fear forsook you not;
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for you too:
You know no business that concern'd my state,
My kindred, or my life——
Cler. Where was the fault then?
Din. The honour of that lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: ye know she sent for me,
And with what haste.
Cler. What was he that traduc'd?
Din. The man i' th' moon, I think; hither I was sent,
But to what end—

Enter OLD LADY.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam!
O. La. I am glad I have met you, sir; I have been seeking
And seeking everywhere.

111 *travail*] Dy. *travell* F1.
112 *swinge*] F1, S, D, W. *swing* F2, Dy, T.
124 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *Enter Nurse* W.D., Dy.
124 *flim-flam* !] i. e. "contemptible trick." Cf. B. and Fl. *Captain* II. ii.

Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what business, our Embassadour.
O. La. What 's that to ye, goodman flouter? Oh sir,
my lady——
Din. Prithee, no more of thy lady; I have too much
on't.
Cler. Let me have a little; speak to me.
O. La. To you, sir?
'Tis more than time! All occasions set aside, sir,
Or whatsover may be thought a business——
Din. What then?
O. La. Repair to me within this hour.
Cler. Where?
O. La. What's that to you? Come you, sir, when
y'are sent for.
Cler. God-a-mercy Mumpsimus!
You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your credit,
And hunny out your youth in rare adventures:
I can but grieve I have known you.
O. La. Will ye go, sir?
I come not often to you with these blessings,
You may believe that thing there, and repent it.
That dogged thing!
Cler. Peace, touchwood!
Din. I will not go.
Go bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppy to make sport with;
I have been her mirth too long. Thus I shake from me

127 *what*] F2, T, S, W.D., Dy. *that* F1.
127 *our*] Ff, W.D., Dy. *old* com. by Sympson, adopted by S.
127 *Embassadour*] F1. *ambassador* Dy, etc.
134 *y'are*] *you're* W.D., Dy.
135 *Mumpsimus!*] A vague term of contempt = "old fogey"; from a story told in R. Pace "De Fructu" (1517: p. 80) of a priest corrected for saying "*quod in ore mumpsimus*" at mass, who said "I will not change my old *m.* for your new *sumpsimus.*"
136 *fairy*] in a contemptuous or sarcastic sense.
138 *hunny out*] F1. For *honey* as vb. *N.E.D.* quotes the *Span Cur.* (1622), IV. ii. "I am honeyed (= delighted) with the project." F2, T, read *Hunt away*, probably as a kind of "gloss" for the ill-understood F1 reading. S, W.D., Dy. read *Honey out.*
142 *doggea*] i.e. "malicious," "spiteful," "perverse." Cf. *Hudibras*, i 1. 632.
142 *touchwood*] probably in allusion either to quickness of temper (a frequent, modern and colloquial use), or, as occasionally in Elizabethan drama, to rottenness.

The fetters she put on ; thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind ; no more her beauty——
O. La. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Cler. Go forward, Dinant !
Din. The charms shot from her eyes——
O. La. Be wise !
Cler. Be valiant !
Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's destructions,
Shall never rack me more.
O. La. Stay there !
Cler. Go forward !
Din. I will now hear her, see her as a woman
Survey her, and the power man has allowed her,
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmoved, unstruck.
Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.
Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud
Is not her own ; our eyes bestow it on her
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip 's as soft as hers
Go bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life : like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventur'd all these,
And split my bottom. Return this answer to her ;
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,
And am not now on every idle errand
And new-coin'd anger to be hurried,
And then despis'd again ; I have forgot her.
Cler. If this be true——
O. La. I am sorry I have troubled you,

151 *rack*] Ff, T, S, and 1778). *wrack* W.D. *wreck* Dy. (M. says "the sense requires *wrack*") who says the Ff reading is an error for *wrack*, and that there is no sufficient reason for keeping this old spelling. S in his n. 13 comments on appropriateness of *wrack* and cfs. *Din's* metaphor "*like a bold merchant*," etc.

153 *her*] So S, W.D., Dy. *Sir* Ff, T. (S notes (14) the earlier reading.)

160 *triumph*] = "victory"? "trophy"?

168 *hurried*] Sympson cj. *honeyed* as better antithesis to *despis'd*. S. "I see no sort of reason for the change"; yet he cj. *danger* for *anger* as possible, though unnecessary "Qy. '*hurried to her*,'" (?) Dy.

More sorry, that my lady has adventur'd
So great a favour, in so weak a mind.
This hour you have refus'd that, when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow;
She is not fair, nor handsome! So I leave you.
Cler. Stay, lady, stay; but is there such a business?
O. La. You would break your neck 'twere yours.
Cler. My back, you would say.
O. La. But play the friend's part still, sir, and undo him;
'Tis a fair office.
Din. I have spoke too liberally.
O. La. I shall deliver what you say.
Cler. You shall be hang'd first!
You would fain be prating now! Take the man with you.
O. La. Not I. I have no power.
Cler. You may go, Dinant
O. La. 'Tis in 's own will; I had no further charge, sir.
Than to tell him what I did; which, if I had thought
It should have been receiv'd so——
Cler. Faith, you may;
You do not know how far it may concern you
If I perceiv'd any trick in 't——
Din. 'Twill end there.
Cler. 'Tis my fault, then. There is an hour in fortune,
That must be still observ'd; you think I'll chide you,
When things must be! Nay see, an he will hold his head up!
Would such a lady, send with such a charge too?
Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater still the better.
He shall go with you, woman.

179 *liberally*] *N.E.D.* gives instances from 1533–1646, with the meaning "insolently," "licentiously," "with unbecoming freedom." Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 172. "*liberal* shepherds give a grosser name."
180] no s.d. in Ff, T, S. *Going* W.D., Dy.
188–9] 1778 cfs. *J. C.*, iv. 3. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc.
190 *up!*] S, W.D., Dy. *up?* Ff, T.
193 *fool, the*] Ff, etc. *fool, and the* S.

O. La. As it please him;
I know the way alone else.
Din. Where is your lady?
O. La. I shall direct you quickly.
Din. Well, I'll go.
But what her wrongs will give me leave to say——
Cler. We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear from you?
Din. As soon as I come off.
Cler. Come on then, bravely.
Farewell till then, and play the man!
Din. You are merry;
All I expect is scorn.—I'll lead you, lady.
[*Exeunt severally.*

s.d.] So Ff, T, S, W.D. *Exeunt on one side Dinant and Nurse, on the other Cleremont.* Dyce.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the house of CHAMPERNEL.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE.

Beau. We 'll venture on him.
Cham. Out of my doors, I charge thee ;
See me no more !
Lam. Your nephew ?
Cham. I disclaim him ;
He has no part in me, nor in my blood :
My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his issue,
Could not beget a coward.
Verd. I fought, sir,
Like a good fellow, and a soldier too ;
But men are men, and cannot make their fates :
Ascribe you to my father what you please,
I am born to suffer.
Cham. All disgraces, wretch !
Lam. Good sir, be patient.
Cham. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword,
A coward is unworthy,) nor no river,
To force thy life out backward, or to drown it,
But that thou must survive thy infamy,
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget ?
Beau. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.
Cham. In your opinion ;

s.d.] Ff, *Actus tertius. Scena Prima.*
Verdone *and* Charlotte. T, S, W.D., Dy. Chailote F1.
1 *Out . . . no more*] One line in Ff.
14 *or to*] Ff, T, Dy, D, W. *and to* S. (Cf. n. 14 where he cjs. disjunctive, because he considers *To force*, etc., a description of drowning.) It is really a description of hanging, and refers to *tree* in l. 11. (Mason ap. Dy.)

'Tis fit you two should be of one belief;
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I' th' city with your tongues, but in the field,
Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do;
Your swords are all lead there.
Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your spleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.
Cham. From Dinant
You'll suffer more. That ever curséd I
Should give my honour up to the defence
Of such a thing as he is! or my lady
That is all innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice;
He that could fight thus in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.
Verd. You are as far from justice
In him you praise, as equity in the censure
You load me with.
Beau. Dinant? he durst not meet us.
Lam. How? durst not, brother?
Beau. Durst not, I repeat it.
Verd. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that disarm'd us;
I had the better of him. For Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.
Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake, you'd lose it, nephew.
Cham. Came he not, say you?

23 *lead*] *ledd* Ff.
29 *all innocent*] Ff, T, W.D., Dy. *all-innocent* S (in n. 17 he says "poetical" but the true reading may be, after all, *Innocence*).
47 *lose*] *loose* Ff.

Verd. No, but in his room
There was a devil, hir'd from some magician,
I' th' shape of an attorney.
Beau. 'Twas he did it.
Verd. And his the honour.
Beau. I could wish Dinant——
But what talk I of one that stept aside,
And durst not come?
Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)
From one of such approv'd worth?
Cham. Ha! how's this?
Lam. From one so excellent in all that 's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
But his affections, and in them, the worst,
His love to me?
Cham. To you?
Lam. Yes, sir, to me:
I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)
To you profess it: and he shunn'd the combat
For fear or doubt of these.—Blush, and repent,
That you, in thought, e'er did that wrong to valour.
Beau. Why, this is rare!
Cham. 'Fore heaven, exceeding rare!—
Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
Of your first suitor—
Verd. How can ye convince us
In our reports?
Lam. With what you cannot answer:
'Twas my command that stay'd him.
Cham. Your command?
Lam. Mine, sir; and had my will rank'd with my power,
And his obedience, I could have sent him,

49 *devil*] *divell* F1.
56 *approv'd*] *approved* D.
63–4] so F1. *doubt of these!* W.D. *and he shun'd not the combat For fear, nor . . .* F2, S, 1778, Dy.
68–9] *Ye* Ff, T, S. *you* Dy. *our* F1, W.D., Dy. *your* F2, T, S. *Convince* = "confute," "convict of falsehood," 1778, Dy. Cp. *Paradise Regained* iii. 3.

With more ease, weaponless, to you, and bound,
Than have kept him back; so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.
Cham. Better, and better still!
Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you.
Cham. In private?
Lam. Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties.
Cham. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve? Did not he take
The measure of my sheets?
Lam. Do not look yellow;
I have cause to speak; frowns cannot fright me.
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——
Cham. What then?
Lam. I 'll not alone abuse your bed,—that 's nothing,—
But to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me!
Cham. Impudent!
Verd. And on the sudden—
Beau. How are ye transform'd
From what you were!
Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected; I am no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one: if you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it:
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.
Beau. There 's no contesting with her; from a child,
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd,

81 *deserve*] *desire* W.D.
83 *me*] *me, Sir* S. 1778.
89 *resolv'd*] *resov'd* F1.

Yet I dare swear her honest.
Cham. So I think too,
On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way, but if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there 's nothing but extremes,
Which she must feel from me.
Beau. That, as you please, sir.
Charl. You have won the breeches, madam; look up, sweetly;
My lord limps toward you.
Lam. You will learn more manners!
[*Strikes her.*
Charl. This is a fee for counsel that 's unask'd for.
Cham. Come, I mistook thee, sweet; prithee, forgive me,
I never will be jealous: ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing:
I'll say Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him;
Will that suffice?
Lam. 'Tis well, sir.
Cham. Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd: if thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward,
If I dissemble!
Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward,) and solicits me
To my dishonour; that 's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.
Cham. Use thine own ways;
I give up all to thee.
Beau. Oh women, women!
When you are pleas'd, you are the least of evils.
Verd. I 'll rime to 't—But provokt, the worst of devils.
[*Exeunt.*

s.d. 112] So Dyce, D, W; not in Ff, T, S.
131 *rime . . . provokt . . .*] Ff *rhime . . . provok(e)d* T, S, D

SCENE II.

Before the Hall of Justice.

Enter MONSIEUR SAMPSON *and three Clients.*

Samp. I know monsieur La-Writ.
1 *Cli.* Would he knew himself, sir!
Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.
2 *Cli.* A fine lawyer, sir,
And would have firk'd you up a business,
And out of this court into that.
Samp. Ye are too forward:
Not so fine, my friends; something he could have done,
But short, short.
1 *Cli.* I know your worship's favour;
You are nephew to the judge, sir.
Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i' th' dirt, friends:
It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk; it may be so;
And tell him that in 's ear; there are such courtesies:
I will not say, I can.
3 *Cli.* We know you can, sir.
Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no. But where's La-Writ?
Where's your sufficient lawyer?
1 *Cli.* He 's blown up, sir.
2 *Cli.* Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets;
He is no lawyer of this world now.
Samp. Your reason?

s.d.] As Dy. No scene indicated in Ff, T, S. *A Street* W.D. . . . *Monsieur* . . . Ff, T, S, W.D. Om. Dy.
3 *of unable*] *of an unable* S.
4 *firk'd*] *N.E.D.* gives this line in sense of "hatching or vamping up a business." (Obsolete.)
8 *nephew*] *a nephew* W.D.
14 *ay . . . no.*] Ff. have the usual old form *I*.
15 *blown up.*] = "destroyed," "ended," "ruined." *N.E.D.* gives quots. in this scene from 1660–1791. (Obsolete.)

Is he defunct? is he dead?
2 *Cli.* No, he 's not dead yet, sir;
But I would be loath to take a lease on 's life for two hours:
Alas, he is possest, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people: but how he came to it—
Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.
3 *Cli.* We all know it, sir.
Samp. I think he does, sir. I have business too, much business;
Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week;
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends; a little does well;
I would be loath to learn to fight.
1 *Cli.* But, and 't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business:
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir;
His not-appearance——
Samp. There he fought too long;
A little, and fight well; he fought too long indeed, friends:
But ne'er the less, things must be as they may,
And there be ways—
1 *Cli.* We know, sir, if you please—
Samp. Something I'll do. Go rally up your causes.

Enter LA-WRIT *and a* Gentleman *at the door.*

2 *Cli.* Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.
La-Wr. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet gentlemen;
And if there be a wench or two—
Gent. We 'll have 'em.

18 *defunct*] Note the legal word.
30] i. e. "I should be sorry to have it now to learn"—Mason. *and't*] So Ff. *an't* T, S, W.D., Dy.
37 *rally up*] with the senses of collecting, re-forming, and reviving the spirits or life of.
s.d.] So Ff. . . . *in the habit of a gallant*, W.D. *dressed as a gallant, and a Gentleman.* Dy. The Ff "*at the dore*" shows that more are within.

La-Wr. No handling any duels before I come;
We 'll have no going less ; I hate a coward.
Gent. There shall be nothing done.
La-Wr. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight ;
There is no sport else.
Gent. We 'll see what may be done, sir. [*Exit.*
1 *Cli.* Ha! monsieur La-Writ!
La-Wr. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us!
Why there it goes!
2 *Cli.* What shall we do the whilst, sir?
La-Wr. Breed new dissensions ; go hang yourselves!
'Tis all one to me ; I have a new trade of living.
1 *Cli.* Do you hear what he says, sir?
Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.
La-Wr. Will any of you fight? fighting's my occupation ;
If you find yourselves aggriev'd—
Samp. A complete gentleman!
La-Wr. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions!
[*Throws away his bag of papers.*
Thou spital of lame causes! I lament for thee ;
And, till revenge be taken—
Samp. 'Tis most excellent.
La-Wr. There, every man choose his paper, and his place :
I 'll answer ye all ; I will neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.
The judge may do and not do ; he 's but a monsieur.
Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, sir?
La-Wr. I know not, sir.
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

43 *less*] F1, Dy, who says "metaphor from gaming" But surely it = "unless"? F2, T, S, *else.*
46 s.d.] T, etc. Om. in Ff.
49] With a snap of fingers or other gesture of contempt?
55 *buckram budget*]. cf. ii. 3. 31.
s.d.] First in W and in D, Dy. Om. Ff.
56 *spital*] *splitter* S (who in n. 18 says that "saliva" seems to make nonsense!). = hospital, referring to the bag. *spital* for Ff's *spittle*, which misled S. into conjecturing *splitter*.

Samp. It is sufficient; you may hear hereafter.
La-Wr. I rest your servant, sir.
Samp. No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me; no more words, as you love me:
The gentleman's a noble gentleman:
I shall do what I can, and then—
Cli. We thank you, sir.
[*Exeunt* SAMP. *and Clients.*
Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he 's a gentleman.
La-Wr. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well;
'Tis well, faith, 'tis well, judge!

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious lawyer?
La-Wr. I say 'tis well:
But mark the end!
Cler. How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now: this is no simple conversion!
Your servant sir, and friend.
La-Wr. You come in time, sir.
Cler. The happier man, to be at your command, then.
La-Wr. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all one;
Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man.
Cler. I must confess it.

75 *lawyer?*] Ff. *lawyer!* Dy. Dy inserts s.d. *Aside.*
76 F1 has *metamorphis'd.*
78 Ff end the line at *now*; and begin another at *This is.*
83 *mew'd*] = "shed," "changed," "put off." *N.E.D.* quotes this passage; and Ford, *Broken H.*, II. i., and a causative use Fl. and Mass. *Double Mar.*, in III. ii. "How he has mew'd your hand," and cf. Fl. *H. Man's Fortune*, V. i.

La-Wr. And budg'd not; no, I budg'd not.
Cler. No, ye did not.
La-Wr. There's it then; one good turn requires another.
Cler. Most willing, sir; I am ready at your service.
La-Wr. [*gives him a paper*] There, read, and understand, and then deliver it.
Cler. This is a challenge, sir.
La-Wr. 'Tis very like sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.
Cler. *O admirantis!*
To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president. [*Reads.*
La-Wr. I choose no fool, sir.
Cler. Why, he 's no swordman, sir.
La-Wr. Let him learn, let him learn.
Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.
Cler. Why, he 's a judge, an old man.
La-Wr. Never too old
To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.
There are my griefs; he hast cast away my causes,
In which he has bowed my reputation:
And therefore, judge or no judge——
Cler. Pray be rul'd, sir;
This is the maddest thing—
La-Wr. You will not carry it?
Cler. I do not tell you so; but, if you may be persuaded—
La-Wr. You know how you us'd me when I would not fight?
Do you remember, gentleman?
Cler. The devil's in him!

87 *ye*] F1. *you* F2 and rest.
89 s.d.] So W.D. No s.d. in Ff, T, S. *giving a letter* Dy.
91 "*O!* is described by grammarians acc. to the passion it was intended to express; thus *O admirantis*, *O dolentis*, &c." (M.). An ingenious friend of S thought it "a marginal note which had crept into the text"; S therefore rejected *admirantis*: 1778 edd., kept *adm.*, but didn't understand it. (*O admirantis* Ff, W.D., Dy.)
92 s.d.] inserted by W.
95] What is the source of this proverb?
98] W.D., Dy insert s.d. *Points to the scattered papers.*
100 *bowed*] = "crushed."
105] W.D. Dy insert *Aside.*

La-Wr. I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it;
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.
Cler. The least is banishment.
La-Wr. Be banish'd, then;
'Tis a friend's part; we 'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.
Cler. Say he will not fight?
La-Wr. I know then what to say; take you no care, sir.
Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;
Till when, my service.
La-Wr. A judge, or no judge? no judge!
[*Exit* LA-WR.
Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of!
None to provoke to th' field but the old president!
What face shall I put on? If I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets.
This may make some sport yet; I will deliver it.
Here comes the president.

Enter VERTAIGNE *with two Gentlemen.*

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen,
To do your causes good.—Is not that Cleremont?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis he, my lord.
Vert. Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous?—Has your fortune, sir,
Upon my son, made you contemn his father?
The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.
Cler. Mistake me not, my lord, you shall not find that;
I come with no blown spirit to abuse you;
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.
Vert. Your face is merry still.

106 *do*] added by F2.
110 *corner*] F1, W.D, Dy. *part* F2, T, S.
113 *Louvre*] T, S, W.D., Dy. *louer* F1. *Louver* F2.
114 s.d.] so F1. *Writ* F2. *Exit.* W.D., Dy.
118 *bracelets*] = "fetters," "handcuffs," as in modern slang. *N.E.D.* gives quotations in this sense (which W and Dy support here) only, for 1816 and 1883.
127 *blown*] Cf. *K. Lear*, iv. 4. 26.

Cler. So is my business ;
And I beseech your honour, mistake me not.
I have brought you from a wild, or rather mad, man
As mad a piece of—You were wont to love mirth,
In your young days; I have known your honour woo it ;
This may be made no little one ; 'tis a challenge, sir,
Nay start not, I beseech you ; it means you no harm,
Nor any man of honour or understanding ;
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter,
I am bold to bring it to your lordship.
Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.
Do they take me for a swordman at these years?
Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all, sir ;
'T had been in me else a saucy rudeness.
Vert. From one La-Writ, a very punctual challenge.
Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great matter.
Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent thing ; oh, I remember him ;
A notable talking knave ! Now, out upon him !
Has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally !
I do remember too, I cast his causes.
Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal quarrel.
Vert. Why, what a knave is this? as y'are a gentleman,
Is there no further purpose but mere mirth ?
What a bold man of war ! he invites me roundly.
Cler. If there should be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred :
And, though I am sure your lordship hates my person,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for my manners—

132 *mad, man*] Dy. *Mad-man* Ff, T, S.
133 *piece of—You*] F2, etc. *peice—of you* F1.
138 *laughter,*] F2, etc. *laughters* F1.
142 *'T had been* (*bin* F1) Ff, T, S. *It had* . . . W.D., Dy.
143 *punctual*] = "punctilious," "particular," "scrupulous."
146 *figent*] = "fidgetty," "restless, "busy." (Dy.) Cf. *Coxcomb* iv. 3. *N.E.D.* quotes chiefly from dramatists, 1598–1627.
148 *Has*] Ff, T, S. *He has* W.D. *'Has* Dy.
149 *Cast his causes*] *cast* has senses of "*defeat*" (in legal action), "*convict*," and "*condemn.*"
151 *y'are a gentleman*] F2, *as y'are? Gentleman* F1. *you're a*, T, S, etc.
156 *hates*] F2, etc. *hate* F1.
158 *my*] F1, Dy. *the* F2, T, S, W.D.

Vert. I am satisfied.
You see, sir, I have outliv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him myself;
But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage—for this calls him fool—
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.
Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord?
Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two pitch-barrels together—
Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.
Vert. It makes me smile;
Why, what a stinking smother will they utter!
Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion;
Since you propound it mirth, I 'll venture on it,—
And shall defend my cause; but as y 'are honest,
Sport not with blood!
Cler. Think not so basely, good sir,
Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman
To-morrow morning; make your sport at full,
You want no subject; but no wounds!
Cler. That's my care.
Vert. And so, good day.
[*Exeunt* VERTAIGNE *and Gentlemen.*
Cler. Many unto your honour!
This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.
Now must I think how to contrive this matter;
For together they shall go.

Enter DINANT.

Din. Oh, Cleremont,
I am glad I have found thee!
Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

162 *carriage*] F1, Dy. *courage* F2, T, S.
162 *calls*] F1, W.D., Dy. *call* F2, T, S. *calls* = "proves," "shews him to be" (W, Dy). S and Dy bracket *for . . . fool.*
164 *undertake*] = "venture," "dare."
169 Bracketed by Dy.
170 *y 'are*] F2. *y 'ar* F1. *you are* W.D. *You 're* Dy.
173 *your*] F1, Dy, W.D. *you* F2, T, S.
175 s.d.] Dy prints *Exeunt* etc. after *honour!*
179 sqq.] Ff have commas instead of ! (as Dy) which perhaps better represent the quick answers.

Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer! Dost thou love me?
Cler. Love thee?
Din. Dost thou love me dearly?
Dar'st thou for my sake?
Cler. Any thing that's honest.
Din. Though it be dangerous?
Cler. Pox o' dangerous!
Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?
Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?
Din. Along with me, then.
Cler. I must part to-morrow.
Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this night,
And thou hast made thy friend.
Cler. Away and talk not.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in CHAMPERNEL'S *house, with a gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA *and* NURSE.

Lam. Oh nurse, welcome! where 's Dinant?
Nurse. He's at my back
'Tis the most liberal gentleman: this gold
He gave me for my pains; nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.
Lam. How? yield it up?
Nurse. I know not: he that loves, and gives so largely,
And a young lord to boot, (or I am cozen'd,)
May enter everywhere.
Lam. Thou 'lt make me angry.

180] two lines in Ff., the first ending *rarer*.
184 *wondrous*] F2, sq. etc. *wonderous* F1.
187 *made . . .*] "i.e. made thy friend's fortune" (Dy.). Cf. *Tw. Night*, "*thou art made*," etc.
No scene marked in Ff. W.D. insert *Night* before *A room*, etc.
1 *He's*] F2, Dy. *Hee is* F1. *He is* W.D.
4 *fort*] F2, etc. *for't* F1. A frequent metaphor in Massinger: cf. *Picture*, i. 1.
7 *Thou'lt*] F2, etc. *Thou't* F1.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here 's one will please you.
Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go with you!
Were I young, for your sake——
Din. I thank thee, nurse.
Nurse. I would be tractable, and as I am——
Lam. Leave the room,
So old, and so immodest!—and be careful,
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my lord. [*Exit* Nurse.
Cler. Will you despatch?
Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in, I am your scout for once;
You owe me the like service.
Din. And will pay it.
Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.
Cler. Why, to it in dumb show, then: I am silenc'd.
Lam. Be not so hasty, sir: the golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard; your pleasures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.
Din. Speak the means.
Lam. Thus briefly; my lord sleeps now, and, alas,
Each night he only sleeps!
Cler. Go, keep her stirring.
Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but should he miss me, valour
Could not defend our lives.
Din. What's to be done, then?
Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust; on noble Cleremont
We safely may rely.
Cler. What man can do,
Command, and boldly.

s.d.] Here in Ff, T, S, W.D. Dyce inserts after l. 8.
8 *one*] F2, etc. *on* F1.
13 *wake*] T, S, W.D., Dy. *'wake* F2. *make* F1.
22]Massinger's classical commonplace?

Lam. Thus, then ; in my place
You must lie with my lord.
Cler. With an old man ?
Two beards together ? that's preposterous.
Lam. There is no other way, and though 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fee'd to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.
Cler. I thank you !
I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself ; to be a kind of pander,
You see I am willing ;
But to betray mine own throat you must pardon.
Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated :
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont——
Cler. You shall not out-do me ;
Fall what may fall, I'll do 't.
Din. But, for his beard——
Lam. To cover that, you shall have my night linen ;
And, you dispos'd of, my Dinant and I
Will have some private conference.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, *privately.*

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.
Lam. That's as we agree.
[*Exeunt.*

36 *preposterous*] *prepostrous* F1 = "unnatural."
39 *fee'd*] Dy. *feed* F1. *fed* F2, T, S, W.D.
53 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *Exeunt all but Champernel* W.D.
No change of scene, except in Dyce, who says the stage direction is premature, "and merely for the sake of warning the actor who represented *Ch.* to be in readiness for coming on." Yet it is not necessary to call it premature. It adds to the dramatic play of the scene, if Champernel appears thus early.

SCENE IV.

Another room in the same, with a gallery.

Enter NURSE *and* CHARLOTTE, *pass over the stage with pillows, nightclothes, and such things.*

Enter CHAMPERNEL.

Cham. What can this woman do, preserving her honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be.
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much; I think she is virtuous,
Yet when I hold her best, she's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
And her best thoughts but weak fortifications;
There may be a mean wrought. Well, let 'em work, then,
I shall meet with it; till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it;
[*Stands private.*
She may be, and she may not. Now to my observation.

Enter DINANT *and* LAMIRA.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? if you love me——
Lam. You are too hot and violent.
Din. Why do you shift thus
From one chamber to another?
Lam. A little delay, sir,
Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
Makes the desires burn clear and ten times hotter.
Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray ye, go in;
Sweet mistress, I am mad; time steals away,

s.d.] *Enter* om. by W.D., Dy. *Charloth* F1. *'ore* F1. Dy inserted *Enter* Champernel.
6 *slight*] T, etc. *sleight* Ff.
8 *mean*] F1, Dy. *mine* F2, T, S, D.
10 s.d.] So Ff, T, S, W.D. Dy has *Retires* after l. 11.

And when we would enjoy——
Lam. Now, fie, fie, servant! [*Wine.*
Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?
Din. Pray do but kiss me, then.
Lam. Why, that I will,
And you shall find anon, servant——
Din. Softly, for heaven's sake! You know my friend's engag'd;
A little, now, now; will you go in again?
Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Din. Why do you laugh so loud? precious,
Will you betray me? ha' my friend's throat cut?
Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.
Cham. Will you so?
You are liberal! If you do cozen me——

Enter NURSE, *with wine.*

Din. What's this?
Lam. Wine, wine: a draught or two.
Din. What does this woman here?
Lam. She shall not hinder you.
Din. This might have been spar'd;
'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray send her softly off.
Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine; 'twill make you
Another Hercules.
Din. I dare not drink;
Fie, what delays you make! I dare not; [*Recorders.*
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.
Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress? Oh, the pleasure!
Din. Lady, why this? [*Music.*

19 s.d.] Only in F1, "to warn the property-man to leave Wine ready against the entrance of the Nurse" (Dy.).
21 *do but*] F1, W.D., Dy. *not* F2, T. *Pray do not; kiss me then.* S (n. 19 "of prodigious absurdity," (Dy) concerning kissing being the distinction in love between men and beasts!). Dy, W.D. have s.d. *kisses him* at end of the line.
21, 22] One line in Ff.
24 *you*] F1, *ye* F2.
26 *me? ha' my*] F2, Dy. *ha* F1. *me? ha! my* W.D.
27 ends at *liberal* in Ff.
28 *liberal*] ambiguous. Dy. inserts *Aside.* W.D. insert *Apart.*
33 *'twill*] Dy, after Mason, for Ff's *I will,*

Lam. We must have mirth to our wine, man.
Din. Plague o' th' music!
Cham. God-a-mercy, wench,
If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee.
Din. The house will all rise now; this will disturb all.
Did you do this?
Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool,
You love me; come, sit down and drink.

Enter CLEREMONT *above.*

Cler. What a devil ail you?
How cold I sweat!—A hog's pox stop your pipes,
[*Music.*
The thing will wake: now, now methinks I find
His sword just gliding through my throat! What's that?
A vengeance choke your pipes!—Are you there, lady?
Stop, stop those rascals!—Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meat? why, Dinant!
Din. I cannot do withal;
I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd, and lost too.
Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me?—
Plague damn your whistles! [*Music ends.*
Lam. 'Twas but an oversight;
They have done; lie down.
Cler. Would you had done too! you know not
In what a misery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.
Din. I would have.
[*The recorders again.*
Cham. I'll watch you, goodman Would-have.
Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake,

39 *Plague*] W.D., Dy. *Pl*—Ff, T, S.
40] Dy inserts s.d. *Aside.*
51] i. e. "I cannot help it" (Dy).
54 *damn*] W.D., Dy. *dam* Ff, T, S.
54 s.d.] So Ff, T, S, W.D. . . . *ceases* Dy.
54 *'Twas . . . down*] One line in Ff.
55 Two lines in Ff. first ending *too.*
57 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *The recorders play* W.D. *Music again* Dy.
58 *Would-have*] W.D., Dy. *wood have* F1. *Wou'd have* F2, T, S. Dy inserts s.d. *Aside.*

And fall to that you come for.
Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.
Cler. I dare not;
Softly, sweet lady! Heart!
Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear, he sleeps still soundly;
Lie gently down.
Cler. Pray make an end.
Din. Come, madam.
Lam. These chambers are too near.
[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DINANT, *and* NURSE.
Cham. I shall be nearer;
Well, go thy ways, I 'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: that, that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet by the honour of a soldier,
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children,
You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune! [*Music done.*
Cler. Peace, good madam!
Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet; pray be wary.
Despatch, I cannot endure this misery.
I can hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers,
And down again. [*Whistle within.*
A thousand larums fall upon my quarter!
Heaven send me off! When I lie keeping courses—
Pl— o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I shake!
'Tis still again. Would I were in the Indies!
[*Exit* CLEREMONT.

61, 62 One line in Ff.
62 *Heart!*] *heart?* Ff and Dy. *God's heart!* 1778, W.D. Mason cj. *hark.*
64 Dy inserts s.d. *Exit above.*
65 s.d.] *Nurse* om. till Dyce.
68 *fear.* *Yet by*] Ff, T, S, W.D. '78. *fear yet: by* Dy.
70 *bloods*] F1, Dy. *blood* F2, T, S.
72 *knew'st but*] F2, etc. *knowest, but* F1.
s.d.] Ff, T, S. *Music ceases* W.D., Dy. Dy inserts *Re-enter Cleremont above.*
77 *larums*] F1, W.D., Dy, and S notes (n. 20) that the form is required for metre. *Alarms* F2.
77 *quarter!*] F1. *quarters* F2, etc.
78 *courses*] Ff, T. *coarses* S. (n. 21 says it = "watching corpses"). *corses* W.D., Dy. *courses* frequently = *cadavera* (*N.E.D.*)
80 s.d.] So Ff, etc. *Exit above* Dy.

SCENE V.

Another room in the same, with a gallery.

Enter DINANT *and* LAMIRA, *a light within.*

Din. Why do ye use me thus? thus poorly, basely?
Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?
Why did you send for me? this new way train me?
Lam. Madman, and fool, and false man, now I'll shew thee!
Din. Pray, put your light out.
Lam. No, I'll hold it thus,
That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it.
Tell me but this; when you first doted on me,
And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,
Did you not hold me honest?
Din. Yes, most virtuous.
Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
That made me worth your love and admiration?
Din. I must confess,
Lam. Why would you deal so basely?
So like a thief, a villain?
Din. Peace, good madam!
Lam. I'll speak aloud too:—thus maliciously,
Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,
Of honour, and of truth, for which I lov'd you,
For which I call'd you servant, and admir'd you,
To steal that jewel, purchas'd by another,
Piously set in wedlock, even that jewel,
Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable?
Can he that has lov'd good dote on the devil?
(For he that seeks a whore seeks but his agent)?
Or am I of so wild and low a blood,
So nurs'd in infamies—

Scene continued in Ff.
1 *ye*] F1. *you* F2, etc. 3 *train*] = "entice," "trap."
4 *and fool*] F2, etc. *a fool* F1.
4 *shew thee!*] F2, etc. *thee man* F1.
20 *flaw*] F2, etc. *flame* F1.
20 *unvaluable*] i. e. "invaluable."
23 *wild*] Ff, T, S, W.D. *vild* suggested by W, adopted by Dy.
23 *a blood*] *of blood*, F1. *a blood?* F2 T, S. *a blood* Dy.

Din. I do not think so,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not serve your turn, sir.
Din. It was your treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your villainy,
Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of virtuous ;
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poison'd billows——
Din. Will you betray me?
Lam. To all the miseries a vext woman may.
Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
And I will tell you, y'are a treacherous woman!
Oh, that I had but words!
Lam. They will not serve you.
Din. But two-edg'd words, to cut thee! a lady traitor?
Perish by a proud puppet? I did you too much honour,
To tender you my love ; too much respected you,
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp your lame stock :
You are not fair, nor handsome ; I lied loudly.
This tongue abus'd you, when it spoke you beauteous.
Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave!
Din. Put out your light,
Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady plotter?
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend the first-fruits of that blood
You and your honourable husband aim at?

28 *you*] F1, Dy. *thou* F2, T, S.
35 *y' are*] Ff. *you're* W.D., Dy.
37 *a lady traitor ?*] *a lady traytor ?* Ff. *a lady-traitor ?* S, W.D. *a lady-traitor !* Dy.
38 *Puppet ?*] frequent contemptuous epithet.
42 *imp*] Cf. n. *Prol.* l. 8.
46 *Your lascivious*] *For your lascivious.* S. *Your own lascivious.* Dy qy.
47 *A lady plotter ?*] Ff, T. *lady-plotter ?* S, W.D. *—Plotter !* Dy.

Crooked and wretched you are both.
Lam. To you, sir;
Yet to the eye of Justice straight as Truth.
Din. Is this a woman's love, a woman's mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? do you laugh at me?
Lam. Ha! Ha!
Din. Pl— light upon you scorns, upon your flatteries!
Upon your tempting faces, all destructions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast, those buds of pride that paint you!
Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dangers,
Raise up your trophy!—Cleremont!
Cler. What a vengeance ail you?
What dismal noise is there? no honour in you?
Din. Cleremont, we are betrayed, betrayed, sold by a woman,
Deal bravely for thy self.
Cler. This comes of rutting!
Are we made stales to one another?
Din. Yes,
We are undone, lost.
Cler. You shall pay for 't, greybeard!
Up, up, you sleep your last else!

Lights above, two Servants and ANNABELL.

1 *Serv.* No, not yet, sir.—
Lady, look up.—Would you have wrong'd this beauty?
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms?
You wear a sword; we must entreat you leave it.

51 *Crooked*] = "wrong," "dishonest."
58 *bed-rid*] i. e. "worn-out," "decrepit," "impotent."
59 *paint*] F2, etc. *point* F1.
61 *Re-enter C. above* W.D. *Enter . . .* Dy.
62 F1 reads: DIN. *What a dismall noise is there, no honour in you?* | *Cleremont*, etc. F2 has: DIN. *What dismal noise! is there no honour in you?* | *Cleremont*, etc.
S remarks: (n. 22); "either this is a continuation of C.'s speech, or some marg. direction as *Noises within* is left out; the latter seems most probable to me, the former to Mr. Sympson." 1778, W.D. accordingly inserted s.d. *Noise within* after . . . *ail you.* Heath remarked that *What dismal noise*, etc. naturally belongs to Cleremont. So Dyce, whose arrangement we follow.
65 *stales*] = "lures," "decoys." Dy and cf. S, n. 23.
65, 66 *Yes . . . lost*] One line in Ff.
67 s.d.] So Ff, T, S., *Enter above* A., *and two servants, with lights.* W.D., Dy.

2 *Serv.* Fie, sir! So sweet a lady?
Cler. Was this my bedfellow?
Pray give me leave to look: I am not mad yet;
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me?
Did I fear this? is this a cause to shake at?
Away with me for shame! I am a rascal.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CLEREMONT, *and two Servants.*

Din. I am amaz'd too.
Beau. We 'll recover you.
Verd. You walk, like Robin Goodfellow, all the house over,
And every man afraid of you.
Din. 'Tis well, lady!
The honour of this deed will be your own;
The world shall know your bounty.
Beau. What shall we do with 'em?
Cler. Geld me;
For 'tis not fit I should be a man again,
I am an ass, a dog.
Lam. Take your revenges;
You know my husband's wrongs, and your own losses.
Annab. A brave man, an admirable brave man!
Well, well, I would not be so tried again:
A very handsome proper gentleman!
Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour more,
And then hang me?
Din. We wait your malice; put your swords home bravely;
You have reason to seek blood.
Lam. Not as you are noble!
Cham. Hands off, and give 'em liberty; only disarm 'em.
Beau. We have done that already.
Cham. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you;
I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,

71 sqq.] Ff divide at *look | by and by | by me |*
75 s.d.] Dy inserts another s.d. before this: *Exeunt, above* A., Cl., *two servants.* And in this s.d. Dy om. *Lamira* (or *Laimra* as F1 says).
87 Dy inserts s.d. *Aside.*

And you are young and handsome gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to wenches?
Cler. To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have help'd this.
Annab. Sir, now 'tis past, but 't may be I may stand
Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.
Cler. Never whilst you live.
Annab. You cannot tell.——
Now, sir, a parting hand.
Cler. Down and roses!
Well, I may live to see you again.—A dull rogue!
No revelation in thee!
Lam. Were you well frighted?
Were your fits from the heart, of all colds and colours?
That 's all your punishment.
Cler. It might have been all yours.
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.
Cham. Your swords you must leave to these gentlemen.
Verd. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.
Din. 'Tis well;
To be a mistress is to be a monster,
And so I leave your house and you for ever.
Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a master.
Cham. You may depart too.
Cler. I had rather stay here.
Cham. Faith, we shall fright you worse.
Cler. Not in that manner:
There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.
Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.
Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we 'll to school.

[*Exeunt.*

101 *You cannot tell*] "In both the Ff after these words is a break" (also in T, S), "as if something were omitted"—Dy. The phrase, however, makes sense by itself. Ff print *you . . . hand* as one line.

104 *revelation*] i. e. "power of revelation," in spirit, etc. (cf. Massuccio).

111] So Ff, W.D. In n. 24, S says L.'s answer shews D. calls himself, not her, a monster. He therefore cj. *To have a mistress . . .* Sympson cj. *To be a mistress's.* It seems that *To be a mistress'* is quite a possible and euphonious reading, which makes sense.

Cham. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!
Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lie so still, and so long.
Annab. 'Twas your pleasure;
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.
Cham. Oh my best wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life!
Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care still,
Goodness and virtue shall attend my will.
Cham. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains,
We have our honours home, and they their pains.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

120 *unconscionably*] = "unreasonably" "abnormally."
128 s.d.] So Ff. *Exeunt* T, etc.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter CLEREMONT *and* DINANT.

Din. It holds; they will go thither.
Cler. To their summer-house?
Din. Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the most infliction,
Only to insult upon our miseries.
Cler. Are you provided?
Din. Yes, yes.
Cler. Throughly?
Din. Throughly.
Cler. Basta, enough! I have your mind; I will not fail you.
Din. At such an hour.
Cler. Have I a memory?
A cause, and will to do? Thou art so sullen!
Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.
Cler. I have more reason, for I scaped a fortune
Which if I come so near again——I say nothing;
But if I sweat not in another fashion.——
Oh, a delicate wench!
Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.
Cler. And methought, the thing was angry with itself too,
It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you,

s.d.] *Actus quarti* [F2–*us*] *Scena Prima* Ff. *A street* inserted by W. Ff om. *and* between *C.* and *D.*

5 *Basta, enough!*] *Basta, I. . . .* S. (suggestion of Sympson, who thought *enough* a gloss. (Cf. W) Dy says "used frequently, as here, by our early dramatists." Cf. *Mad Lover*, III. ii. 137: and *Rule a Wife*, II. ii. 9.

6 *At such an hour*] Does he point to his watch?

I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.
Din. Miss not your time.
Cler. I dare not.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Without the city.

Enter SAMPSON *and a Gentleman.*

Gent. I presume, sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman:
You bear your uncle's cause.
Samp. Do not disturb me;
I understand my cause, and the right carriage.
Gent. Be not too bloody.
Samp. As I find my enemy: if his sword bite,
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.
Gent. No doubt he is valiant; he durst not undertake else.
Samp. He 's most welcome,
As he is most valiant; he were no man for me else.
Gent. But say he should relent?
Samp. He dies relenting,
I cannot help it, he must die relenting;
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying,
Your honourable way admits no prayer;
And if he fight, he falls; there's his quietus.
Gent. Y' are nobly punctual. Let 's retire, and meet 'em;
But still I say, have mercy!
Samp. I say, honour.
[*Exeunt.*

s.d.] So Dy. *Another street*, D. No scene marked in Ff.
11 *die*] F1, etc. *dies* F2.
15 *quietus*] Cf. *Hamlet*, III. i. 75, "discharge or acquittance on payment," "receipt," "discharge from duty, or office," and so "discharge from life" (*N.E.D.*)
16 *punctual*] Cf. iii. 2. 143.

SCENE III.

A room in Champernel's house.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, BEAUPRÉ VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, *and a Servant.*

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart?
Cham. Go! I'll fly with thee!
I stay behind?
Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our best friends.
Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.
Verd. Faith, let 's have a kind of play,
Cham. What shall it be?
Verd. The story of Dinant.
Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.
Annab. But I'll lie still no more.
Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be rare sport;
And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!
Have you given order for the coach?
Charl. Yes, madam.
Cham. My easy nag, and pad?
Serv. 'Tis making ready.
Cham. Where are your horses?
Beau. Ready at an hour, sir,
We 'll not be last.
Cham. Fie, what a night shall we have!
A roaring, merry night!
Lam. We'll fly at all, sir,

s.d.] W.D., Dyce. No scene marked in Ff.
9 *And*] Ff, etc. *Any* W.D.
11 *pad*] = (i) easy riding horse. (ii) soft saddle without a tree.
12, 13 *Ready . . . last*] One line in Ff.
13 *fie*] Ff, Dy. *Hey* S. who cjs. *Fly*, adopted by 1778, W.D. Dy. cfs. "*Fy, let us all to the bridal*, etc. *N.E.D.* gives no quotation in a sense indicating approval, or pleasurable excitement. Perhaps connected with *Fay, fai, fy* (Devon, Yorkshire and Scotland), as an ordinary exclamation. (Cf. *English Dialect Dictionary.*)
14 *fly at all*] Originally a metaphor from hawking: sc. *game*, etc.

Cham. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee!
I'll try your art upon a country pallet.
Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it;
Then, if you fail——
Cham. Thou say'st too true; we all talk;
But let 's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.
Lam. He that 's sad,
A crab-faced mistress cleave to him for this year!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A field without the city.

Enter CLEREMONT *and* LA-WRIT.

La-Wr. Since it cannot be the judge——
Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.
La-Wr. You are sure he is his kinsman? a gentleman?
Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood——
La-Wr. It shall suffice.
I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred; I'll lop him.
Cler. Will ye kill him?
La-Wr. An there were no more cousins in the world, I kill him;
I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred;
For every cause a cousin.
Cler. How if he have no more cousins?
La-Wr. The next akin, then, to his lordship's favour;
The man he smiles upon.
Cler. Why, this is vengeance,
Horrid and dire!

16 *Pallet*] a mean or small (straw) bed.
18 *say'st*] *saiest* F1.
s.d.] So Dy. *An open field*, etc. W.D. No scene marked in Ff.
3 *arrant*] without opprobrious force = "thorough," "downright," "genuine" (1570–1820).
11, 12 *Why . . . dire*] One line in Ff.

La-Wr. I love a dire revenge:
Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last, himself.
Cler. You stole that resolution.
La-Wr. I had it in a play, but that 's all one:
I would see it done.
Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.
La-Wr. To no lord's cousins in the world, I hate 'em:
A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice;
If I see him first, he dies.
Cler. A strange antipathy!
What think you of their nieces?
La-Wr. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning.
Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You have broke your fast?
La-Wr. No verily.
Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.
La-Wr. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter SAMPSON *and the Gentleman.*

Cler. Here they come.
Bear yourself in your language smooth and gently;
When your swords argue——
La-Wr. Pray, sir, spare your precepts.
Gent. I have brought you, sir——
La-Wr. 'Tis very well, no words.
You are welcome, sir.
Samp. I thank you, sir; few words.
La-Wr. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.
Samp. I love you;
I'll cut your throat, for your own sake.
La-Wr. I esteem of you.
Cler. Let 's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen:
Search my friend, I'll search yours.
Gent. That's quickly done.

13–14] The quotation (if such it is) has not been traced.
15 *cockatrice*] *La-Wr.* inverts; the *cockatrice* or *basiliscus* was said to kill by the mere glance.
19] Ff, T, give *a strange antipathy* to *La-Wr.*, S (n. 27) and later editors to *C.*
24 s.d.] Here in Ff, T, S. Dy puts it in l. 27, and has *a gentleman.*
30 *esteem of you*] Ff, T, W.D., Dy. *esteem you* S (n. 2 "because [of] seems here only to hurt both sense and metre").

Cler. You come with no spells, nor witchcrafts?
Samp. I come fairly,
To kill him honestly.
La-Wr. Hang spells and witchcrafts!
I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman,
And so I kiss his hand.
Gent. This doublet is too stiff.
La-Wr. Off woo 't, I hate it
And all such fortifications; feel my skin;
If that be stiff, flea that off too.
Gent. 'Tis no soft one.
La-Wr. Off woo't, I say!
I'll fight with him, like a flea'd cat.
Gent. You are well, you are well. [*Put off.*
Cler. You must uncase too.
Samp. Yes, sir.
But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in 's shirt?
Gent. That 's a main point; my friend has two.
Cler. That 's true, sir,
La-Wr. Base and degenerate cousin, dost not thou know,
An old and tatter'd colours, to the enemy,
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?
This shirt five times victorious I have fought under,
And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works,
As I will do through thine. Shake, and be satisfied!
Cler. This is unanswerable.
Samp. But may I fight
With a foul shirt?

34 sqq.] This part alludes comically to the appeal made in old chivalrous days, to knights, not to use spells, etc. in combat; and also perhaps, as W suggests, to the story in Brantôme, of the man who wore a cuirass painted like skin, whereby he won a duel.

34, 35 *I . . . honestly*] one line in Ff.

38 *woo't*] So F1 (and in l. 41). *with't* F2, T, S, W.D. (l. 41). *wi't* Dyce (in both lines). W.D. insert s.d. *He strips.*

40 *flea*] Ff, etc. *flay* Dyce: so in 42 *flea'd* Ff, etc. *flay'd* Dy.

43 s.d.] F1 only. *uncase* = "strip" (flay).

45 *lace*] probably here "an inset strip or piece of lace."

46 *point*] with play on the other sense, of one of the laces, or ribbons, attaching the hose to the shirt, or doublet?

51 *cut-works*]=openwork embroidery or lace." Cf. Mass. *Parlt. of Love*, II. i; and Jonson *Ev. M. out of his Hum.*, IV. iv.

53, 54 *But . . . shirt*] one line in Ff.

Gent. Most certain, so it be
A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy;
Cæsar wore such a one.
Samp. Saint Denis, then!
I accept your shirt.
Cler. Not so forward; first, you must talk.
It is a main point of the French method,
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.
Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.
Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions;
Take to your weapons bravely.
La-Wr. 'Tis too cold;
This for a summer fight.
Cler. Not for a world
You should transgress the rules.
Samp. 'Tis peevish weather,
I had rather fight without.
Gent. An 't were in a river—
Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins—
La-Wr. Then let 's talk quickly:
Plague o' this circumstance!
Cler. Are the horses come yet?
Gent. Yes, certain.——Give your swords to us, now, civilly.
Cler. We'll stand a while off.—Take the things, and leave 'em
You know when, and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of year for puppies.
Would the old lord were here!
Gent. He would die with laughter.
Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game out:
Away, away!

54, 56 *Most . . . one*] Two lines in Ff, the first ending *shirt.*
56, 57 *Saint . . . shirt*] one line in Ff.
59 *authentic*] = "entitled to obedience or respect"; "legally valid."
63, 64 *Not . . . rules*] one line in Ff.
64 *the rules*] Probably used here quite generally; but W and Dyce suggest a reference to Caranza's rules and Dy cfs. *Love's Pilgrimage*, v. 4.
peevish] Probably a mere adjective of general dislike; though cf. modern Yorkshire dialectal sense of "piercing," "shrewd," applied to wind.
67 *circumstance*] indirectness, ceremony, long-windedness.
Dy, D, W. insert s.d. *Aside to the Gentleman.*
71 *year*] *fear* W.D.

Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.
Call when y' are fit. [*Ex.* CLER. *and Gent.*
La-Wr. Why look you, sir, you seem to be a gentleman,
And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh, 'tis very cold!—
Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Past flesh and blood to bear.—Boh, boh, wondrous cold!
Samp. My lord, mine uncle is an honourable man,
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed!—
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman;
Yet take me with you—Boh, boh, pestilence cold—
Not altogether——
La-Wr. Boh, boh, I say altogether.
Samp. You say you know not what, then,—Boh, boh,—sir.
La-Wr. Sir me with your sword in your hand. You have
A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are,—Boh, boh!
Samp. Boh, boh!—What?
La-Wr. A shitten scurvy cousin!
Samp. Our swords, our swords!
Thou art a dog, and like a dog—our swords!
La-Wr. Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha? where's your second?
Samp. Where 's yours?
La-Wr. So ho! our weapons!
Samp. Wa ha ho! our weapons!
Our doublets and our weapons!—I am dead.
La-Wr. Firsts! seconds! thirds!—a plague be woo you, gentlemen!
Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am starv'd.
La-Wr. They are gone, and we are here. What shall we do?
Samp. Oh for a couple of faggots!
La-Wa. Hang a couple of faggots!

75 *y' are*] Ff, T, S. *ye're*, Dyce.
s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *Exeunt* C. *and* G. *with the dresses and swords*, W.D., Dy.
94] So F1. *First, second, third? a pl— be wi' you, G.* F2, T, and so (with *plague*) W.D. *Firsts, seconds, thirds! a plague be wi' you*, Dy.

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?
Samp. I have it already.
La-Wr. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh!—run away with our doublets?
To fight at buffets now, 't were such a May-game!
Samp. There were no honour in 't, p– on 't, 'tis scurvy!
La-Wr. Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffs!
Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend on boxes?
La-Wr. Let's go in quest. If ever we recover 'em——
Samp. Ay, come, our colds together, and our doublets.
La-Wr. Give me thy hand, thou art a valiant gentleman.
I say, if ever we recover 'em——
Samp. Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts.
La-Wr. There's ne'er a house within this mile. Beat me,
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm; if ever we recover 'em——
Kick hard, I am frozen. So, so; now I feel it.
Samp. I am dull yet.
La-Wr. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee.—Gentlemen? Rogues, thieves, thieves!—Run now, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

101 *buffets*] = "fisticuffs." *May-game* = "sport," "frolic," "foolery."
102 *p— on 't*] F1. *pl— on 't* F2, T, S. *pox on 't*, Dy.
104 *boxes?*] = "blows with the fist." (1385—now); usually used with "ear." Probably of onomatopœic origin.
105 *If ever we*] Dy. *if we ever* F 2. *if we recover* W.D. (om. *ever*).
112 W.D., Dy insert s.d. *They kick one another.*

SCENE V.

A field adjoining to a wood.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *and Nurse.*

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.
Cham. You that have legs say so;
I put my one to too much stress.
Verd. Your horse, sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.
Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Though it were further.—Annabell, thou art sad.
What ails my niece?
Beau. She's still devising, sister,
How quietly her late bed-fellow lay by her.
Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me;
Nor can you blame her.
Charl. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shriek'd,
Though he had never offer'd——
Annab. Out upon thee!
Thou wouldst have taught him.
Charl. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.
Annab. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth. [*Cornet. Music within.*
Vert. Nay, be not angry;
There's no ill meant.—Ha? music, and choice music?
Cham. 'Tis near us in the grove; what courteous bounty

No scene marked in Ff.
s.d.] So Dy. *A Forest.* W.D. (more probable, and no change of scene is then needed for VI.). *and* inserted by T, etc.
2 *horse*] *herse* F1.
6 *devising*] From 1400—c. 1600 *devise* = "imagine," "guess," "think," "meditate," "ponder." F 2 reads *musing.*

Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.
Verd. 'Tis questionless, some one of your own village,
That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady.
Lam. I think rather,
Some of your lordship's clients.
Beau. What say you, cousin,
If they should prove your suitors?
Verd. That's most likely.
Nurse. I say, if you are noble, be't who will,
Go presently, and thank 'em; I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure.
Lam. Like a miller's mare.
Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve the country.
I'll make one, and lead the way. [*Exit.*
Charl. Do you note
How zealous the old crone is?
Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as she.—Come, sweet, we'll follow;
No ill can be intended. [*Music ends.*
Cham. I ne'er fear'd yet.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

A wood.

Song in the Wood.

This way, this way, come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear;
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground.
This way come, make haste, oh fair!
Let your clear eyes gild the air;

32 s.d.] So F1, etc. *Music ceases*, Dy.
s.d.] SCENE—*wood*, inserted by Dy. *Song within* Dy.

Come, and bless us with your sight;
This way, this way, seek delight.

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like Ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours; but draw them on a little further
From the footpath into the neighbouring thicket,
And we may do't, as safe as in a castle.
2 *Gent.* They follow still; the president Vertaigne
Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after;
The women, as if they had wings, and walkt
Upon the air, fly to us.
1 *Gent.* They are welcome,
We'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here. All know
How we are to proceed?
2 *Gent.* We are instructed. [*Still music within.*
1 *Gent.* One strain or two more. [*Gent. off.*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANNABEL, *Nurse*, CHARLOTTE.

Excellent, they are come.
Nurse. We cannot miss in such a business; yet
Mine ear ne'er fail'd me. [*Music for the dance.*
Charl. Would we were at it once!
I do not walk, but dance.
1 *Gent.* You shall have dancing.
Begin! and when I give the word——
2 *Gent.* No more,
We are instructed. [*Dance.*
1 *Gent.* Now!
Beau. But win us fairly!
1 *Gent.* Oh sir; we do not come to try your valour,
But to possess you; yet we use you kindly,

8–9 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. . . . *habited like* . . . W.D. Enter G., *disguised as ruffians* Dy.
17 s.d.] Ff, T, S. *Music continues* W.D. *Music within* Dy.
18 s.d.] Ff, T, S. *They retire*, Dy. Dy inserts next s.d. after *Excellent*, etc., and has CHARLOTTE *and Nurse.*
20 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. Om. Dyce.
22] F1 gives *Begin* . . . *word* to Lamira.
23 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *after which, the disguised Gentlemen rush on Beaupré and company, and seize them.* W.D. Dy om. *Beaupré and;* inserts *the* before *company.*
23 *Now!*] F1 prints this in italics opposite *B.'s* speech: F2 and S om. 1778 gave it to 2 *Gent.* *W.* gave it to 1 *Gent.*, and so Dy.

In that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.
Vert. Oh Heaven!
How hath mine age deserv'd this?
Cham. Hell confound it!
This comes of walking! Had I kept my legs
On my good horse, my armour on,
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend,
How I would break and scatter these!
All Gent. Ha! ha! ha!
Cham. Do you scorn me, rogues?
Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods, but hear me;
Be not so rough! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private;
You shall not find me squeamish.
Charl. Do not kill me,
And do your worst, I'll suffer.
Lam. Peace, vile creatures!
Vert. Do you know me, or my place, that you presume not
To touch my person?
1 *Gent.* If you are well, rest so;
Provoke not angry wasps.
Vert. You are wasps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment: yet if you are men,
(As you seem such in shape), if true-born Frenchmen,
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us;
These ladies' honours and our liberties safe,
We freely give it.
1 *Gent.* You give but our own.
Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old!
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy,
When justice shall o'ertake you!

29–30 As Dy] *This comes of walking; had I kept my legs,/My legs in my good house, my Armour on.* F1. . . . *legs, Or my good Horse, my* . . . F2, S 1778. . . . *kept/My legs on my good* . . . W.D.
31 *to friend,*] *too, friend,* Ff, T. Sympson ap. S (n. 29) cj. *to friend,* whom W.D. Dy follow.
44 *Yet* . . .] *Yet are, if men* F1.

Cham. Look on me,
Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you e'er suck'd; I know it,
I have rode hard, and late too.
Vert. Take heed, sir.
Cham. Then use me like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at sea, as you on land are;
Restore my matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me!
Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd;
And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As, living without action here, you may do),
Forbear their tender gristles; they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it;
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be trodden.
Din. Lackey, my horse!
Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd women.
2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard.
Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful lady-plot
In the hands of ruffians?
Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man and woman?
Din. Justice too
Without a sword to guard itself?
Cler. And valour
With its hands bound?
Din. And the great soldier dull?
Why, this is strange!
Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——
Annab. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——
Lam. As ever

59 *matrimony*] = "wife." Cf. Dryden, *M. à la Mode* (1673), ii. 1. "That sign of a husband there, that lazy matrimony."
68 s.d.] Dy inserts after 68.
74, 75 *And . . . bound*] One line in Ff.
77, 78 *As . . . lovely*] One line in Ff.

I appear'd lovely——
Annab. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly——
Cler. Pretty conjurations!
Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you—
Annab. Shew yourselves men, and help us!
Din. Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,—
Yet that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus!
Cler. I will say little;
Speak thou for me! [*Fight.*
Cham. 'Tis bravely fought.
Vert. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies!
Cham. They are lost yet.
1 *Gent.* You that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.
2 *Gent.* Hurry them away!
[*Exeunt. Manent* VERTAIGNE *and* CHAMPERNEL.
Cham. That I could follow them!
Vert. I only can.
Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven
A little life for my revenge.
Cham. The provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out:
No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from
My searching vengeance!

Enter LA-WRIT *and* SAMPSON.

La-Wr. Oh cold, oh fearful cold! Plague of all seconds!
Samp. Oh for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis!

85 *scorn'd*] *scorne*, F1.
86 Dy inserts s.d. *Draws his sword:* and in 86 *Draws his sword.* D. *ana* C. *fight with the disguised* Gentlemen. W.D. have *They fight.*
90 *them*] *then* T, S. Dy has s.d. *Exeunt all except* V. *and* C.
s.d. Exeunt] Exit F1. Ex. F2.
91, 92 *I . . . Heaven*] one line in Ff.

Cham. The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.
La-Wr. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants.
Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live!
La-Wr. Pox take him!
How that word has warm'd my mouth!
Vert. Why, how now, cousin?
Why, why—and where, man, have you been? at a poulter's,
That you are cas'd thus like a rabbit? I could laugh now
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children,
Laugh monstrously.
Cham. What are they?
Vert. Give me leave, sir—
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.
Cham. Why, sir?
Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing, I smell it, sir, I smell it,
Such a ridiculous thing—
La-Wr. Do you laugh at me, my lord?
I am very cold, but that should not be laught at.
Cham. What art thou?
La-Wr. What art thou?
Samp. If he had his doublet,
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to have,—
Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson!
Cham. Come hither, little gentleman.
La-Wr. Base is the slave commanded: come to me.
Vert. This is the little advocate.
Cham. What advocate?
Vert. The little advocate that sent me the challenge;
I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: now you see the issue.
Cham. Is this the little lawyer?
La-Wr. You have a sword, sir,
And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

106 *cas'd*] = "skinned," "flayed" (Dy). F1 has *cass'd*.
108 *monstrously*] *monstruously* F1.
116] A parody of Pistol more obvious than usual. Cf. *Hen. V.*, ii. 1. (Dy).

Samp. If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger
His manhood has arriv'd, but that men's fates are foolish,
And often headlong over-run their fortunes——
La-Wr. That little lawyer would so prick his ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose——
Cham. Say you so, sir?
La-Wr. So niggle about your grave shins, lord Vertaigne, too,—
Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that, sir.
La-Wr. I will have more, I must have more.
Vert. Out with it.
Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow——
Cham. Have I caught you?
[*Strike him down.*
Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him!
Cham. No, no, no, I will not.
Do you peep again? down, down, proud heart!
Samp. Oh, valour!
Look up, brave friend! I have no means to rescue thee;
My kingdom for a sword!
Cham. I'll sword you presently;
I'll claw your skin-coat too.
Vert. Away, good Sampson!
You go to grass else instantly.
Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.
Vert. Not one word!
Cham. If you do, sirrah—

126 sqq.] *sleight* F1. *justs of* S n. 30, fortified by Sympson! *arrived* | [La-wr.] *Bee't then.* | *Mens* . . . F1. *headlong*, F1. F2, etc., have it all spoken by S.

131 *niggle*] "to spend time on unnecessary details," "to do things in a petty, or ineffectual way." So *N.E.D.* which gives this, as its earliest instance. Perhaps here, editor refers to "*nibble*" as well? Cf. *dog* metaphor in 129-30.

134 s.d.] So F1. *Strikes him down*, F2, T, S, W.D. *Str. d.* La-Wr. (Dy.)

135 *No*, . . . etc.] F1 gives whole line to *V.*

138] Cf. *Richard III.*, v. 4. S (n. 31) refuted Sy's idea that F is here "sneering" at Shakespeare.

Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries valour, so I leave thee. [*Exit.*
Cham. Are you a lawyer, sir?
La-Wr. I was, I was, sir.
Cham. Nay, never look; your lawyer's pate is broken,
And your litigious blood about your ears, sirra.
Why do you fight and snarl?
La-Wr. I was possest.
Cham. I 'll dispossess you. [*Beats him.*
Vert. Ha, ha, ha!
La-Wr. *Et tu, Brute?*
Vert. Beat him no more.
Cham. Alas, sir, I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again, he will be lost else.
Vert. Then take your way.
Cham. Lie still, and do not struggle.
La-Wr. I am patient.
I never saw my blood before; it jades me;
I have no more heart now than a goose.
Cham. Why, sirra,
Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living,
And send your challenges like thunderbolts
To men of honour'd place?
La-Wr. I understand, sir;
I never understood before your beating.
Cham. Does this work on you?
La-Wr. Yes.
Cham. Do you thank me for 't?
La-Wr. As well as a beaten man can.
Cham. And do you promise me
To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?
La-Wr. If you will give me leave and life.
Cham. And ask
This nobleman forgiveness?
La-Wr. Heartily.
Cham. Rise then, and get you gone, and let me hear of you

148 s.d.] inserted by W.D., Dy. *Et tu Brute*? no italics in F1. Cf. *J.C.*
153 *jades*] "tires," "wearies," "disheartens." Cf. *Woman's Prize*, i. 3.
154, 155 *Why . . . living*] One line in Ff.

As of an advocate new-vampt: no more words:
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs,
I shall pursue you else.
La-Wr. I have done, sweet gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends, and children.
Cham. We'll raise the country first, then take our fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the same, with a cave in the background.

Enter First Gentleman and LAMIRA.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may command?
Lam. Think on my birth.
1 *Gent.* Here I am only noble.
A king: and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject and a slave.
Lam. Be not a tyrant,
A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,
And I will think ye such; and on my knees,
As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,
With prayers and tears.
1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage;
I will walk by; but kneel you still, and weep too,
It shews well; while I meditate on the prey,
Before I seize it.
Lam. Is there no mercy, Heaven?

Enter Second Gentleman and ANNABELL

2 *Gent.* Not kiss you? I will kiss, and kiss again.
Annab. Savage villain,
My innocence be my strength! I do defy thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on, sir?

167 *gentlemen*] *gentleman* W.D., Dy.
s.d.] SCENE VI., etc. W.D. *Enter first disguised G. . . .* Dy. Ff. have *one Gent.* (or *Gentleman*).
6 *ye*] Ff, T, S. *you* W.D., Dy. Dy inserts s.d. *Kneeling.*
10 *meditate*] *mediate* T, corrected by S and Sy (n. 33).
s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *Enter second disguised G. . . .* Dy.

You are hot, there is a cooler. [*Draws out a Knife.*
2 *Gent.* A virago!
Annab. No, loathsome goat, more, more; I am that goddess,
That here, with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,
Scourge rape and theft.
2 *Gent.* I 'll try your deity.
Annab. My chastity, and this knife held by a virgin,
Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
Call on for the encounter.
2 *Gent.* Now what think you?
[*Throws her and takes her knife.*
Are you a goddess?
Annab. In me their power suffers,
That should protect the innocent.
1 *Gent.* I am all fire,
And thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures.—
Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase.
Lam. Oh Dinant!
Oh Heaven! oh husband!
Annab. Oh my Cleremont!
1 *Gent.* Two are our slaves they call on; bring 'em forth,
As they are chain'd together; let them see,
And suffer in the object.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT *bound by the rest of the Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* While we sit,
And without pity hear 'em.
Cler. By my life,
I suffer more for thee than for myself.
Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abus'd our service,

16 s.d.] inserted by W.D., Dy.
18] confused construction. No stops in Ff, T. *Steel, in* S, W.D., Dy.
22 s.d.] Ff, T, S., W.D. *He . . .* Dy after *encounter.*
25 *shalt*] F2. *shall* F1.
27 *purchase*] "our capture," "what we have won."
31 s.d.] *bound. By the . . .* F1. *bound, by* T, S. *Enter the rest of the Gentlemen bringing in* D. *and* C. *bound.* W.D. *Enter other disguised . . .* Dy after *hear 'em.*
33 *thee*] Dy queries *these*, and cfs. *'em* 33.

Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
The baits they laid for us were our own honours.
Which thus hath made us slaves to worse than slaves.
2 *Gent.* He dies.
Din. Pray hold; give him a little respite.
I see you now beyond expression wretched,
The wit you bragg'd of, fool'd; that boasted honour,
As you believ'd, compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure, subject to be o'erthrown
With the least blast of lust.
Lam. A most sad truth!
Din. That confidence which was not to be shaken,
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which with so strong and ceremonious duty
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for 't.
Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, though crying one:
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers please,
Though I know not their faces that condemn me,
A little startles me; but a man is nothing;
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you,
(Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me,
To make you sport,) you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?
Annab. Pray you, no more!
Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin zone, observe me,
I would have hir'd the best of all our poets
To have sung so much, and so well, in the honour
Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.

36 *in digestion*] *indigestion* F1.
39 *to worse*] correction of Heath in MS. Notes. *too, worse* Ff, T, S.
67 *Ovid's Afternoon*] see *Amores*, I. 5.

Annab. I do repent, and wish I had.
Cler. That's comfort;
But now—
2 *Gent.* Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it!
Cler. A rogue, a ruffian!
2 *Gent.* As you love your throat—
1 *Gent.* Away with them!
Annab. Oh Cleremont!
Lam. Oh Dinant!
Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.
Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for.
Annab. Amen, amen.
1 *Gent.* Drag the slaves hence;—for you,
Awhile I'll lock you up here; study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being done,
You are but dead.
2 *Gent.* This strong vault shall contain you;
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.
1 *Gent.* No human help can save you.
Ladies. Help! help!
2 *Gent.* You cry in vain, rocks cannot hear you.
[*Exeunt.*

78 Dy inserts s.d. *Exeunt the other disguised Gentlemen with* D. *and* G.
85 Ladies] *Lam. Anna* Dy.
85 s.d.] om. Ff, T, S, W.D.; inserted by Dy.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Interior of the Cave.

A horrid noise of music within. Enter one and opens the chamber door in which LAMIRA *and* ANNABELL *were shut: they in all fear.*

Lam. Oh cousin, how I shake! all this long night,
What frights and noises we have heard! Still they increase;
The villains put on shapes to torture us,
And, to their devils' form, such preparations
As if they were a-hatching new dishonours
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Annabell!
[*A strange music.*
Hark, a new noise! *Sackbut and Troop Music.*
Annab. They are exquisite in mischief,
I will go on, this room gives no protection,
More than the next.—What's that? How sad and hollow,
The sound comes to us! [*Thieves peeping.*
Lam. Groaning or singing, is it? [*Louder.*
Annab. The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.
Lam. Now it grows louder: sure, some sad presage

s.d.] *Actus Quintus*, [–*i* F1] *Scena Prima* Ff. *A Room in the Cave*, W.D. *Interior*, etc. Dy. Om. *Chamber* F2, T. . . . *door, within which . . . they in fear.* S. . . . *all fear* W.D. . . . *the door of the chamber in which* L. *and* A. *are shut up; then exit. Enter* L. *and* A.—Dy.

4] *devils form such* T. *Devil's Form, such* S (n. 33).

7 s.d.] Dy adds *within.*

8 s.d.] Om. Dyce. *Sackbut* = "Bass trumpet with a slide like that of a trombone, for altering the pitch." *N.E.D. Troop music* = military music?

10 s.d.] So Ff, T, S. *Gentlemen peeping above, disguised in horrid shapes* W.D. Om. Dy. *Louder music within* Dy.

13] Dy inserts s.d. *Disguised* Gentlemen *peep.*

Of our foul loss.—Look, now they peep!
Annab. Pox peep 'em!
Lam. Oh give 'em gentle language!
Annab. Give 'em rats-bane! [*Peep above.*
Lam. Now they are above.
Annab. I would they were i' th' centre.
Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.
Annab. Since we must lose.
Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.
Annab. Call 'em rogues,
Rogues, as they are; rude rogues, uncivil villains.
Lam. Look, an thou woo't, beware, dost thou feel the danger?
Annab. Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
And worse when that comes, too; they cannot eat me.
This is a punishment, upon our own prides
Most justly laid: we must abuse brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses; laugh and jeer at
Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it—
Would 'twere to do again!
Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.
Annab. Do you feel it?
Do you find it now? Take heed o' th' punishment;
We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper and young; oh, how it tortures me!
Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty——
Lam. Oh, think not so!
Annab. Nay, an we 'scape so modestly

14] . . . *loss—peepe—looke-now* . . . F1. F2, T, S as Dy (above). W.D. insert s.d. *A Gentleman peeps.*
15 s.d.] Ff, T, S. *Gentlemen peeping above.* W.D. *Disguised Gentlemen peep above.* Dy.
16 *centre*] *Center* Ff, i. e. "hell."
20 *Look*, etc.] *Look an thou woo't, beware* . . . F1, W.D. No comma till after *beware*, F2, T, S. *Look, an thou wo'ot beware.* Dy.
29 *It was*] F1, W.D., Dy. *I was* F2, T, S.
32 *and*] Om. Ff, T; inserted by S, etc.

Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
When we are used thus?
Annab. Why not? Why do you cry?
Are we not women still? What were we made for?
Lam. But thus, thus basely——
Annab. 'Tis against our wills,
And if there come a thousand so——
Lam. Out on thee!
Annab. You are a fool; what we cannot resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.
Lam. Hark, a new noise! [*New sound within.*
Annab. Let 'em go on, I fear not.
If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot preserve me,
Why, so be it, cousin: if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues——

Enter four over the Stage with BEAUPRÉ *and* VERDONE *bound, and halters about their necks.*

Lam. They come.
Annab. Be firm.
They are welcome.
Lam. What mask of death is this? Oh my dear brother!
Annab. My coz too! Why, now y'are glorious villains!
Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours?
Annab. Let 'em go;
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants.
Why must these die?
Beau. Lament your own misfortunes;
We perish happily before your ruins.
Annab. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?

38 *wills*] *vills* F2.
39 *thousand so*] Ff, T, S. *thousand, so.* W.D., Dy.
47 s.d.] So Ff, T, S., W.D. *Enter four disguised Gentlemen, with . . .* Dy, who inserts after *welcome.*
50 *coz*] *coose* F1. *couz* F2. *ye are*, Dy. *you are* S. *you're* T.
50 *glorious*] simply ironical?

1 *Gent.* Yes, foolish woman,
Our captain's will is death.
Annab. You dare not do it.
Tell thy base boisterous captain what I say,
Thy lawless captain, that he dares not!
Do you laugh, you rogue? You pamper'd rogue?
Lam. Good sir—
Good cousin, gently!—as y'are a gentleman—
Annab. A gentleman? a slave, a dog, the devil's harbinger!
Lam. Sir, as you had a mother,——
Annab. He a mother?
Shame not the name of mother; a she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch! a woman-mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? hang him!—Do thy worst; thou dar'st not,
Thou dar'st not wrong their lives; thy captain dares not;
They are persons of more price.
Verd. Whate'er we suffer,
Let not your angers wrong you.
Annab. You cannot suffer;
The men that do this deed must live i' th' moon,
Free from the gripe of justice.
Lam. Is it not better——
Annab. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like rascals,
And put false faces on! they dare not do it:
Flatter such scabs of nature?
Gent. Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.
Annab. Unbind those gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.
Lam. As you have mercy, do!
Annab. As you are monsters!

57 *boisterous*] = "violent," "outrageous," "brutal." Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.*, ii. 1 70. "boyst'rous Clifford."
60 *y'are*] Ff, *you're* T, S, Dy. *you are*, W.D.
61 *harbinger*] used vaguely in sense of "forerunner," "servants."
74 s.d.] Ff, T, S om. *2* or *Sec.*, as also in l. 82, om. *1* or *First* in 85. Dy. inserts the numbers.

Lam. Fright us no more with shipwrack of our
honours,
Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.
Annab. I say they dare not.
There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues,
Tortures, ye bloody rogues, wheels!
1 *Gent.* Away!
Lam. Stay!
Annab. Stay!
Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-faced gentlemen,
You excellent in honesty!—Oh kinsmen!
Oh, noble kinsmen!
1 *Gent.* Away with 'em!
Exeunt VERDONE, BEAUPRÉ *and Gent.*
Annab. Stay yet!
The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!—
Come fortify yourself; if they do die,
(Which all their ruggedness cannot rack into me,)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter CLEREMONT *disguised.*

Lam. Now stand constant.
For now our trial's come.
Cler. This beauty's mine;
Your minute moves not yet.
Lam. She sinks!
Annab. If Christian,
If any spark of noble heat——
Cler. Rise, lady,
And fearless rise; there's no dishonour meant you,

78 *shipwrack*] *-wreck* S, etc.
85 s.d.] So S, W.D. *Exit* Verta. Beaup. *and Gent.* F1. *Ex.* Ver. Beaup. *and Gent.* F2, T. *Exeunt all the disguised Gentlemen with* B. *and* V. Dy.
88 *their*] *that* W.D.
88 *ruggedness*] "roughness," "harshness."
91 *trial's*] So F2, etc. *tryalls* F1. Dy inserts s.d. *Seizes* Annabell, *who falls.* W.D. have, Annabel *falls.*
92-3] *She sinks if Christian,* | *If any spark* . . . (all to *Lam.*) Ff, T, S, 1778, W.D. "It is evident from the reply of *C.* that they belong to *A.*, who is kneeling," etc. (Heath's MS. note.)
93] Dy inserts s.d. *raising her.* W.D. *Apart to* A.

Do you know my tongue?
Annab. I have heard it
Cler. Mark it better.
I am one that loves you; fairly, nobly, loves you;
Look on my face.
Annab. Oh sir!
Cler. No more words, softly;
Hark, but hark wisely now, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.
Annab. You have brought me comfort.
Cler. If you think me worthy of your husband,
I am no rogue nor beggar; if you dare do thus——
Annab. You are monsieur Cleremont?
Cler. I am the same.
If you dare venture, speak; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not woo ye much.
Annab. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves!
Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you.
I have a priest too, shall be ready.
Annab. You are forward.
Lam. Is this my constant cousin? How she whispers,
Kisses, and hugs the thief!
Annab. You'll offer nothing?
Cler. Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.
Annab. Can you relieve my aunt too?
Cler. Not yet, mistress:
But fear nothing; all shall be well; away quickly,
It must be done i' th' moment, or——
Annab. I am with ye.
Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me.—Keep your standing.

[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT *and* ANNABELL.

97] W.D. insert s.d. *Pulls off his mask.* after *face.*
98 *now*] Heath's correction in MS. note. *how* Ff, T, S, etc.
100 *you think*] *if you dare think . . .* S, 1778.
105 *ye*] So Ff, T, S. *you* Dy.
111 Two lines in Ff, first ending *tied.*
114 *ye*] T, S. *you* W.D., Dy.
115 *Keep your standing*] To Lamira.

Lam. Well, go thy ways, and thine own shame dwell with thee!
Is this the constancy she shew'd? the bravery?
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen?
Oh, brave, tongue-valiant, glorious woman!
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at?
The scabs and scums of nature? O fair modesty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of Heaven is over us, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never belief come near me more! Farewell, wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next; I am resolv'd. It comes,
But in a nobler shape. Ha!

Enter DINANT.

Din. Bless ye, lady!
Lam. Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings,
For all the hours I have had since I came here
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.
Din. To comfort you, and love you; 'tis most true;
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my death.
Lam. Heaven was your comfort.
Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own, I had the least care of,) round about me
The captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that even from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant or mercy,

116 *ways*] F1, Dy. *way* F2, T, S.
119] So Dy. *O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman.* Ff, T. *O brave tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious woman* S (n. 36 with Sy's support), 1778.
124 *of*] *O* F2: in F1 the *f* is faint.
128 Two lines in Ff.

There stole down soft relentings. (Take heed, mistress,
And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!
The soft-plum'd god will see again.) Thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amaz'd; then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wisht me prosperous in your love; wish you so;
Be wise and loving, lady, show but you so!
Lam. Oh sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in?
Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
My brother and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
Dead, basely dead;—is this an age to fool in?
And I myself, I know not what I shall be;
Yet I must thank you; and if happily
You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.
Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to your word.

Enter CLEREMONT, ANNABELL, BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, *Nurse*, *the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How? do you conjure?
Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam,
But such as you would gladly see.
Lam. My brother,
And nephew living!
Beaup. And both owe their lives
To the favour of these gentlemen.
Verd. Who deserve
Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.
Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor
To be hereafter more familiar [*Kiss.*
With such great worth and virtue.
1 *Gent.* Ever think us
Your servants, madam.
Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,

156 *is*] Om. F1.
163 s.d.] *Nurse*, and the . . . T, S, W.D. *and two* Dy.
167 *My . . . living*] One line in Ff.
171 s.d.] So Ff T, S. *Kisses them* W.D. *The two Gentlemen kiss* Lamira Dy.

And with laconic brevity. Those gentlemen,
This night encountering with those outlaws that
Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were,
Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
(I am sure with better fortune), not alone
Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got between them and this hellish cave,
For safety of their lives to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their possession :
This sav'd your brother and your nephew from
The gibbet ; this redeem'd me from my chains,
And gave my friend his liberty ; this preserv'd
Your honour, ready to be lost.
Din. But that
I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
And gentlemen, are the same men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that I am doubtful
I should believe him too. [*Aside.*
1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.
2 *Gent.* Thanks but takes away
From what was freely purpos'd.
Cler. Now by this hand,
[*Aside to the Gentlemen.*
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That, while we live, rest confident you shall
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beaupré,
Nor Verdone scents it ; for the ladies, they
Were easy to be gull'd.
1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a jest :
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,
Should it be known.
Cler. Fear nothing.
Din. Cleremont,
Say, what success ?
Cler. As thou wouldst wish ; 'tis done, lad ;

184 *sav'd*] *save* F1.
189 *practice* = "artful contrivance," "stratagem." (Dy.)
192 s.d. and 194 s.d.] Om. Ff, T, S. 194 s.d.] *To the Gentlemen apart.* W.D.
193 *takes*] *take* 1778, W.D.

The grove will witness with me, that this night
I lay not like a block: But how speed you?
Din. I yet am in suspense: devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.
Cler. I have it.—
Come, we are dull; I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.
1 *Gent.* Let 's ransack it;
'Tis ours now by the law.
Cler. How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite?
Annab. To walk again
I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.
Cler. A little respite, prithee: nay, blush not;
You ask but what 's your own, and warrantable.
Monsieur Beaupré, Verdone,
What think you of the motion?
Verd. Lead the way.
Beau. We follow willingly.
Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you.
[*Exeunt.* *Manent* DINANT *and* LAMIRA.
Din. Now be mistress of
Your promise, lady.
Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.
Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you must make it good.
Lam. Must?
Din. Must and shall:
I will be fool'd no more; you had your tricks;
Made properties of me, and of my friend;
Presum'd upon your power, and whipp'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage: do not flatter
Yourself with hope that any human help
Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.

209 *husbands*] = "housekeepers," "managers of affairs."
215 *warrantable*] = "justifiable," "lawful."

Lam. You will not force me?
Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent, because I will torment you;
I'll make you feel the effects of abused love,
And glory in your torture.
Lam. Brother! nephew!
Help, help, for Heaven's sake!
Din. Tear your throat, cry louder:
Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless. 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I 'll enjoy you; a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion, to whom
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.
Lam. Forbear me, then.
Din. Not so; I 'll do 't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out; that boasted honour,
I will make equal with a common whore's;
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats.
Lam. O Heaven!
No pity, sir?
Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee, fool,
Those that surpris'd thee were my instruments;
I can plot too, good madam,—you shall find it;
And in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling, and whining like a boy new-breech'd.
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.
Lam. I am lost for ever!
Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up, miserable guilty!

230 *Din.*] Om. F1. *enjoy*] F1 has *enjury*.
249 *even*] *Heaven!* in T, S.
255 *new-breech'd*] "newly whipped" Dy.
258 Dy and W.D insert s.d. *Kneels.* and in 270 *Raising her*.

Thus kneeling, I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with ;
I am in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel ; if there be,
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
Any thing else to make the balance even,
Pray, put it in ; all hopes, all helps have left me ;
I am girt round with sorrow ; hell's about me ;
And ravishment the least that I can look for :
Do what you please.
Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch, nor hurt you, lady, nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.
Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injur'd ?
Din. Be confirm'd in 't :
I seal it thus [*kisses her*]. I must confess you vex'd me
In fooling me so often, and those fears,
You threw upon me, call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
Dinant thus throws away ! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.
Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.
Din. No compliments. The terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it ; for Dinant, that labour'd
To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.
Lam. 'Tis as safe, then,
As if a complete army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Paris. A street.

Enter LA-WRIT, SAMPSON, *Clients.*

La-Wr. Do not persuade me, gentle monsieur Sampson ;

274 s.d.] inserted by W.D., Dy.
s.d.] SCENE . . . . *street* om. Ff, T, S. Inserted by W.D., Dy. T, S, W.D., Dy, insert *and* after Sampson.

I am a mortal man again, a lawyer;
My martial part I have put off.
Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.
La-Wr. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients,
I am yours, and you are mine again,—be but so thrasht;
Receive that castigation with a cudgel——
Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.
La-Wr. I have; it cost me half-a-crown, I bear it,
All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body——
Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swing'd.
La-Wr. Let it concern thee too;
Go and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did;
Speak to that lion lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do, Sampson,
Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices;
Do, silly Sampson, do.
1 *Cli.* You wrong the gentleman,
To put him out of his right mind thus; you wrong
Us and our causes.
La-Wr. Down with him, gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace.—
Then when thou hast been lamm'd, thy small guts perisht,
Then talk to me; before, I scorn thy counsel;
Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.
Samp. And can the brave La-Writ——

3 *martial*] So F2. *mortall* F1 by natural repetition from l. above.
7 *thrasht*] *thresh'd* Dy.
10 *I have it; it cost . . .* W.
14 *swing'd*] *swinge'd* Dy.
17 *bastinado's* Ff.
19 *poultices*] *Poultesses* Ff. T, S.
21 *To put him*] *To try to put him . . .* S, 1778. Ff. divide at *thus*.
24 *lamm'd*] Dy 's cj. for *lam'd* of Ff.
24 *perisht*] = "brought to the point of death with cold."

2 *Cli.* Tempt him no further?
Be warn'd, and say no more.
La-Wr. If thou dost, Sampson,
Thou seest my Myrmidons; I'll let 'em loose;
That in a moment——
Samp. I say nothing, sir,
But I could wish——
La-Wr. They shall destroy thee wishing;
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten causes,
Dearer than ten men's lives: tempt, and thou diest.
Go home, and smile upon my lord mine uncle,
Take money of the men thou meanest to cozen,
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly;
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy sword and from thy laundress' placket,
And thou wilt live long.
1 *Cli.* Give ear, and be instructed.
La-Wr. I find I am wiser than a justice of peace now;
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man!
That sticks still by him. Art thou a new man?
Samp. Yes, yes, thy learned precepts have enchanted me.
La-Wr. Go, my son Sampson, I have now begot thee;
I'll send thee causes; speak to thy lord, and live,—
And lay my share by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place;
That man neglects his living, is an ass.
[*Exit* SAMPSON.
Farewell. Come, cheerly, boys, about our business!
Now, welcome tongue again; hang swords!
1 *Cli.* Sweet advocate!
[*Exeunt.*

30, 31 *I say . . . wish*] One line in Ff.
34 *my lord mine uncle*] F1. *thine uncle* F2, etc., Dy. But it is probable that *La-Wr.* is sarcastically repeating Sampson's frequent phrase.
35 *Cozen*] *Cousin* F2, which accentuates the play on words!
43 *Yes, yes*] in a separate line in Ff.
46 *my*] qy. *thy?* or does he mean "you must keep a share, commission, for me"? Or is it merely "the share of money or fortune you owe to my good offices"?
49 *cheerly*] *chearily* F2.

SCENE III.

A room in the country house of CHAMPERNEL.

Enter Nurse and CHARLOTTE.

Nurse. I know not, wench; they may call 'em what they will;
Outlaws, or thieves, but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man; he us'd me well;
What I did, 'tis no matter; he complain'd not.
Charl. I must confess, there was one bold with me too;
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter;
I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom,
And I have done 't; and I would pay 't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow!
Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt!
If 't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taste a little flesh——
Charl. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger!
Nurse. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.
Charl. Peace, nurse.
Farewell, and cry not roast meat. Methinks Clermont
And my lady Annabell are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.
Nurse. I observe it:
If she have got a penny too!

s.d.] So Dy. *The country-house* . . . W.D.

13] Cf. Massinger, *Bondman*, ii. 1. "But to lie at rack and manger."

17 *speed penny*] hyphened by S, Dy, but isn't it *good-speed* rather, if a hyphen is to be introduced at all? Cf. "God's-penny" (now only *dialectal*) = "small sum paid as earnest-money on striking a bargain, especially on concluding a purchase, or hiring a servant; *also* a penny given in charity."

17 *purse*] See Henley and Farmer's *Slang and its Analogues*.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, *and* Provost.

Charl. No more:
My lord, monsieur Vertaigne, the Provost too,
Haste and acquaint my lady.
[*Exeunt* Nurse *and* CHARLOTTE.
Prov. Wondrous strange!
Verta. 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.
Cham. On mine honour.
Prov. I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And I have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals,
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.
Cham. We to our cost have.
But will you search the wood?
Prov. It is beset;
They cannot scape us. Nothing makes me wonder,
So much as, having you within their power,
They let you go; it was a courtesy,
That French thieves use not often; I much pity
The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRÉ, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *Nurse.*

Are these the prisoners?
Din. We were such.
Verta. Kill me not, excess of joy!
Cham. I see thou livest; but hast thou had no foul play?
Lam. No, on my soul; my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence.
Cham. How were you freed?
But kiss me first; we'll talk of that at leisure,
I am glad I have thee.—Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not!
Annab. Sir, I am where

22 s.d.] Dy inserts *Enter* C., V. *and* P., after *Exeunt* N. *and* C.
24 *wondrous*] *wonderous* Ff, T, S.
25 *On*] *O* F2.
36 s.d.] Dy inserts *and* before *Nurse.*
37 s.d.] *Verd.* F2, T, S; but the speech is more suited to *Verta.*

I owe most duty.
Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, sir,
The man that should have been your bedfellow,
Your lordship's bedfellow; that could not smell out
A virgin of sixteen; that was your fool
To make you merry; this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.
Cham. How? is she dishonour'd?
Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next priest we meet shall warrant
To all the world: I lay with her in jest;
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.
Cham. Is this true, niece?
Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir, storm not:
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordship
Might have sought out a worse; we are all friends too;
All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun.
Vert. That were not manly.
Lam. Let me persuade you.
Cham. Well, God give you joy!
She shall not come a beggar to you, sir.—
For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I 'll shew you,
Another niece, to this not much inferior;
As you shall like, proceed.
Din. I thank you, sir.
Cham. Back, then, to Paris. Well that travel ends,
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I am sent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us and of our poets; they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we,
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their patrons, and we say no less:
Resolve us, then; for you can only tell
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

6 *Resolve*] "satisfy," "inform." (Dy.)
7 *Whether*] *Whither* F1.

FINIS

VALENTINIAN

EDITED BY ROBERT GRANT MARTIN

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In the Folios 1647, 1679.

In Theobald's edition (1750) vol. iv. (*curavit* Seward), in Colman's (1778) vol. iv., in Weber's (1812) vol. iv., in Dyce's (1843) vol. v.

In the edition by Mr. A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics* (vol. iv., 1906), the text of the Folio of 1679 is reproduced, a list of the more important variants in the First Folio being given in an Appendix.

VALENTINIAN

AUTHORSHIP AND DATE.—With the exception of Darley, who, in the Introduction to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher (2 vols. 1839. I. xxiv.), places *Valentinian* in a group of plays which, though "not brought out before his (Beaumont's) death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it," critics are unanimously of the opinion that Fletcher is the sole author.

The play is dated 1610–1614. The upward limit is set by the publication in 1610 (privilege dated Feb. 15, 1610) of the second part of d'Urfé's *Astrée*. (Part I. had been published in 1607. For the bibliography of the *Astrée* see O. C. Reure: *La Vie et les Œuvres de Honoré d'Urfé*. Paris, 1910.) The downward limit is fixed, as in the case of *Bonduca*, by the death of William Ostler (or Osteler), who is mentioned as one of the actors in the list given in the Second Folio; he died Dec. 16, 1614 (Dr. C. W. Wallace in the *Times*, Oct. 2 and 4, 1909).

ARGUMENT.—The scene is laid in Rome in the time of Valentinian III, Emperor of the West. Valentinian, smitten with the charms of Lucina, wife of the general Maximus, has for some time been endeavouring to undermine her faith to her husband. Lucina's virtue is, however, so proof against all temptation that the Emperor's eunuchs and bawds are at a loss how to weaken her resolution. At a game of dice Valentinian wins from Maximus a finger ring; this he immediately sends to Lucina, with a message purporting to be from her husband, bidding her come to him at the palace. On her arrival she is led to a remote chamber where, despite her prayers, Valentinian has his will. There ensues a powerful scene between ravisher and victim; he listens with unmoved composure and replies with perfect cynicism to her passionate reproaches, and leaves her in tears. In this condition she is found by her husband, who agrees with her that death is the only remedy for her distress. They bid each other a last farewell, and shortly after her women bring to Maximus the report of her death.

Maximus is no man to wear his wrongs tamely. But as an obstacle to the execution of his vengeance stands the bluff old Aecius, commander of the Roman army, no fawning flatterer of the Emperor, but thoroughly loyal to the throne. Maximus knows that on the slightest intimation of impending danger Aecius would not scruple to cut him down, although the two are bound by ties of closest friendship. Aecius must be put out of the way. Maximus arranges that there shall come into the Emperor's hand an anonymous letter, addressed to Maximus himself, urging him to curb the ambition of Aecius, which may aim as high as the imperial purple. This forgery has the desired effect of rousing Valentinian's suspicions against Aecius, who had already angered him by a frank report of the opinions held by the army of the Emperor's excesses and general malgovernment. As his agent for the death of Aecius Valentinian decides to employ Pontius, previously cashiered by Aecius of a captaincy in the army because he had dared to express too openly the resentment felt by the soldiers for their inactivity and lack of pay. Pontius, however, is still loyal to his old commander, and, when sent to murder Aecius, falls upon his own sword. Aecius, on learning that Valentinian desires his death, refuses to live, and since the Emperor's eunuchs are too cowardly to take his life, kills himself. Retribution falls swiftly on Valentinian. He is poisoned by Aretus and

Phidias, two followers of Aecius, and dies after undergoing the most dreadful agony, taunted to the last by Aretus, who has drunk of the same poison, but well-nigh forgets his own torture in his exultation over the Emperor's sufferings.

The first thought of Maximus, now that vengeance is accomplished, is to follow Lucina and Aecius to death. But ambition prompts the second thought that he may live to be Emperor, and, on his presenting himself to the army, he is proclaimed Cæsar by the soldiers. He at once takes the Empress Eudoxia as his consort, and in a rash moment reveals to her his share in the deaths of Aecius and Valentinian; to gain credulity for his statement that he had done all this for her love, he even sinks so low as to declare himself a party to Lucina's ravishment. At the splendid inaugural ceremony Maximus sinks back in his seat as if overcome with wine, whereupon Eudoxia confesses that she has killed him by means of a poisoned wreath. Senators and soldiers, after hearing her story, unite in commending her action, and, after ordering that the body of Maximus be borne off for burning, they go out to elect a new Emperor.

SOURCE.—"For the plot," says Langbaine, "see the Writers of those Times; as *Cassidori Chron. Amm. Marcell. Hist. Evagrius* Lib. 2. *Procopius*, etc." This somewhat random ascription passed muster until A. L. Stiefel (*Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, xii. 249; also *Englische Studien*, xxxvi. 238–43) dismissed the claims of the old historians, and proposed as Fletcher's sole source, the *Histoire d'Eudoxe, Valentinian et Ursace* in Honoré d'Urfé's *Astrée* (Pt. II., ch. 12, pp. 854–974 in ed. of 1647, Rouen, 5 vols.), used also by Fletcher in *Monsieur Thomas*. As a matter of fact, Fletcher probably knew the versions of both Procopius and d'Urfé. Thus in the *Astrée* he found suggestions for the employment of a eunuch as the messenger to Lucina, for the brief colloquy between Valentinian and Lucina preceding the rape and for the Emperor's apparent relenting, for the scene between the two after the deed is accomplished, for the sending of the eunuchs to kill Aecius, and for the artful way in which Maximus uses Phidias and Aretus as instruments of his revenge; the simple narrative of Procopius has no details resembling these. On the other hand, the striking incident of Maximus's confession to Eudoxia of his method of gaining the throne and his declaration that all had been done for her love, Fletcher could have found only in Procopius (*De Bello Vandalico*, i. 4. The story is graphically told in chs. 35 and 36 of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*).

A few passages may be noted where Fletcher appears to be echoing d'Urfé's words. Stiefel compares Lucina's plea to Valentinian in II. vi.,

> "I beseech your Majesty,
> Consider what I am, and whose,"

with the words of Isidore, the wife of Maximus in the *Astrée*, "vous ne ferez rien contre vostre deuoir, & contre ma volonté, lors que ie considere qui vous estes et qui ie suis" (ed. 1647, ii. 895), and "ie vous veux bien supplier très humblement d'auoir consideration de ce que ie suis" (897). Compare also her appeal to his honour as Cæsar,

> "I do not think ye are lascivious;
> These wanton men belie ye: you are *Cæsar*,
> Which is, the father of the empire's honour," (II. iv.),

and Isidore's "ce grand Cesar, de qui le nom est honoré par tout le monde" (897), and "vous estes Cesar, c'est à dire, Seigneur" (900). What is said of Isidore, "cependant n'ayant point consenty de la volonté à cette violence,

elle creust qu'il ne la croyoit pas moins chaste, ni moins digne d'estre sa femme qu'auparavant" (907), is paralleled by the suggestion of Aecius that Lucina is still chaste,

> "Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence
> To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,
> No, nor the justice neither: ye may live,
> And still a worthier woman, still more honoured." (III. i.).

To the materials which he found in Procopius and d'Urfé, Fletcher has added much. Thus the minor characters—the bawds and maids, the eunuchs and soldiers—are all of his invention, as are the whole of the Pontius story, the friendship of Maximus and Aecius, the device of the letter whereby Maximus brings about the downfall of Aecius, and the death scenes of Aecius, Valentinian and Maximus. Procopius does not relate the manner of Valentinian's death; in the *Astrée* he is killed by Maximus and Aecius's friend Thrasiles. The conclusion of the historical narrative is altered by Fletcher in order to provide a sensational climax. According to Procopius, Eudoxia, whom Maximus had married against her will, sent to Genseric, King of the Vandals, begging him to take vengeance for Valentinian's death. He advanced on Rome with a large force, and Maximus fleeing was stoned to death by the Romans themselves.

Koeppel's suggestion (*Münchener Beiträge z. rom. u. eng. Phil.*, xi. 71) that the form of Maximus's reflections on honour (III. iii.) is modeled upon the famous self-catechizing of Falstaff in *1 Henry IV* was anticipated by Seward.

History.—Pepys does not mention having seen *Valentinian*, nor have we any trace of it upon the stage for nearly three quarters of a century. In 1685 appeared in quarto "Valentinian: a Tragedy. As 'tis Alter'd by the late Earl of Rochester, And Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Together with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings, By one of his Friends. London: Printed for Timothy Goodwin at the Maiden-head against St. Dunstans-Church in Fleetstreet, 1685." To the exact date of the adaptation we have no clue, but Rochester died in 1680. In the British Museum is a MS. (Ad. 28,692) version of Rochester's play, entitled *Lucina's Rape, or the Tragedy of Vallentinian*. It is prefaced by a list of actors as follows: Valentinian—Hart; Aecius—Moon (Mohun); Maximus—Winter ell (*sic* —Wintershall, or Wintersel); Pontius—Liddle (Lyddoll); Chylax—Cartwright; Lycias—Clarke; Lucina—Mrs. Marshall; Claudia—Mrs. Cox; Marcellina—Mrs. Boutall (Boutel); Ardelia—Mrs. Core (Corey); Phorba —Mrs. Knept (Knipp, Pepys's friend). If this is the cast of an actual performance it must have taken place before July 1679, when Wintershall died. This MS. version differs somewhat in arrangement and phraseology from the quarto, and perhaps represents the original alteration (as a note, evidently by a former owner of the MS., suggests).

Genest (i. 409–12) records a performance by the Theatre Royal Company in 1684, when Aecius was played by Betterton, and Lucina by Mrs. Barry. Genest quotes Downes (*Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 40) to the effect that the play was very successful owing to the skill of the acting, and the vogue of the author about town. After summarizing the changes made by Rochester, Genest says: "Lord Rochester plainly saw what parts of the original ought to be omitted, and has very properly ended his play with the death of Valentinian—but he has not been fortunate in his additions, his language being very inferiour to Fletcher's." Two further performances are recorded by Genest, one of Nov. 21, 1706, at the Haymarket, when Betterton and Mrs. Barry

again played the leading rôles (ii. 358), and the other of Jan. 28, 1710, for Theophilus Keen's benefit, Keen himself playing Aecius (ii. 435).

The quarto is supplied with a long preface (by Robert Wolseley) full of outrageous flattery, apologizing for any lack of polish that might be found in the play on the ground that the author had died before submitting it to a final revision. The tone of this preface may be sufficiently indicated by the opinion of the writer that although "Fletcher might be allow'd some Preference in the skill of a Play-Wright, (a thing my Lord had not much study'd) in the contrivance and working up of a passionate Scene, yet my Lord had so many other far more eminent Virtues to lay in the contrary Scale, as must necessarily weigh down the Ballance." The play is provided with three prologues, one spoken by Mrs. Cook the first day, written by Aphra Behn, in which Mrs. Behn speaks of

"Great *Fletcher* and the Greater *Rochester*,"

and declares that

"None but great *Strephon's* soft and pow'rful Wit
Durst undertake to mend what *Fletcher* writ."

The second prologue was spoken by Mrs. Cook on the second day, and the third was intended for Mrs. Barry.

In Rochester's version the doomed Aecius challenges the Emperor to fight, and in the combat throws himself on Valentinian's sword, and so dies. Valentinian is killed by Aretus and the soldiers. Eudoxia does not appear. Rochester put his finger on the great weakness of the play when he cut out the last three scenes, but in all other respects "this alteration (to say nothing of its occasional grossness) is in the very worst taste. Some of the additional speeches are in rhyme, and form a ridiculous contrast to those portions of the original play which his lordship has retained."—Dyce.

In 1717 appeared a quarto, the text reprinted from the Second Folio: "The Tragedy of Valentinian. Written by Mr. Francis Beaumont, and Mr. John Fletcher. London, Printed for J. T. and Sold by J. Brown at the Black Swan without Temple-Bar. 1717."

TEXT.—The text as printed in the Folios is pretty satisfactory, as regards both wording and metrical arrangement. F2, beside adding the Dramatis Personæ, list of actors and statement of scene, makes a considerable number of corrections (notably III. iii. 147 and V. iii. 35), and presents the better version. It has been generally, but not invariably (e. g. I. i. 9, I. iii. 176, II. ii. 17, III. i. 19, III. i. 207, III. i. 236), followed, but variants in F1, other than changes in spelling, have been faithfully recorded. The practice of the Ff with regard to "you" and "ye," and the apostrophized form of the past participle, has been followed as closely as possible, and where the Ff differ in these respects, the reading of F2 has been adopted. The division into scenes is made by both Ff, with the exceptions of II. v. and vi., and III. ii. Statements of locality were wholly added, and stage directions largely increased, by Weber and Dyce. The punctuation is, in the main, that of Dyce.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

VALENTINIAN, Emperor of Rome.
AËCIUS, the Emperor's loyal general.
BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, LICINIUS } four noble panders, and flatterers to the Emperor.
MAXIMUS, a great soldier, husband to LUCINA.
LYCIAS, an eunuch.
PONTIUS, an honest cashiered captain.
PHIDIAS, ARETUS } two bold and faithful eunuchs, servants to AËCIUS.
AFRANIUS, an eminent captain.
PAULUS, a poet.
LICIPPUS, a courtier.
FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS } senators.
Physicians.
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

EUDOXIA, Empress, wife to VALENTINIAN.
LUCINA, the chaste abused wife of MAXIMUS.
CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA } LUCINA's waiting-women.
ARDELIA, PHORBA } two of the Emperor's bawds.

SCENE.—*Rome.*

The principal actors were—

RICHARD BURBADGE.
HENRY CONDEL.
JOHN LOWIN.
WILLIAM OSTLER.
JOHN UNDERWOOD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] Not given in F1. Dyce changed the order, and, to some extent, the descriptions. I follow in general F2.

Aëcius] F1 usually spells *Æcius* until toward the end of III. i. ; from then on *Aecius* is the common form. F2 inclines more to the diphthong than F1, but is very inconsistent in its evident intention to change *Ae* to *Æ* ; in fact, after IV. i., F2 usually prints *Aeci.* as the direction for the speaker, and *Æcius* in the text. The word is almost always pronounced as a trisyllable (quadrisyllabic exceptions occur at IV. i. 107 and IV. ii. 11), and the *A* and the *e* invariably form two syllables. Seward first employed the diæresis to indicate the pronunciation.

Fulvius, Lucius, Sempronius] 3 *Senators.* F2.

Physicians, etc.] *Senators, Physicians, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Boy, Messenger, Attendants.*—Dyce, who also adds *Ladies* at conclusion of list.

SCENE] Om. F1, as is list of actors.

VALENTINIAN

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The court of the Palace.

Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Bal. I never saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.
Proc. Chilax,
You are a stranger yet in these designs,
At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of woman you have run through—
(For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry)—
Chi. True; I have so.
Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,
One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none,) and honest?

I. i.] In both Folios there is a division into acts and scenes, but not always a correct one. The arrangement here followed is that made by Weber, adopted by Dyce. The localities of the scenes were first marked by Weber, from whom Dyce departs only occasionally.

5 *my*] *mine* F2. I follow F1, because the vowel must be elided or slurred in reading the line.

9 *woman*] *Women* F2, Weber. Cf. l. 86, where F2 concurs in singular.

Honest, against the tide of all temptations?
Honest to one man, to her husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Why she is honest?
Chi. I confess it freely,
I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
(And sure I have tried a hundred—if I say two,
I speak within my compass,) all these beauties,
And all the constancy of all these faces,
Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
(So they be Greeks and fat, for there's my cunning,)
I would undertake, and not sweat for't, Proculus,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
But this wench staggers me.
Licin. Do you see these jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now, I'll assure ye,
Here's half the wealth of Asia.
Bal. These are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her:
I bid her think, and be, and presently,
Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any precedent
Of any woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more; nay, to be empress.
Proc. And cold at all these offers?
Bal. Cold as crystal,
Never to be thaw'd again.
Chi. I tried her further,
And so far, that I think she is no woman,
At least, as women go now.
Licin. Why, what did you?
Chi. I offer'd that, that had she been but mistress
Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her:
A safe revenge of all that ever hates her,

32 *ye*] So Ff. Fletcher was very fond of using *ye;* Dyce usually converts the form to *you.* This text will adhere to the reading of the Ff.
35 *presently*] immediately.
48 *hates*] So Ff. Seward, followed by later editors, amends to *hate*, unnecessarily.

The crying-down for ever of all beauties
That may be thought come near her.
Proc. That was pretty.
Chi. I never knew that way fail ; yet I 'll tell ye,
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well consider'd :
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspect to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune ; a new Nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages ;
Time should be hers, and what she did, lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities : her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us ;
And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so,)
She should be held for mortal.
Licin. And she heard you ?
Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his judgment. Let me perish,
But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her.
Bal. I would the emperor were that god.
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
Of all the Stoics, all the truth of Christians
And all their constancy : modesty was made
When she was first intended ; when she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon ;
The purest temple of her sect that ever
Made Nature a blest founder.
Proc. Is there no way
To take this phœnix ?
Licin. None but in her ashes.

49 *of*] Om. Fi.
51 Chi.] Seward gave this speech, and the next but one, to Proculus.
79 *sect*] sex.

Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture;
But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire.
Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If the emperor, grown mad with love, should force her?
She pointed to a Lucrece that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.
Proc. This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty year.
Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say a young man should not dare to read
His moral books till after five-and-twenty,
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)
If they will rise and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.
Bal. Well, what's thought of?

85 *cold camphire*] See *Philaster*, II. ii. 63, and note (vol. i. p. 163 of this ed.)

87. *ask'd*] *aske* F1.

91 *She pointed to a Lucrece*, etc.] "Seward observes in a note (the rest of which is not worth preserving) that Fenton has imitated this passage in the following one of *Mariamne*, act iii. sc. 6;

> 'But frowning, with a victor's haughty air,
> He pointed to a picture on the wall,
> Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
> His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd.
> *Mar.* What picture?
> *Her.* Perseus led in chains through Rome.'"—Dyce.

96 *year*] *yeare* F1. *years* F2, Colman, Weber. *year* Seward, Dyce.

100 *tutor*] i. e. Aristotle.

Proc. The emperor must know it.
Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?
Chi. As 'tis ten to one.
Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchase?
Chi. Let's go consider, then; and if all fail,
This is the first quick eel that sav'd her tail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of MAXIMUS.

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, *and* PHORBA.

Ard. You still insist upon that idol, honour:
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a husband
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make ye almost immortal? Ye are cozen'd;
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoky roof.
Lucina. I 'll hear no more.
Phor. That white and red, and all that blessed beauty,
Kept from the eyes that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phœnix, were she never seen, were doubted;

108 *women*] *woman* F2.
110 *purchase*] prey.
I. ii.] Colman suggested that Milton was considerably indebted to this scene for Comus's persuasives against chastity; Dyce remarks, "Not much."
12 *sought to*] solicited. *sought too* Ff; correction made by Mason.

That most unvalued horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale and mere tradition, would help no man ;
But when the virtue 's known, the honour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all ;
And Love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.
Ard. Nay, ye shall love your husband too ; we come not
To make a monster of ye.
Lucina. Are ye women ?
Ard. You 'll find us so ; and women you shall thank too,
If you have grace to make your use.
Lucina. Fie on ye !
Phor. Alas, poor bashful lady ! by my soul,
Had ye no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those :—
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly !
Ard. Come, goddess, come, you move too near the earth ;
It must not be : a better orb stays for you.
Here ; be a maid, and take 'em. [*Offers her jewels.*
Lucina. Pray leave me.
Phor. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy ;
You must not be alone : in conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easy and allowable.
Lucina. Ye are devils !
Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.
Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of chastity,
Tempt me no more ! How ugly ye seem to me !
There is no wonder men defame our sex,

19 *unvalued*] invaluable. The unicorn's horn was reported to possess miraculous medicinal qualities.

28 *thank*] So F2. *think* F 1.

36 *'em*] *'en* F1. "Maids say nay, and take it" was a common proverbial saying. Colman unhappily proposed *take him*, i. e. Valentinian. Dyce quotes *Richard III*, III. vii. : "Play the maid's part : still answer nay, and take it."

36 s.d. inserted by Weber.

And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women.
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Though many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers, and they souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Beside your sins, or common but your curses;
If ever any of your ancestors
Died worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins
That made ye blind and beasts.
Phor. Ye speak well, lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.
Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,
And we may all give thanks for 't.
Phor. I believe ye.
Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
From his wild flying courses, this is she:
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she is wise too.
Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin, she cannot.
Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,

52 *If ever ye had fathers*, etc.] Both Folios read *Mothers* in this line and *Fathers* in the line below; the transposition was made by Seward.

55 *Beside*] *Besides* F2, Colman, Weber.

55 *common but your curses*] *comming but* F1; *coming, but your courses* F2. The emendation was made by Seward, and the line is thus glossed by Colman: "if there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside your sins, or anything common to you all beside the curses that attend those sins."

That all the world shall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
Till he profess'd this love: gods give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.
Phor. Do you mark, too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the emperor?
Ard. But mark it!
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she 'll do it;
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, "Stay, Lucina!" yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends, and happier;
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her tartness unto us too——
Ard. That 's a wise one.
Phor. I rarely like; it shows a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private.
Ard. What a lady
Shall we be blest to serve!
Lucina. Go, get ye from me!
Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
Is this the virtuous lure ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?

98 *prince's love*] i. e. her love for the prince.
107 *lure*] *Lore* Ff. "We should certainly read '*lure*' instead of '*lore*': the allusion is to falconry, and the word '*train'd*' proves it."—Mason, quoted by Weber and Dyce.
108 *imp*] A term of falconry, carrying out the figure of l. 107: to imp a bird's wing was to engraft feathers into it to strengthen it for flight. The

But that I had a mother, and a woman
Whose ever living fame turns all it touches
Into the good itself is, I should now
Even doubt myself, I have been search'd so near
The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
(Fairer, I think, by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well-built piles, show worthy ruins,)
After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches,)
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of!
Let women live themselves; if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers.
Ard. Madam, ye are so excellent in all,
And, I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy ye have, so sweet a fear,
And, when ye come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing),
Are either fools or cowards.
Phor. She were a mistress for no private greatness,
Could she not frown. A ravish'd kiss from anger,
And such an anger as this lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?
Lucina. I perceive ye;
Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;

---

meaning of the line is—Am I a woman fit for you to graft your vices into? Cf. *Custom of the Country*, V. v. 111. (vol. i. of this ed., p. 582).

109 *and a woman*] i. e. and that mother a woman whose, etc.

114 *happily*] haply, as frequently after.

134 *She were a mistress*, etc.] The punctuation of the Folios is bad; they have no mark of punctuation after *frown*, and a period after *dangers*. "Mason gave the right punctuation (in which Heath had anticipated him, *MS. Notes*)." —Dyce.

141 *Run*] *Runs* Ff.

And all the nets ye have pitch'd to catch my virtues,
Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor ye have met a woman
That neither his own person, which is godlike,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me
No, not to be the mother of the empire,
And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of!
Ard. You mistake us, lady.
Lucina. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons
(Fit nurses for his sins), which gods forgive me!
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
I never can! I have a noble husband,
(Pray tell him that too,) yet a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer: for yourselves,
Ye have liv'd the shame of women, die the better!
[*Exit.*
Phor. What's now to do?
Ard. Ev'n as she said, to die;
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I am sure, for us two.
Phor. Nothing stick upon her?
Ard. We have lost a mass of money? Well, dame Virtue,
Yet ye may halt, if good luck serve.
Phor. Worms take her!
She has almost spoil'd our trade.
Ard. So godly?
This is ill breeding, Phorba.
Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!
Ard. That may be, Phorba;

155 *heard*] *here* F1.

But if it be, I 'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let 's go think; she must not scape us thus:
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AËCIUS.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom? who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But bawds and singing-girls? Oh, my Aëcius!
The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodness' sake, like shells,
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour——
Aëcius. No more, my worthy friend; though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Until unhallowed hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,

s.d. *Aëcius*] See note under Dramatis Personæ.

10 *shells*] Altered by Seward to *shields*, as "a much more Soldier-like Metaphor."

21 *unhallowed*] So Ff. The usage of the Folios with regard to the *e* or the apostrophe is very inconsistent, but it is perhaps better to follow it as closely as may be.

Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked ;
We dare not, dearest friend, nay more, we cannot,—
While we consider who we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver ;
Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquired into ; whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter,—
Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.
Max. My noble friend, (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit) weigh but thus much ;—
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not !—why, Aëcius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched ?
Aëcius. You'll fall again into your fit.
Max. I will not.—
Or are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians ?
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be——
Aëcius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave :—why is this author of us——
Aëcius. I dare not hear ye speak thus.
Max. I 'll be modest :—
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders ?—Misconceive me not ;
I sow no danger in my words.—But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome ? Why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness' sake ? their honours time out-during ?
I think, for our example.
Aëcius. Ye speak nobly.
Max. Why are we seeds of these, then, to shake hands

25 *While*] So Ff ; altered by previous editors to *whilst* to bring it into conformity with examples in following lines. 25 *who*] *why* F1.
51 *out-during*] F1 *out daring ;* F2 *outdaring.* Seward left *out-daring* in the present passage, but corrected *out-dare* to *out-dure* in *The False One*, II. 1. 150 (see p. 31).—A. H. B.

With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a mistress?—Pray, your leave yet.—
You 'll say, the emperor is young, and apt
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness: it may be:
But why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?
Aëcius. You search the sore too deep, and I must tell ye,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray, depress your spirit;
For though I constantly believe you honest
(Ye were no friend for me else), and what now
Ye freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do; few
You 'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend: and pray, consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force: for, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend;
The elephant is never won with anger,

66 *you*] *ye.* F1 . 68 *you owe*] *ye owe* F1.
76 *ever-friend*] So F1; *friend ever* F2.

Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by th' teeth.
Max. I pray, mistake me not.
Aëcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.
Max. My ever honour'd friend, I 'll take your counsel.
The emperor appears; I 'll leave ye to him;
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish! [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* CHILAX.

Val. Is that the best news?
Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.
Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then.
[*Exit* CHILAX.
Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.—
How now, Aëcius? are the soldiers quiet?
Aëcius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.
Val. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures;
Shortly they 'll fight against me.
Aëcius. Gods defend, sir!
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judgers.
A donative of ten sesterties,
I 'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.
Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aëcius, yet?
Aëcius. Oh, no, sir!
I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.
Val. Never fear it;
They are stronger than ye think; they 'll hold the hammer.

92 *reclaim*] tame.
103 s.d.] Inserted Weber.
108 *defend*] forbid.

My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.
Aëcius. All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature.
Val. Tell me truly,—
For thou dar'st tell me——
Aëcius. Any thing concerns ye,
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.
Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the same words;
Mince 'em not, good Aëcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Aëcius. I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution,
You be not stirr'd: for, should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge off honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.
Val. They speak plainly.
Aëcius. They say moreover (since your grace will have it;
For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fiddling—so they term it.—
Val. Some drunken dreams, Aëcius.

137 *off*] *of* Ff, an old spelling of the word.
146 *fiddling*] *filing* F1.

Aëcius. So I hope, sir.—
And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than loved for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise ye,)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar.
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse ye;
And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's moneys
Are seal'd and sent a-working.
Val. What sin 's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.
Aëcius. Nor hurt you, o' my soul, sir! But such people,
(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. I have spoken too much, sir.
Val. I 'll have all.
Aëcius. It fits not
Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,

156 *And people*, etc.] "Both the folios have 'A *people*,' &c.; and so the modern editors,—Seward altering, in the next line, '*moneys*' to 'body'!—Mason, who first saw that 'A' was a misprint for '*And*,' observes, 'By the people last described, Aëcius means, not bawds, but informers, to whom his description is perfectly applicable. It is well known to those who are conversant in the history of Rome under the emperors, that every man of rank lay at the mercy of informers, and how frequently innocent persons were impeached by them, merely on account of their wealth. It would be strange if Aëcius, in stating the grievances of the empire, should have omitted these informers, who were the immediate objects of his fear, as we find in the next page but one, where he says to Valentinian,

> "Let not this body
> That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar, &c.
> —— now be purchase
> For slaves and *base informers*."'

Weber remarks that Mason 'forgets one circumstance, viz. that Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius, might serve the emperor in the quality of informers as well as in that of bawds, which renders the proposed alteration, though ingenious, perfectly unnecessary.' But it is quite plain that two distinct sets of persons are spoken of—one '*they call bawds*,' the other, '*as they term 'em, made of paper.*'"—Dyce.

160 *you*] *ye* F1.

Unless ye were guilty of those crimes.
Val. It may be
I am so; therefore forward.
Aëcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.
Val. No more apologies.
Aëcius. They grieve besides, sir,
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
"The fruits of Italy are luscious: give us Egypt
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours
There where our swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well-got viands; here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedg'd, and old with ease and women."
And then they cry again, "Where are the Germans,
Lin'd with hot Spain, or Gallia? bring 'em on,
And let the son of war, steel'd Mithridates,
Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows;
Yet we dare fight like Romans." Then, as soldiers
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely.
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times and living labours
Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder
That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours,
Can now forget the custom of her conquests:
And then they blame your grace, and say, "Who leads us?

174 *mew*] "A hawk is said to *mew* when he sheds his feathers, which he generally does when he is *mewed* or shut up."—Weber.
184 *Lin'd*] Reinforced.
191 *'em*] *them* F2.

Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers
The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians,
Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em
That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes"—
Thus they talk, sir.
Val. Well,
Why do you hear these things?
Aëcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow
And more vexation do I hear these taintures,
Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-glass!
Val. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so. Take heed: you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger.
Aëcius. I am old, sir,
And ten years more addition is but nothing:
Now, if my life be pleasing to ye, take it. [*Kneels.*
Upon my knees, if ever any service
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice),
If ever any worth, or trust ye gave me,
Deserv'd a fair respect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that style ye have stamp'd upon me, soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!
Val. I understand you not.
Aëcius. Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,)
The seas, and thirsty deserts, now be purchase
For slaves, and base informers. I see anger
And death look through your eyes; I am mark'd for slaughter,

214 s.d.] Inserted Weber. 223 *you*] F1 *ye*.
228 *purchase*] booty, prey.

And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;
Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
Is, I may die a Roman!
Val. Rise, my friend still,
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;
I 'll study to do so upon myself too.
Go, keep your command, and prosper.
Aëcius. Life to Cæsar! [*Exit.*

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.
Val. Go tell him
I 'll meet him in the gallery. [*Exit* CHILAX.
The honesty of this Aëcius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
With much repentance now I could be quit of;
But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood. [*Exit.*

237 *Go, keep*] So Ff. Seward placed *Go* in a line by itself; Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce, set it at the end of the preceding line. The change seems quite unnecessary, as the line scans perfectly well with the word in its original position.
239 s.d.] Added Dyce.
246 *she'd*] *she would* F1.
246 Exit] So F1. Exeunt F2.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* CHILAX, *discovered playing at dice.*

Val. Nay, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.
Licin. If I have anything to set your grace,
But clothes, or good conditions, let me perish!
You have all my money, sir.
Proc. And mine.
Chi. And mine too.
Max. Unless your grace will credit us.
Val. No bare board.
Licin. Then, at my garden-house.
Val. The orchard too?
Licin. An't please your grace.
Val. Have at 'em. [*Throws.*
Proc. They are lost.
Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees!
Val. Who sets more?
Chi. At my horse, sir.
Val. The dappled Spaniard?
Chi. He.
Val. He's mine. [*Throws.*
Chi. He is so.
Max. Your short horse is soon curried.
Chi. So it seems, sir;
So may your mare be too, if luck serve.
Max. Ha!

s.d.] Ff Enter the Emperour . . . as at Dice.
4 *conditions*] "i.e. qualities, dispositions, habits, manners."—Dyce.
8 s.d.] Added Dyce. *They throw* Weber.
10 s.d.] Added Weber, as also the one at l. 24.
11 *Your short horse is soon curried*] A proverbial saying. Hazlitt (*English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*) cites its use in Edwards's *Damon and Pythias*, pr. 1571.

Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.
Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.
Max. By Heaven, sir, I have lost all!
Val. There's a ring yet.
Max. This was not made to lose, sir.
Val. Some love-token?
Set it, I say.
Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.
Val. How strange
And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem 't,
If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck's sake: 'tis not rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, sir? There 'tis.
Val. Why, then, have at it fairly. [*Throws.*]—Mine.
Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An 't be your pleasure, sir, I 'll pay the price on 't.
Val. To-morrow you shall have it without price, sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aëcius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently
(They mutiny for pay, I hear); and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have moneys for 'em, and, above,
Something to stop their tongues withal.
Max. I will, sir;
And gods preserve you in this mind still!
Val. Shortly
I'll see 'em march myself.
Max. Gods ever keep ye! [*Exit.*
Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now?
For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record their lessons.

15 *By Heaven, sir*] Om. F2.
19 *curious*] solicitous.
21 *you*] *ye* F1.
22 *luck's*] *luck* F1, *lucks* F2, *luck'* Dyce.
35 *Shortly*] In the Ff this word is placed in the following line.
39 *record*] to practise a tune or song, and hence, to sing.

Chi. For the lady.
Val. But how for her?
Chi. That I confess I know not.
Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The court made like a paradise. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Licin. We will, sir.
Val. Full of fair shows and musics; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing: and, for fear
You should not take, I 'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.
Proc. Well, sir.
Val. They are a thought too eager.

Enter CHILAX *and* LYCIAS *the Eunuch.*

Chi. Here 's the eunuch.
Lycias. Long life to Cæsar!
Val. I must use you, Lycias:
Come, let 's walk in, and then I 'll show ye all.
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of MAXIMUS.

Enter CLAUDIA *and* MARCELLINA.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?
Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childish fear.
Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?
Clau. The same, wench.

1 *Sirrah*] Frequently used in addressing women.
5 *from the court*?] A separate line in Ff.

Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.
Marc. 'Tis true, wench.
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.
Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheathed like rotten ships——
Marc. It may be.
Clau. For, if you mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Marc. They have passed the line, belike. Wouldst live, Claudia,
Till thou wert such as they are?
Clau. Chimney-pieces!
Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men!
I had rather make a drollery till thirty.
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not till barnacles
Bred in my sides.
Marc. Thou art i' the right, wench:
For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"
Were there not men came hither too?

7 *hatch'd*] Inlaid with narrow strips of metal, usually gold or silver, by way of ornament.

10 *iron ages*] "A miserable pun between the iron edge of a sword, and the iron-age, seems to be here intended."—Weber.

12 *you*] *ye* F1.

14 *Chimney-pieces*] Pieces of sculpture, painting or tapestry over a fire-place.

16 *drollery*] *drallery* Ff. Puppet show.

17 *were*] *am* F2.

18 *fights*] "Cloths hung round about a ship to prevent the men from being seen in fight; or any coverts under which they may use their arms unseen."—Dyce.

20 *tires*] broadsides.

25 *To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"*] "An allusion to those persons whose business it was to 'give aim' to the archers, i. e. to inform them how near their arrows fell to the mark. Marcellina means—What woman, after she had become incapable of pleasures, would live to superintend and direct those of others,—would become a bawd?"—Dyce.

Clau. Brave fellows;
I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.
Marc. How know you?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Marc. Take heed, Claudia.
Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes on.
Marc. To me, now,
They seem'd as noble visitants.
Clau. To me, now,
Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning),
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins——
Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.
Clau. Ye are deceiv'd;—they show'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living:
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.
Marc. Peace; my lady comes. What may that be?

Enter LUCINA *and* LYCIAS *the Eunuch.*

Clau. A sumner,
That cites her to appear.
Marc. No more of that, wench.
Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord?
Lucina. Pray tell him
I am subject to his will.
Lycias. Why weep you, madam?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.
Lucina. I do beseech you, tell me, sir——
Lycias. What, lady?
Lucina. Serve ye the emperor?
Lycias. I do.
Lucina. In what place?
Lycias. In 's chamber, madam.
Lucina. Do ye serve his will too?
Lycias. In fair and just commands.
Lucina. Are ye a Roman?

31 *mark'd*] *marke* F1.
34 *Milan skins*] gloves made in Milan.
38 *Peace*] Seward, Colman and Dyce transfer this word from the position it occupies in the Folios, and place it in a line by itself.
38 *sumner*] An old form of *summoner*.
40 *Pray tell him I am subject to his will*] Ff print as one line.

Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.
Lucina. What office bore your parents?
Lycias. One was prætor.
Lucina. Take heed, then, how you stain his reputation.
Lycias. Why, worthy lady?
Lucina. If ye know, I charge ye,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Lycias. Madam, I am no broker——
Clau. I'll be hang'd then. [*Aside.*
Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband
Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it;
It rests in you to come, or no.
Lucina. I will, sir.
Lycias. If ye mistrust me, do not.
Lucina. Ye appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign ye have brought me,
That I believe.
Lycias. Why should I cozen you?
Or, were I brib'd to do this villainy,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a virtue falls?
Lucina. Ye speak well, sir:
Would all the rest that serve the emperor
Had but your way!
Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.* [*Aside.*
Lucina. Pray tell my lord I have receiv'd his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus much
Before you go; I do beseech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Lycias. It shall be, madam;
And so I wish you happiness.
Lucina. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

54 s.d.] Added Weber, like the one in l. 66.
58] *Ye appear so worthy,*
And to all my sense so honest,—Thus Ff.

SCENE III.

An open place in the city.

Tumult and noise within. Enter AËCIUS, *pursuing* PONTIUS *the Captain; and* MAXIMUS *following.*

Max. Temper yourself, Aëcius!
Pont. Hold, my lord!
I am a Roman, and a soldier.
Max. Pray, sir!
Aëcius. Thou art a lying villain and a traitor!—
[MAXIMUS *holds him.*
Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How dar'st thou pluck
The soldiers to sedition, and I living?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pont. Hear me.
Max. Are ye a man?
Aëcius. I am a true-hearted, Maximus,
And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can say.
Aëcius. That's the way
To pardon him: I am so easy-natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.
Pont. I do beseech ye, noble general——
Aëcius. H'as found the way already! Give me room;
One stroke; and if he scape me then, h'as mercy.
Pont. I do not call ye noble that I fear ye;
I never car'd for death. If ye will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do:
'Tis true, I know ye for my general,

Sc. III.] Called Sc. ii. in Ff, though ii. had been already marked.
3 s.d.] Inserted Weber.
4 *Give me myself*] "i.e. Let me go, leave me at liberty."—Mason, cited by Dyce.
9 *a true-hearted*] *a* om. Seward, Colman.
15 *Ha's*] *Has* Ff.
16 *ha's*] *ha's* F1, *h'as* F2.
17 *that*] because.

And by that great prerogative may kill ;
But do it justly then.
Aëcius. He argues with me :
By Heaven, a made-up rebel !
Max. Pray consider
What certain grounds ye have for this.
Aëcius. What grounds !
Did I not take him preaching to the soldier
How lazily they liv'd ? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman ?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, Aëcius,
Though they were rashly spoke,—which was an error,
A great one, Pontius—yet, from him that hungers
For wars and brave employment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.
Aëcius. Why should you protect him ?
Go to ; it shows not honest.
Max. Taint me not ;
For that shows worse, Aëcius : all your friendship,
And that pretended love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this ?
Aëcius. Forgive me :
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself ; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god.—For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman,—ye had died else ;
Next, from your place and honour of a soldier
I here seclude you ;— ·
Pont. May I speak yet ?
Max. Hear him.
Aëcius. And while Aëcius holds a reputation,

23 *By Heaven*] Om. F2.
25 *soldier*] So F2. *soldiers* F1, followed by modern editors; but Fletcher uses the collective singular so often in this play, that the reading of F2 seems preferable. 41 *forget*] F1 *forgive*.

At least command, ye bear no arms for Rome, sir.
Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemn'd man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;
Law were not equal else.
Max. Pray hear, Aëcius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, considered,
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a hasty sin than heinous.
Aëcius. Speak.
Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, ye took me tir'd with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes;
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.
Aëcius. To the rest, sir.
Pont. And, like enough, I bless'd him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes: 'tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to show our country
We durst go naked, durst want meat and money;
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty;
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir,)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches;
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure targets,
And swords hatch'd with the blood of many nations,
To spades and pruning knives (for those get money),
Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,

66 *country*] scanned as a trisyllable, as Weber noted.
80 *hatch'd*] Cf. II. ii. 7.

To give an *Ave, Cæsar*, as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and heats.
Aëcius. What think you?
Were these words to be spoken by a captain,
One that should give example?
Max. 'Twas too much.
Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Cæsar;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir,
And way to live; and, where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell ye,
(And if you please, that place I held maintain it
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome,) I am honest,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his than kept for Cæsar.
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
[*Kneels.*
What my rude tongue discovered; 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.
Aëcius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius: you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæsar,
By me shall never be restor'd: in my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty

83 *To give an* Ave, Cæsar,] Dyce quotes "Casaubonus ad *Persii Prol.* v. 8: 'Ut plurimum docebantur hae aves salutationis verba . . . interdum etiam plurium vocum versus aut sententias docebantur: ut illi corvi, qui admirationi fuerunt Augusto ex Actiaca victoria revertenti, quorum alter institutus fuerat dicere, *Ave, Cæsar*, etc.'"

85 *heats*] *beets* Ff, *beats* Weber, Dyce. But cf. l. 76, and IV. iii. 146. In his *Addenda and Corrigenda* (vol. i. p. xcvii.) Dyce says, "I now believe that the right reading is 'heats': compare *The Mad Lover*, vi. 149:

> 'Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,
> By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses, etc.'"
> (Vol. iii. of this Ed., p. 150.)

92 *where*] whereas.

98 s.d.] Inserted Weber.

And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pont. Thus I leave you ;
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about ye :
Gods give ye, where ye fight, the victory!
Ye cannot cast my wishes. [*Exit.*
Aëcius. Come, my lord ;
Now to the field again.
Max. Alas, poor Pontius! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in the Palace.

Enter Chilax *at one door*, Licinius *and* Balbus *at another.*

Licin. How now?
Chi. She's come.
Bal. Then I 'll to th' emperor.
Chi. Do. [*Exit* Balbus.
Is the music placed well?
Licin. Excellent.
Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone ; and do you hear, Licinius?
Pray let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion. One word more.
Licin. Well?
Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way she passes?
Licin. Take no care, man. [*Exit.*

Enter Valentinian, Balbus, *and* Proculus.

Val. What, is she come?
Chi. She is, sir ; but 'twere best
Your grace were seen last to her.

115 s.d.] Added Dyce.

Val. So I mean.—
Keep the court empty, Proculus.
Proc. 'Tis done, sir.
Val. Be not too sudden to her.
Chi. Good your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They'd break the business else.
Val. 'Tis true; they shall.
Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.
Proc. I warrant ye.
[*Exeunt* VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

Chi. She enters.—Who are waiters there? The emperor
Calls for his horse to air himself.
Lucina. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me! [*Aside.*
Chi. Noble madam,
Ye are welcome to the court, most nobly welcome:
Ye are a stranger, lady.
Lucina. I desire so.
Chi. A wondrous stranger here; nothing so strange;
And therefore need a guide, I think.
Lucina. I do, sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray ye, tell me,
Are ye resolv'd a courtier?
Lucina. No, I hope, sir.

27 s.d.] Added Dyce, as also at l. 55.

Clau. You are, sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray, what might cost those breeches?
Chi. Would you wear 'em?—
Madam, ye have a witty woman.
Marc. Two, sir,
Or else ye underbuy us.
Lucina. Leave your talking.—
But is my lord here, I beseech ye, sir?
Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly,
Ye come so far to visit him. I'll guide ye.
Lucina. Whither?
Chi. Why, to your lord.
Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,
To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chi. It will be so for you, that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides——
Marc. I see he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning
Should pass without attendants.
Lucina. I have two, sir.
Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the emperor?
Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir!
Chi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wondrous kindly. Hark! [*Whispers.*
Lucina. Ye flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell ye—
Lucina. Will ye go forward? Since I must be mann'd,
Pray take your place.
Clau. Cannot ye man us too, sir?
Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you'll try all things.
Chi. No;

I 'll make ye no such promise.
Clau. If ye do, sir,
Take heed ye stand to 't.
Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!
Lucina. The wenches are dispos'd.——Pray keep your way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another apartment in the same. A recess behind a curtain.

Enter LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Lucin. She is coming up the stairs. Now, the music;
And, as that stirs her, let 's set on. Perfumes there!
Proc. Discover all the jewels!
Lucin. Peace! [*Music.*

Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

FIRST SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull:
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath stay'd;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.

---

60 *I'll make ye*] F1 *Hmake ye.* F2 *I'le make.*
62 *dispos'd*] wantonly disposed. Cf. *Custom of the Country*, I. i. 9, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i.:

"Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd."

SC. V.] There is no division of scenes at this point in the Folios; the change of scene was first indicated by Weber. Chilax, etc., enter in Ff after l. 43.

Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste;
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

SECOND SONG.

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Lucina. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now I fear it.
Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit or stol'n,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress.—Pray, sir, forward;
I would fain see my lord.
Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do ye like the song?
Lucina. I like the air well;
But for the words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for ladies.
Chi. All ours love 'em.
Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.
Licin. Madam, ye are welcome to the court.—Who waits?
Attendants for this lady!

33 *shower*] *Flowre* F1. 42 *hour*] *Tower* F1.
44 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.

Lucina. Ye mistake, sir;
I bring no triumph with me.
Licin. But much honour.
Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,
So freely of yourself to be a visitant:
The emperor shall give ye thanks for this.
Lucina. Oh no, sir;
There's nothing to deserve 'em.
Proc. Yes, your presence.
Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
I come to see my husband, on command too;
I were no courtier else.
Licin. That 's all one, lady;
Now ye are here, y' are welcome: and the emperor,
Who loves ye but too well——
Lucina. No more of that, sir;
I came not to be catechiz'd.
Proc. Ah, sirrah!
And have we got you here? faith, noble lady,
We 'll keep you one month courtier.
Lucina. Gods defend, sir!
I never lik'd a trade worse.
Proc. Hark ye. [*Whispers.*
Lucina. No, sir.
Proc. Ye are grown the strangest lady!
Lucina. How!
Proc. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell ye; and you 'll find it.
Lucina. I!
I 'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.
Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I 'll deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye,)
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?
Lucina. Good sir, patience:
I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
Ye do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though ye are the prince's, yet dare tell ye,
He keeps no wife for your ways.
Bal. Well, well, lady,

65 *sirrah*] Cf. II. ii. 1.
67 *defend*] forbid.
68 s.d.] Inserted Colman.

However you are pleased to think of us,
Ye are welcome, and ye shall be welcome.
Lucina. Show it
In that I come for, then: in leading me
Where my lov'd lord is, not in flattery.
[BALBUS *draws the curtain; caskets with jewels set out in the recess.*
Nay, ye may draw the curtain; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.
Clau. Are these, sir,
Laid here to take?
Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.
Marc. We had been doing else.
Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.
Clau. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Lucina. The gods shall kill me first!
Licin. There 's better dying
I' th' emperor's arms, go to! But be not angry:
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, *and* Ladies, *strewing the floor with rushes.*

Phor. Where is this stranger? Rushes, ladies, rushes!
Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!
Proc. Here 's ladies come to see you.
Lucina. You are gone, then?
I take it, 'tis your cue.
Proc. Or rather manners:
You are better fitted, madam; we but tire ye,
Therefore we 'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much lov'd lord unto you.
[*Exeunt* CHILAX, LICINIUS, *and* PROCULUS.

83 s.d.] *Jewels shew'd* Ff.
86 *gentlewoman*] *Gentlewomen* F2, Seward.
91 s.d.] *Enter Phorba, and Ardelia* Ff.
92 *Rushes*] "That fresh rushes were strewed at the arrival of a distinguished stranger, appears from the text, and from the following passage of Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, Lond. 1609, 4. (*sign.* U3): 'I am sorry, Euphues, that we have no green rushes, considering you have been so great a stranger.'" —Weber.

Lucina. Then I 'll thank ye.—
I am betray'd, for certain: well, Lucina,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices! [*Aside.*
Phor. You are a welcome woman.
Ard. Bless me, Heaven!
How did you find the way to court?
Lucina. I know not;
Would I had never trod it!
Phor. Prithee, tell me,
Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely,) is not this place
A paradise to live in?
Lucina. To those people
That know no other paradise but pleasure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard ye any music yet?
Lucina. Too much.
Phor. You must not be thus froward. What, this gown
Is one o' th' prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,
Ye put this gown on when ye came.
Ard. How do ye?
Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!
Lucina. Content ye;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be so. Where 's my lord?
For there 's the business that I came for, ladies.
Phor. We 'll lead ye to him; he 's i' th' gallery.
Ard. We 'll show ye all the court too.
Lucina. Show me him,
And ye have show'd me all I come to look on.
Phor. Come on; we 'll be your guides, and, as ye go,
We have some pretty tales to tell ye, lady,
Shall make ye merry too; ye come not here
To be a sad Lucina.
Lucina. Would I might not! [*Exeunt.*

101 *shoot*] *shout* F1. 103 s.d.] Added Dyce.

SCENE VI.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter CHILAX *and* BALBUS.

Chi. Now the soft music; Balbus, run!
Bal. I fly, boy. [*Exit.*
Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If she can hold out them, the emperor [*Music.*
Takes her to task. He has her. Hark, the music!
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Lucina. Good your grace!
Where are my women, sir?
Val. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the court's bravery.
Would you have run away so slyly, lady,
And not have seen me?
Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.
Val. I do so.
Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, sir.
Val. A friend ye may, and to that man that loves ye
More than you love your virtue.
Lucina. Sacred Cæsar! [*Kneels.*
Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.
Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if ye be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I 'll hide it from you ever;
Nay, more, I will become so leprous,
That ye shall curse me from ye. My dear lord
Has serv'd ye ever truly, fought your battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for Cæsar;
Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.

Sc. VI.] Again change of scene indicated by Weber.
7 *bravery*] "i. e. finery, splendour."—Dyce. 13 s.d.] Added Weber.

Val. I know it.
Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
And spread together, like two sailing cedars,
Over the Roman diadem: oh, let not
(As ye have any flesh that 's human in you)
The having of a modest wife decline him!
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!
I do not think ye are lascivious;
These wanton men belie ye: you are Cæsar,
Which is, the father of the empire's honour.
Ye are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.
Val. I dare not do it here. [*Aside.*]—Rise, fair Lucina,
I did but try your temper: ye are honest;
And, with the commendations wait on that,
I 'll lead ye to your lord, and give you to him.
Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell. [*Aside.*]
[*Exeunt.*

25 *two sailing cedars*] "Sympson's correction (anticipated in the alteration of this play by Lord Rochester, who gives 'two spreading *cedars*'). Both the Folios have 'to *sailing cedars*'; and so the editors of 1778.—Compare *The Lover's Progress;*

> 'The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
> The oak not envious of the sailing cedar.' Act i. sc. 1."—Dyce.

28 *decline*] "i. e. lower, degrade."—Dyce. 35, 40] No s.d. in Ff.
38 *and give you*] F1 *and ye* (omitting *give*).

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An antechamber in the Palace.

Enter CHILAX, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Chi. 'Tis done, Licinius.
Licin. How?
Chi. I shame to tell it.
If there be any justice, we are villains,
And must be so rewarded.
Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let 's make the best o' th' trade.
Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And ground to get it? If he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the mystery, and are best able
To play a game with judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travail,
And brought to opportunity with millions,

1 *How*] *Ho* F1.

10 *ground*] So Ff. "Lord Rochester, in his alteration of this play, reads, '*That had a* husband itching *to be honourable*,' etc., which, it must be allowed, is the more natural collocation of the words. Sympson proposed 'groan'd' instead of '*ground*,' and his emendation was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. There can be no doubt that, in a passage at the commencement of Act iv., where the first folio has '*Ground*,' the second folio gives the true reading, 'Groan'd': but, in the present passage, 'ground' (given by both the folios, and retained by Rochester) may be (as Heath explains it, *MS. Notes*) the pret. of *grind*, a verb sometimes elsewhere used to convey the idea which is intended here, and which the reader will easily guess at."—Dyce.

12 *mystery*] *misery* Ff, corrected by Seward.

13 *a game*] So F2; *againe* F1, and all eds. but Dyce.

14 *travail*] *travel* Ff, and all eds. but Dyce.

Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I 'll melt a crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.
Licin. A good whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same chastity forsooth——
Proc. A pox on 't!
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are (but not in open), and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourself, more welcome!
And there is nothing you dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Chi. The emperor: away!
And, if we can repent, let 's home and pray. [*Exeunt.*
Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk—
Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I 'll cry for justice!
Val. Justice shall never hear ye; I am justice.
Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?
Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
(That 's all my refuge now) for they are righteous;
Vengeance and horror circle thee; the empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee

19 *now*] *new* F2. 20 *Give*] *Gives* F1.
25 *They are*, etc.] Should not these four lines be given to either Licinius or Balbus?
36 *empire*] F2. *Empires* F1.

For ever being read again but vicious;
Women and fearful maids make vows against thee;
Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
Tir'd with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong steel at thee!
Val. This prevails not,
Nor any agony ye utter, lady.
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
And curse your being good too.
Lucina. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?
Val. I 'll ever love and honour you.
Lucina. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour, thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a love in violence?
Val. You shall be only mine.
Lucina. Yet I like better
Thy villainy than flattery; that 's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me;
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me,
For I am worse than thou art: thou mayst pray,
And so recover grace; I am lost for ever;
And if thou let'st me live, thou 'rt lost thyself too.
Val. I fear no loss but love; I stand above it.
Lucina. Call in your lady bawds, and gilded panders,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
"Lucina's fall'n, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd!"—
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me!
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous;
No family I now can claim, nor country,

46 *For ever being read again but vicious*] Ff. read as follows:

"*For ever being read again,—but vicious*
Women, and fearfull Maids," etc.

Seward proposed *virtuous* in place of *vicious*. Colman changed the punctuation, and explained the meaning as, "good men will prevent your ever being recorded, but as an example of vice and villainy."

52 *prevails*] avails.

Nor name but Cæsar's whore.—Oh, sacred Cæsar,
(For that should be your title,) was your empire,
Your rods and axes, that are types of justice,
Those fires that ever burn to beg you blessings,
The people's adoration, fear of nations,
What victory can bring ye home, what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and sons of light, truth, justice,
Mercy, and star-like piety, sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
Made more and heavier, light on thee!
Val. This helps not.
Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
And where there has a chaste wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last, for ever thine the fear'd example!
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
What can your honours now, and empire, make me,
But a more glorious whore?
Val. A better woman:
But if ye will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these lamentations; they do nothing
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser,)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
Ye are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in ye else,)——
Lucina. Oh, villain!
Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me.
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see ye: tell me justly,
How can I choose but err, then? If ye dare
Be mine, and only mine, (for ye are so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy ye,
Almost look on ye; and your daring husband
Shall know h'as kept an offering from the empire,

84 *sons*] *suns* Ff, Colman, Weber. Emendation proposed by Seward and adopted by Dyce.

Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest;
More than myself I 'll make it. If ye will not,
Sit down with this and silence; for which wisdom,
Ye shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were; if ye divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I am able to forgive too;
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it. Princes,
Though they be sometime subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two-edged swords for open censures.
Your husband cannot help ye, nor the soldier;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell; you 'll find your women
At home before ye; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it. [*Exit.*

Lucina. Destruction find thee!
Now which way must I go? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me; my husband fly me;
My family,
Because they are honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me; not a neighbour know me.
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, "There, there, behold her;
Look on her, little children; that is she,
That handsome lady, mark"? Oh, my sad fortunes!
Is this the end of goodness? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?
Why then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual;
How had I been thus wretched else?

121 *where*] whereas. 123 *Princes*] begins next line in Ff.
137 *My family*] Incorporated with the succeeding line in the Folios; printed as separate line by Seward, Colman and Dyce.
149 Dyce inserts at the end of Lucina's speech the s.d. *Throws herself on a couch;* he also added the following one.

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AËCIUS.

Aëcius. [*To those without.*] Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper.
Max. How now, sweetheart!
What make you here, and thus?
Aëcius. Lucina weeping!
This must be much offence.
Max. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus?—My ring! Oh, friend, I have found it!——
Ye are at court, sweet!
Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.
Max. Rise, and go home.—I have my fears, Aëcius:
Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd!—Go, Lucina;
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a Cæsar; go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flower; go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem; go, Lucina,
And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong!
Lucina. I dare not.
Aëcius. Is that the ring ye lost?
Max. That, that, Aëcius,
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes!
'T has pleas'd the emperor, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pander. Was this justice?
Oh, my Aëcius, have I lived to bear this?
Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir!
Max. That 's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes ye well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Lucina. Oh, yes!

155 *are*] *were* F1. *hither*] *thither* F1.
174 *These lips Taste not of ravisher*] Colman compares Othello's "I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."

Max. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness:—
Indeed she was, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So she is still.
Max. Once more.—Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!
Aëcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience;
Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too sinful.
Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,
Till you have dropt your mistress into marble.
Now, go for ever from me.
Lucina. Long farewell, sir!
And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!
Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.
Aëcius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Aëcius must not take. Farewell, thou phœnix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.
Lucina. No.
Aëcius. Mistake not.
I would not stain your honour for the empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit:
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's;
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same Aëcius, still as honest,
The same life I have still for Maximus,
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one. Therefore, misconceive not;
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.

179 *Once more*] Dyce adds s.d. *Kissing her again.*
182 *equal*] just.
201 *decline you*] "divert you from your course."—Dyce.
207 *misconceive not*] *misconceive me not* F2.

Max. She must not.
Lucina. Why so long, sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already?
Aëcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.
Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my Aëcius.
Aëcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
His swoll'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
Death only eases you; this, the whole empire.
Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence
To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither: ye may live,
And still a worthier woman, still more honoured;
For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
Or should the eternal gods desire to perish
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chastity of Heaven? No, lady;
If ye dare live, ye may: and as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect;
The empire too will bless you.
Max. Noble sir,
If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being;
Or could the wrong be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live, nay more, compel her.
But since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses;

230 *Make*] *Makes* F1. 232 *you*] *ye* F1.
236 *wrong*] So F1 and Seward; *wrongs* F2 and other eds. The singular seems clearly preferable here, since Maximus is speaking of a single definite wrong done to Lucina, and one done to him; the two single wrongs unite to make the *both our wrongs* of the following line.

Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come, and when they read she liv'd,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she lov'd that more than wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.
Aëcius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.
Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For, could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again. The empire
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses.
And where ye counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors and repent, I 'll tell ye
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think, for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I 'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.
Aëcius. The farewells, then, of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady!
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I 'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin.
Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine: time, story,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity.
Aëcius. Once more, farewell! go, find Elysium,
There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,
There, where 'tis ever spring and ever summer!

242 *names*] i. e. those who bear our name, our descendants.
272 *time, story*] Colman altered to *Time's story.*

Max. There, where no bed-rid justice comes! Truth, Honour,
Are keepers of that blessed place: go thither;
For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timber.
Aëcius. And so, our last farewells!
Max. Gods give thee justice! [*Exit* LUCINA.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] His thoughts begin to work; I fear him: yet
He ever was a noble Roman; but
I know not what to think on 't; he hath suffered
Beyond a man, if he stand this.
Max. Aëcius,
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me?
It was my wife the emperor abused thus;
And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him,"—
Must I not, my Aëcius?
Aëcius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will ye go home, or go to my house?
Max. Neither:
I have no home; and you are mad, Aëcius,
To keep me company: I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me.
A pander is a prince to what I am fall'n:
By Heaven, I dare do nothing!
Aëcius. You do better.
Max. I am made a branded slave, Aëcius,
And yet I bless the maker.
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tameness?
I am a child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?
Aëcius. 'Tis well consider'd;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may outwear the first, the last lives ever.
Max. Oh, that thou wert not living and my friend!

281 *liv'st*] *livest* F1.
283 s.d.] Inserted Weber.
298 *By Heaven*] Om. F2.
302 *tameness*] *tales* Ff, and eds. except Dyce. Emendation proposed by Mason, but not very satisfactory.

Aëcius. [*Aside.*] I 'll bear a wary eye upon your actions:
I fear ye, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin!—Do ye love me?
Max. That 's all I have to live on.
Aëcius. Then go with me;
Ye shall not to your own house.
Max. Nor to any;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass.
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on 't,
I should not chide him for 't: an awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] This is a mask to cozen me: I know ye,
And how far ye dare do; no Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless valour; and I 'll watch ye.—
Keep that obedience still.
Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his grace!
I 'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?
Aëcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.
Max. Why then, I care not;
I can live well enough, Aëcius:
For look you, friend, for virtue, and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] He 's craz'd a little;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.
Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before, is it, Aëcius?—
By 'r lady, and well handled too i' th' breeding.

309, 323 s.d.] Inserted Colman.
331–2] *Why then . . . Aëcius* one line in Ff.
334 s.d.] Inserted Weber. 338 *years*] F1 *yeare*.

Aëcius. Will ye go any way?
Max. I'll tell thee, friend:
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;
For I am not angry yet. The emperor
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?
Aëcius. Alas, my noble friend!
Max. Alas not me;
I am not wretched; for there 's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.
Aëcius. Will ye walk yet?
Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend; that 's the truth on 't;
She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
Will 't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? Keep it here,
And I 'll discover to you.
Aëcius. Well?
Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend?
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed?
Max. Oh, gods, my heart!
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] Would it would fairly break!
Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty.

Enter CLAUDIA.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears; she 's dead; she is so.
Max. Why, so it should be. How?
Clau. When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping,

358 s.d.] Inserted Weber.
360 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
363 *you*] *ye* F1.

And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her,
" Dare I," said she, " defile this house with whore,
In which his noble family has flourish'd?"
At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd her——
Max. No more of that; be gone. [*Exit* CLAUDIA.
Now, my Aëcius,
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: now lead me, friend,
And as we walk together, let's pray truly,
I may not fall from faith.
Aëcius. That's nobly spoken.
Max. Was I not wild, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go with ye;
But do not name the woman. Fie, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady—
Aëcius. Good sir, no more; I shall be melted with it.
Max. I have done; and, good sir, comfort me. Would there were wars now!
Aëcius. Settle your thoughts; come.
Max. So I have now, friend;
Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. By my faith, Captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your fall'n fortunes, what to say I know not;
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.

366 *as we saw her*] *as we see her* Ff. Seward proposed *that we saw her.*
374 *let's pray truly*] *let's pray together truly* Ff, Seward, Dyce. I incline to Colman's opinion, that "the second *together* seems superfluous and erroneous, and probably was interpolated by a careless transcriber."
382 *Would . . . now*] separate line in Ff.
Sc. II.] Although the following scene is marked *Scaen. 3* in F1 and *Scene III.* in F2, the Folios make no change of scene here; corrected by Weber.

Are. And when he understands he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can ye sing?
Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my songs
Go not to th' lute or viol, but to th' trumpet;
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love or women.
Phid. And those he understands not.
Pont. He should, Phidias.
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You must, if here you would plant yourself, and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us; wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too; what they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute;
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed.
Phid. Can ye flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.
Are. That 's well said, then.
Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believed, then?
Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.
Pont. By any means, then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter.
Are. Ye must swear too,
If ye be there.
Pont. I can swear, if they move me.
Phid. Cannot ye forswear too?
Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.
Are. You should procure a little too.
Pont. What's that?
Men's honest sayings for my truth?

14 *Could you,* etc.] Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce, makes *You must, if here you would plant yourself* parenthetical, and places interrogation marks after *us* (17), *too* (18), *execute* (20), and *empty-handed.* The punctuation here followed is that of the Ff.
28 *there*] i. e. at court.

Are. Oh, no, sir,
But women's honest actions for your trial.
Pont. Do you do all these things?
Phid. Do you not like 'em?
Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth.
Are. You do mistake us, captain; for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em?
Pont. Then sincerely
I tell ye I abhor 'em: they are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Are. What then, sir?
Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers, and borne arms,
The servants of the brave Aëcius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave
(Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains!
For all your golden coats, debosh'd, base villains!
Yet I do wear a sword to tell you so.
Is this the way you mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man?
Are there not lazy things enough, call'd fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be preferr'd for panders,
But wanting soldiers must be knaves too? ha!
This the trim course of life? Were not ye born bawds,
And so inherit but your rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet, digging, pruning
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest, and a man's, I 'll rather choose,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine; eat my coarse bread not curs'd,
And mend upon 't (your diets are diseases);

35 *you*] *ye* F1.
49 *you*] *ye* F1.
55 *knaves*] *knave* F1.

And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pander of ye all,
And rise a great deal honester; my garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your velvets.
Are. You have hit it;
Nor are we those we seem. The lord Aëcius
Put us good men to th' emperor; so we have serv'd him,
Though much neglected for it; so dare be still:
Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: means,
Such as we have, ye shall not want, brave Pontius;
But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out
The way of your offences, we are yours, sir;
And you shall live at court an honest man too.
Phid. That little meat and means we have, we 'll share it.
Fear not to be as we are; what we told ye
Were but mere trials of your truth: y' are worthy,
And so we 'll ever hold ye; suffer better,
And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good master be not ever angry,
Ye shall command again.
Pont. I have found two good men. Use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the house of MAXIMUS.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. There 's no way else to do it; he must die;
This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame;

81 *The way of your offences*] "a periphrasis for 'your offences.'"—Dyce
87 *you*] *ye* F1.

This perfectness, that keeps me from opinion,
Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most;
Yet I must on, and through: for, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a sea
He bears his high command 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in mine own road sinks me. He is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say
"What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?"
Dead sure he cuts me off: Aëcius dies,
Or I have lost myself.—Why should I kill him?
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing;
Aëcius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?
Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has;
And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so.
Why should this empty word incite me, then,
To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
A friend is more than all the world, than honour;
She is a woman, and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs!—But, hark ye, Maximus,
Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell ye

4 *that keeps me from opinion*] "i.e. that prevents me from acting in such a manner as may preserve my reputation."—Mason, quoted by Dyce.

12 *mine*] *my* F1.

19 *'tis my killing*] "i.e. the killing of Aëcius is, in fact, killing myself."—Mason, quoted by Dyce.

24 *rumour*] i.e. reputation. Colman substituted *honour*.

25 *What is honour*, etc.] It is scarcely necessary to suppose that Fletcher "had in view Falstaff's comick Catechism concerning Honour," as Seward and Koeppel propose.

She was a ravish'd woman? Did not justice
Nobly begin with her, that not deserv'd it?
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little:
Can this abuse die here? Shall not men's tongues
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only virtue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her?
One of so sweet a virtue, that Aëcius,
(Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it,)
Out of his worthy love to me and justice,
Had it not been on Cæsar, had reveng'd her?
By Heaven, he told me so! What shall I do then?
Can other men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek ye.
Max. Go, entreat him to enter.— [*Exit* Serv.
Oh, brave Aëcius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not.
Is there no way, without him, to come near it?
For out of honesty he must destroy me
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity;
Only the time and means is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall die;
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not

41 *he*] *ye* F1.
53 *By Heaven*] Om. F2.
54 *affect*] aim at, aspire to, the original meaning of the Latin *affectare*.
55 s.d.] In the Folios this is placed between ll. 53 and 54.
56 Exit] Not marked in Ff.
64 *all*] Om. F2.

What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me:
Would I were dead myself!

Enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?
Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination, made me wander.
Aëcius. I thought you had been more settled.
Max. I am well;
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] Ye are dangerous,
But I 'll prevent it if I can.—Ye told me
You would go to th' army.
Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aëcius,
That strikes me first?
Aëcius. You promised me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should any strike you?
Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward—
A cuckold, and a coward; that 's two causes
Why every one should beat me.
Aëcius. Ye are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he died for 't.
For thus far on mine honour I 'll assure you,
No man more lov'd than you; and, for your valour,
And what else may be fair, no man more follow'd.
Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one;
The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I 'll find a body for 'em, or I 'll break it.

74 *you*] *ye* F1.
76 s.d.] Inserted Seward.
89 *else*] *ye* Ff. Emendation proposed by Seward. Despite Dyce's adherence to original text, in explanation of which he quotes Heath, "and for your valour, and your great expectations, even those consistent with your honour and loyalty, no man more followed," *ye* appears to me an impossible reading.

'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some look'd for 't,
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools. Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on 't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport, I hope, then, and what's dangerous
A battle shall beat from me.
Aëcius. Why do ye eye me
With such a settled look?
Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.
Aëcius. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do,—lie.
Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you much?
Aëcius. Without all doubt.
Max. And could you live without me?
Aëcius. It would much trouble me to live without ye,
Our loves, and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one household in us: but to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch ye off, where honour had engaged ye,
I ought, and would die for ye.
Max. Truly spoken!—
[*Aside.*] What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now?
Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid him;
I would have taught him such a trick his eunuchs,
Nor all his black-eyed boys dream'd of yet.
By all the gods, I am mad now! Now were Cæsar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!
The destinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappl'd with him, should relieve him,

117 s.d.] Inserted Seward.
120 *boys dream'd*] Seward's emendation *boys e'er dreamt* was adopted by Colman and Weber.

No, not the hope of mankind, more; all perished!
But this is words and weakness.
Aëcius. Ye look strangely.
Max. I look but as I am; I am a stranger.
Aëcius. To me?
Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.
Aëcius. Then I'll leave ye.
Max. I find I am best so. If ye meet with Maximus,
Pray bid him be an honest man, for my sake:
You may do much upon him; for his shadow,
Let me alone.
Aëcius. Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; ye have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!
Max. I danger?
I willing to do anything? I dig?
Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispers'd to other women,
And many one ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?
Aëcius. Now ye weep.
Max. Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.
Aëcius. I 'll tell ye,
(And I must tell ye truth,) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join with ye: were it any man's
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief: I would take it,
And to your rest give ye a brave revenge:
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,

138 *dig*] So Ff. Presumably a misprint, for which no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Weber adopted the *die* of Colman's ed. Dyce suggested, *Ay, dig.* Mitford (*Cursory Notes on Dyce's Text*, 1856) would read, *I'm willing to do anything; ay, die!*

142 *many one ravish'd*] Seward and Colman printed *many a one e'en ravish'd.*

147 *join*] So F2. *wyne* F1. *whine* Seward, Colman. Says Weber, "I have no doubt that *wyne* was an accidental corruption of *ioyne*. . . . Exactly the same corruption has occurred in the first folio, in the soliloquy of Maximus, act V. sc. iii." (l. 35 *Winted*).

And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;
Therefore again, take heed! On foreign foes
We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us. Be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those ye know not;
For by this fatal blow, if ye dare strike it
(As I see great aims in ye), those unborn yet,
And those to come of them, and those succeeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As ye now bear yourself, I am your friend still;
If ye fall off, I will not flatter ye,
And in my hands, were ye my soul, you perish'd.
Once more, be careful; stand, and still be worthy:
I'll leave you for this hour. [*Exit.*

Max. Pray do.—'Tis done:
And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin! I must through it. [*Exit.*

158 *us*] Seward altered to *'em*.
162 *those*] *these* Ff; correction made by Dyce.
165 *If ye fall off*, etc.] Dyce prints the line thus:

"If you fall off, (I will not flatter you,).

168 *you*] F1 *ye*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, *and* BALBUS.

Val. Dead!
Chi. So 'tis thought, sir.
Val. How?
Licin. Grief and disgrace,
As people say.
Val. No more; I have too much on 't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!
Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye;
If she be dead——
Chi. Alas, sir!
Val. Hang ye, rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Cæsar?
Licin. Mighty, and our maker.
Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction!
Look she be living, slaves!
Licin. We are no gods, sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.
Val. She cannot die; she must not die; are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours, as others', told 'em? can they be ashes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,

12 *Groan'd*] *Ground* F1, Seward.

That I am all that is,—"The world's my creature;
The trees bring forth their fruits when I say *Summer;*
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
With his proud mountain waters envying heaven,
When I say *Still*, run into crystal mirrors?"
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye moths, that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?

Chi. All women are not with her.

Val. A common whore serves you, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy.
Am I a man to traffic with diseases?
Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
And such a one that gods would kneel to purchase?
You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em.
Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be foot-men's:
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!
I have done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar,

25 *envying*] "i.e. vying with, emulating."—Dyce.

26 *run*] The verb is attracted into the plural by the plural noun intervening between it and the subject. (Cf. *Henry V*, V. ii. 19—

> "The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
> Have lost their quality,"

and countless other examples in Shakspere.) Seward, followed by Colman and Weber, altered to *runs*.

39 *that*] *the* F1, Seward, Dyce.

And I may curse ye for 't; your wanton jennets,
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
Hast such a Messalina, such a Laïs,
The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions;
The sweat of fifty men a night does nothing.
Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.
Val. 'Tis oracle.
The sins of other women, put by hers,
Show off like sanctities. Thine 's a fool, Chilax,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
Rotten and ready for an hospital.
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus,—
Bal. Well, sir.
Val. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments: she has had ten bastards,
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays;
She has been the song of Rome, and common pasquil;
Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too
(They have it yet to show), and yet she prays;
She is now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments. Am I
Left for these withered vices? and but one,
But one of all the world that could content me,
And snatch'd away in showing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
And save your lives; raise me this noble beauty,
As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
Or, by the gods——
Licin. Most sacred Cæsar——
Val. Slaves——

51 *your wanton jennets, That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies*] Weber and Dyce compare *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* (IV. iii.)—

"Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?"

(See the note on this line in vol. iii. of this ed., p. 438.)

56 *a night*] *a-night*, Colman, Weber, Dyce.

67 *pasquil*] subject for satirical lampoons. The origin of the word is in the Statue of Pasquino, or Pasquillo, in Rome, to which satirical verses used to be affixed. The writers of such lampoons sometimes adopted Pasquil or Pasquin as an anonym, and later the name came to be applied to the composition itself.

Enter PROCULUS.

Licin. Good Proculus—
Proc. By Heaven, you shall not see it!
It may concern the empire.
Val. Ha! What saidst thou?
Is she not dead?
Proc. Not any one I know, sir:
I come to bring your grace a letter here,
Scatter'd belike i' th' court: 'tis sent to Maximus,
And bearing danger in it.
Val. Danger! where?
Double our guard!
Proc. Nay, no where, but i' th' letter.
Val. [*Aside.*] What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I am grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory.
I find there must be danger in this deed:
Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief.
This letter may betray me.—Get ye gone,
And wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
And keep this from the empress. [*Exeunt.*]
The name Maximus
Runs through me like a fever. This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me; why should I open 't?
I have done him wrong enough already. Yet
It may concern me too; the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'll purge it out in prayers.—How! what's this?
[*Reads.*

79 s.d.] Added F2.
80 *Licin.*] So F2; *Lycias* F1. Dyce pointed out that *Lycias* was a mistake for *Lyci.*, i.e. Lycinius. The s.d. in Colman and Weber reads *Enter* PROCULUS *and* LYCIAS. *By Heaven*] Om. F2.
87 s.d.] Added Dyce.
106 *Reads*] *Letter read* Ff —Two lines in Ff (the first ending at *prayers*).

Lord Maximus, you love Aëcius,
And are his noble friend too: bid him be less,
I mean less with the people; times are dangerous,
The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
And, as some will not stick to say, declining:
You stand a constant man in either fortune:
Persuade him: he is lost else. Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never,
Yet what the people, mad with loving him,
And as they willingly desire another,
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
(As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,
And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
He is honest and will hear you. Doubts are scatter'd,
And almost come to growth in every household;
Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
The people that are now but rage and his,
Might be again obedience. You shall know me
When Rome is fair again; till when, I love you.
No name? This may be cunning; yet it seems not,
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
If not prevented by Tiberius,
Been by the soldiers forc'd their emperor?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.
And was not Corbulo (even that Corbulo,
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of Rome), because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,
Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety;
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
Me he hates more than peace: what this may breed,
If dull security and confidence

112 *fortune*] *fortunes* F1, Seward, Weber. 115 *mad*] *made* F1.
130] Two lines (the first ending at *safety*) in Ff.

Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.
But why Lord Maximus, I injur'd so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance :
What now he is, I fear ; for his abuses,
Without the people, dare draw blood.—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your grace?
Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither.
[*Exit* Servant.
I 'll find a day for him too. *Times are dangerous,*
The army his, the emperor in doubts :
I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
As if he had intent to make me odious,
And to my face, and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is not
The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
(Were this Aëcius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous,
Though he be good ; and, though a friend, a fear'd one ;
And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come yet?—
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about : if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go foremost.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Life to Cæsar!
Val. Is Lord Aëcius waiting?
Phid. Not this morning ;
I rather think he 's with the army.

147 *laugh*] *laught* Ff.
153 s.d.] Added Colman.
157 *As if*, etc.] "At the beginning of this line both the folios have '1,' and at the beginning of the next line '2.'—'A marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text.'—SEWARD."—Dyce.
168 *fears*] "i.e. the objects of my fear."—Dyce.

Val. Army ! 170
I do not like that "army."—[*Aside.*]—Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and—do ye hear ?—
Come private without any ; I have business
Only for him.
Phid. Your grace's pleasure.
Val. Go. [*Exit* PHIDIAS.
What soldier is the same (I have seen him often) 175
That keeps you company, Aretus ?
Are. Me, sir ?
Val. Ay, you, sir.
Are. One they call Pontius,
An 't please your grace.
Val. A captain ?
Are. Yes, he was so ;
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general, 180
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.
Val. H'as been a valiant fellow ?
Are. So he 's still.
Val. Alas ! the general might have pardon'd follies :
Soldiers will talk sometimes.
Are. I am glad of this. [*Aside.*
Val. He wants preferment, as I take it.
Are. Yes, sir ; 185
And for that noble grace his life shall serve.
Val. I have a service for him ;
I shame a soldier should become a beggar.
I like the man, Aretus.
Are. Gods protect ye !
Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there 190
He shall receive the business, and reward for 't :
I 'll see him settled too, and as a soldier ;
We shall want such.
Are. The sweets of Heaven still crown ye !
[*Exit.*
Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be deliver'd, still am dying ! [*Exit.* 195

171, 184 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
193 *The sweets*, etc.] F1 made these last three lines part of the preceding speech.

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter MAXIMUS *alone.*

Max. My way has taken: all the court 's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,
And so I 'll keep myself. Here comes Aëcius;
I see the bait is swallow'd: if he be lost,
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd.

Enter AËCIUS *with a bandage round his arm, and* PHIDIAS.

Aëcius. Why, how now, friend? what make ye here unarm'd?
Are ye turn'd merchant?
Max. By your fair persuasions;
And such a merchant traffics without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aëcius,
And, which is more, forgiven.
Aëcius. Now I love ye,
Truly I do; ye are a worthy Roman.
Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Aëcius. Still ye take more love from me. Virtuous friend,
The gods make poor Aëcius worthy of thee!
Max. Only in me y' are poor, sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But why your arm thus?
Have ye been hurt, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Bruis'd a little;
My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
I never knew him do.

7 s.d.] *Enter Aëcius and Phidias* Ff, between ll. 3 and 4.
8 *make*] do. *makes* F2, Colman, Weber. Cf. III. i. 152.
20] Two lines (the first ending at *yours*) in Ff.

Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on 't better, ye shall back;
Let my persuasions rule ye.
Aëcius. Back! why, Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aëcius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now, then?
Max. I'll tell ye why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: the court 's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear;
I do not like your going.
Aëcius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away:
I am too plain and true to be suspected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwisely. [*Aside.*
Aëcius. If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That 's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him; he loves me better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in, and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.
Max. Go on then;
And I'll go with ye.
Aëcius. No, ye may not, friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aëcius:
Shall I forsake ye in my doubts?
Aëcius. Ye must.
Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I liv'd
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleasure?

37 s.d.] Added Weber.
40 *he*]'*a* F1. *he loves me better*—"That is, he shows his love to me still more by it."—Mason.
52 *carpet-friend*] "This alludes to the Carpet-Knights, which are frequently

I can endure a death as well as Cato.
Aëcius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.
Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.
Aëcius. I need no sword, nor friend, in this: pray leave me;
And, as ye love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I 'll meet ye, and we 'll drink a cup or two;
Ye need good wine, ye have been sad. Farewell.
Max. Farewell, my noble friend: let me embrace ye
Ere ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Aëcius. Yes, often.
Max. Farewell, good dear Aëcius!
Aëcius. Farewell, Maximus,
Till night: indeed you doubt too much.
[*Exit with* PHIDIAS.
Max. I do not.
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy!
I 'll hover hereabout, to know what passes;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter PROCULUS *and* PONTIUS.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician; more than that too,
The friend of Cæsar ye are styl'd: there 's nothing

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mentioned in old plays. As Mr. Gifford observes, 'they were such as were made on occasion of public festivities, marriages, births, &c. in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory.'"—Weber.

55 *I have a sword too*] Is it hypercritical to remark that Maximus is unarmed? Cf. l. 8. 66 s.d.] simply *Exit* in Ff.

Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.
Pont. Pray stay, sir:
What has Aëcius done, to be destroy'd?
At least, I would have a colour.
Proc. Ye have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he is a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.
Pont. Is he so foul?
Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.
Pont. [*Aside.*] A fearful plague upon thee, for thou liest!——
I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too much affection.
Proc. Ye have hit it;
They have brought him to ambition.
Pont. Then he is gone.
Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.
Pont. Is he so mad?
Proc. He 's madder,—
Would go to th' army to him.
Pont. Would he so?
Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we consider——
Pont. Wisely.
Proc. How else, man?—that the state lies in it.
Pont. And your lives too?
Proc. And every man's.
Pont. He did me
All the disgrace he could.
Proc. And scurvily.
Pont. Out of a mischief merely: did you mark it?
Proc. Yes, well enough: now ye have means to quit it.
The deed done, take his place.
Pont. Pray let me think on 't;
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Proc. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Pont. This emperor is made of nought but mischief:
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,

11 s.d.] Added Seward. 16 *he*] *'a* F1.
23 *Yes, well enough*] Given to Pontius in F1. *quit*—requite.

But the main link he had? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For, to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,
In full abundance? bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I will show him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly:
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The court of the Palace.

Enter PHIDIAS, ARETUS, *and* AËCIUS.

Phid. Yet ye may scape to th' camp; we 'll hazard with ye.
Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir: ye are arm'd;
And many, when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.
Aëcius. Get ye from me:
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me;
Am I not old Aëcius, ever dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me;
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.
I seek the camp for safety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)
Bids me be happy! Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his humour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:

38 *bears me hard*] suspects me; has an ill opinion of me. Cf *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 317.
Sc. IV.] Called Scene ii. in Ff.
14 *humour*] *honour* Ff. Mason's conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare show a just affection, kill me;
I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries: for me wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much; sing pæans to my praise;
I am to triumph, friends, and more than Cæsar:
For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die.
Phid. Oh, my dear lord!
Aëcius. No more: go, go, I say!
Show me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should die nobly?
Am I grown old to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,
A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
(Because ye say you yet love old Aëcius,)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If Cæsar kill not that too; at your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
No more, I say! he that laments my end,
By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,
And suddenly and wisely, from my dangers;
My death is catching else.
Phid. We fear not dying.
Aëcius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods hate it:
I need no company to that that children
Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.
Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and Roman.
Are. And must we leave ye, sir?
Aëcius. We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,

31 *There*] *Then?* queries Dyce.

Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger: is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am asham'd to see ye: yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.
Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!
Aëcius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,
And, for he was an honest man, durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: could that die too,
And I return no traffic of my travails,
No pay to have been soldier but this silver,
No annals of Aëcius but "he liv'd,"
My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly:
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To show me then most wretched. If tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and wither'd bones of Death would bleed at:
But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you 'll find what shall be. If ye love me
(Let that word serve for all), be gone and leave me:
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.
Go, pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,

70 *travails*] *travels* Ff, Seward, Colman. 73 *ye*] Weber silently prints *he*.
81] Two lines (the first ending at *shall be*) in Ff.
84 . . . *is welcomest.*
Go, pray, etc. The Folios, followed by Seward and Colman, print thus—
is welcom'st; goe,
Pray be gone, etc. Rearranged by Weber.

Be not, for shame, now stubborn. So, I thank ye,
And fare ye well; a better fortune guide ye!
[*Exeunt* PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.
I am a little thirsty; not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so.
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'tis departed.
I hear 'em come.—Who strikes first? I stay for ye!

Enter BALBUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn; [*Draws.*
But against none.—Why do ye fear? come forward.
Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.
Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the enemy.
Licin. He's drawn;
By Heaven, I dare not do it!
Aëcius. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die: come ye not now from Cæsar,
To that end? speak.
Bal. We do, and we must kill ye;
'Tis Cæsar's will.
Chi. I charge you put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.
Aëcius. Ha, ha, ha!
My sword up! handsomely! Where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools:
Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.
Licin. I 'll not be first.
Bal. Nor I.
Chi. You had best die quietly: the emperor
Sees how you bear yourself.
Aëcius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me quietly.
Bal. Pox of Proculus,
He promis'd us to bring a captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

92 *I stay for ye*] Separate line in Ff. 93 s.d.] Added Weber.
94 *Why . . forward*] Separate line in Ff.
109 *Pox of Proculus*] ——*of Proculus* Ff; *Pox* inserted by Colman.

Aëcius. I 'll call the guard,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions
The emperor has trusted with his safety :
Nay, I 'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves !
Chi. By Heaven, he will kill us !
I mark'd his hand ; he waits but time to reach us.
Now do you offer.
Aëcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves !
Chi. I told ye.
Aëcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.

Enter PONTIUS.

Bal. Here 's Pontius.
Pont. Not kill'd him yet ?
Is this the love ye bear the emperor ?
Nay then, I see ye are traitors all : have at ye !
[*Wounds* CHILAX *and* BALBUS. LICIN. *runs away.*
Chi. Oh, I am hurt !
Bal. And I am kill'd. [*Exeunt* CHILAX *and* BALBUS.
Pont. Die, bawds,
As ye have lived and flourish'd !
Aëcius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done ?
Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill ;
And you are next.
Aëcius. Art thou not Pontius ?
Pont. I am the same you cast, Aëcius,
And in the face of all the camp disgrac'd.
Aëcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me ?

113 *companions*] fellows.
116 *slaves*] *slave* F1. *By Heaven* om. F2.
125 s.d. Wounds Chilax and Balbus] Added Dyce ; Draws and wounds them.—Weber.

Pont. Both.
Aëcius. Then do it.
Pont. Is that all?
Aëcius. Yes.
Pont. Would you not live?
Aëcius. Why should I?
To thank thee for my life?
Pont. Yes, if I spare it.
Aëcius. Be not deceiv'd; I was not made to thank,
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty.
Pont. Do not you fear me?
Aëcius. No.
Pont. Nor love me for it.
Aëcius. That's as thou dost thy business.
Pont. When you are dead,
Your place is mine, Aëcius.
Aëcius. Now I fear thee;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.
Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.
Aëcius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself. Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers;
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer: were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general!
Pont. Prepare, then:
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.
Aëcius. No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee so much vantage of me
As disobedience.

151 *still kill the killer*] K. Deighton (*The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings.* 1896.) thinks the line corrupt, and reads *still* toil *kill the killer*, which he explains thus: "though you mowed them down like rushes, so great was their number that you were almost dead with the mere labour of slaying."

Pont. Dare ye not defend ye
Against your enemy?
Aëcius. Not sent from Cæsar;
I have no power to make such enemies:
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me, only held
To show I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, "Let him die,"
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.
Pont. Then have at ye!
And look upon me, and be sure ye fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you; cry not "hold,"
Nor think it base injustice I should kill ye.
Aëcius. I am prepared for all.
Pont. For now, Aëcius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me. Die as I do! [*Stabs himself.*
Aëcius. Thou hast deceiv'd me, Pontius, and I thank thee:
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman!
Pont. To show you what you ought to do, this is not;
For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty:
But, noble sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons;
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit. Yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,

163 *hatchment*] "'The hatchments of a sword were the different ornaments with which it was decorated. So in *The Scornful Lady*—

"Let there be deducted, out of our main potation,
Five marks, in *hatchments* to adorn this thigh."

From this it may be fairly deduced, that Aëcius means to say, that his sword, upon which he is leaning, stands by him merely as the fitting ornament of a soldier, and not as a weapon of offence.'—WEBER, whose explanation is most erroneous. *Hatchment* means here an ornament for a hearse, emblematic of the profession of the deceased."—Dyce.

176 s. d.] Pontius kills himself Ff. 183 *rank*] *rancks* F1, Seward.

And your forgiveness) though ye held me heinous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, ye mistook me:
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldier's due, the enemy;
The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures; no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome;
To silken flattery, and pride plum'd over,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless: to this I am foe,
Not to the state, or any point of duty.
And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so,) yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Show'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, sir; to live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me
In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.
Aëcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius:
The gods shall find thee one. Thou hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live. Canst thou speak once more?
For thy words are such harmony a soul
Would choose to fly to Heaven in.
Pont. A farewell.
Good noble general, your hand; forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. Ye cannot live.
Aëcius. I will not.
Yet one word more.

200 *plum'd*] *plain'd* Ff. Corrected by Seward.
219 *A farewell*] Seward struck out the article.

Pont. Die nobly.—Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! thou hast broke thy basis.
In joy ye have given me a quiet death,
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath.
[*He dies.*

Aëcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any man would outlive such a dying?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress,
Yet would I grow to this man. I have loved,
But never doted on a face till now.
Oh, death, thou art more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill me.
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
The more, the greater is my fall. Why stay ye?
Come, and I 'll kiss your weapons; fear me not:
By all the gods, I 'll honour ye for killing!
Appear, or through the court and world, I 'll search ye!
My sword is gone. [*Throws it from him.*] Ye are traitors if ye spare me,
And Cæsar must consume ye!—All base cowards?
I 'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and three* Courtiers, *running over the Stage.*

Proc. I knew he 'd kill'd the captain.
1st Court. Here 's his sword.
Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I 'll to the emperor, and get more aid.
Aëcius. [*Within.*] None strike a poor condemn'd man?
Proc. He is mad:
Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exeunt.*

224 *basis*] *bases* F1.
240 s.d.] Inserted Colman.
244 s.d. Courtiers] *others* Ff. The arrangement of l. 245 in the Ff an other eds. is as follows—

Proc. I knew
H'ad kill'd the Captain.
1. Here's his sword.

Enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. Then, Aëcius, [*Takes up his sword.*
See what thou dar'st thyself.—Hold, my good sword,
Thou hast been kept from blood too long; I 'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver:
Show me the way to happiness; I seek it.
And all you great ones, that have fall'n as I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
That, like strong Cato, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
Rome, fare thee well! stand long, and know to conquer,
Whilst there is people, and ambition.—
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star:
I come, ye blessed spirits; make me room
To live for ever in Elysium! [*Falls on his sword.*
Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are lost, but those that make their hell!
[*Dies.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and two* Courtiers.

1*st Court.* [*Within.*] He 's dead; draw in the guard again.
Proc. He 's dead indeed,
And I am glad he 's gone: he was a devil!
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;
The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has given 'em that: let no man stop their entrance.
[*Exeunt.*

250 s.d. Takes up his sword] Inserted Colman.
264 s.d.] In the Ff this is placed after l. 267, and reads *kills himself.*
268 *Nor*] Weber silently printed *For.* s.d. Dies] Inserted Seward. s.d. Courtiers] *others* Ff.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord!—Look here, Aretus,
Here 's a sad sight!
Are. Oh, cruelty! Oh, Cæsar!
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
And overflows of blood! Why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd,
Only assurance of his overthrow?
Phid. It is, Aretus; he that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.
Are. Never-enough-lamented lord! dear master!

Enter MAXIMUS.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd,)
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew him!
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears,)
Weep this decay'd Aëcius, fall'n and scatter'd,
By foul and base suggestion!
Phid. Oh, lord Maximus,
This was your worthy friend.
Max. The gods forgive me!—
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears:
Great griefs lament within; yet, now I have found 'em.
Would I had never known the world, nor women,

277 *overflows*] *oversows* F2. 287 *owe*] own.
288 s.d.] Dyce transposed this to the end of Aretus's speech; but evidently Maximus stands for a time listening to Aretus, unseen by the two mourners.

Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again Aëcius!
But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon, friend; my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee.—Ye have a great loss,
But bear it patiently; yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on 't. Friends,
Who shall preserve you now?
Are. Nay, we are lost too.
Max. I fear ye are; for likely such as love
The man that 's fall'n, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind; 'tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do.—Oh, my Aëcius,
Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness?—From boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phid. And from the poorest.
Max. And lov'd ye as his own?
Are. We found it, sir.
Max. Is not this a loss then?
Phid. Oh, a loss of losses!
Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor?
Are. He did so.
Max. And kept ye still in credit?
Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.
Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your sisters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?
Are. Oh, yes, sir.
Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done, by those that lov'd him;
And something may be. Pray stand off a little;

307 *beg my pardon*] Seward altered to *thy pardon*.

Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest!
Phid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out-does us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or anything but death, now he is dead?
Dar'st thou resolve?
Are. I am perfect.
Phid. Then like flowers
That grew together all, we 'll fall together,
And with us that that bore us: when 'tis done,
The world shall style us two deserving servants.
I fear he will be before us.
Are. This night, Phidias——
Phid. No more.
Max. Now, worthy friends, I have done my mournings.
Let 's burn this noble body: sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe breeds I 'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in Heaven. He that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall, with the sad discourse on 't, darken Heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceiv'd anew with sorrow: even the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more and greater
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,
Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

342 *And with us that that bore us*] i.e. Aëcius, though Colman took it as referring to Valentinian. Seward changed the passage considerably in an effort to make it conform to his sense of propriety.
348 *Meroe*] The capital of the ancient Ethiopia. *Neroe* F1.
360 s. d.] Exeunt Ff.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A gallery in the Palace.

Enter PHIDIAS *with his dagger in him, and* ARETUS *poisoned.*

Are. He has his last.
Phid. Then come the worst of danger!
Aëcius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar.—
How long is 't since ye gave it him?
Are. An hour;
Mine own two hours before him—how it boils me!
Phid. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.
Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?
Phid. Done bravely;
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.
Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, Phidias.
Phid. Canst thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him,
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in 's wishes.
And yet I swell and burn like flaming Ætna;
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not die this four hours, Phidias.
Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.
Are. I need no exhortation: the joy in me,
Of what I have done and why, makes poison pleasure,
And my most killing torments, mistresses;
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools, unsatisfied and simple?

Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying;
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.
Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.
Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewell, Phidias;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the same.

Enter LYCIAS *and* PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus!
Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us? Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus, bed-rid
And made too lame for justice!

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music,
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.—
Oh, friends, the emperor!
Proc. What say the doctors?
Licin. For us a most sad saying; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.
Lycias. Who?
Licin. The wretch Aretus,

That most unhappy villain.

Lycias. How do you know it?

Licin. He gave him drink last. Let 's disperse, and find him;

And, since he has opened misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he slumbers.

[*Exeunt.*

VALENTINIAN *brought in in a chair, with* EUDOXIA, Physicians, *and* Attendants.

MUSIC AND SONG.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods, gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-strings!

9 *unhappy*] wicked.

12 s. d.] Enter Emperor sicke in a Chaire with Eudoxia the Empresse, etc. Ff.

13 *Care-charming Sleep*] This song was, no doubt, suggested by Daniel's famous sonnet beginning

"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born."

Daniel, who was merely adapting from Desportes, made "Care-charmer Sleep" one of the commonplaces of Elizabethan poetry. Bartholomew Griffin, in his sonnet sequence *Fidessa* (1596), invokes

"Care-charmer Sleep! Sweet ease in restless misery!
* * * * *
Brother of quiet Death, when life is too too long!"

Cf. also Heywood's *Golden Age*, IV. iv.—

"Charming Sleep,
Death's younger brother."

(Sir Sidney Lee, in his *Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904, gives the connections of Daniel's sonnet, and traces the history of the epithets "Care-charming" and "brother of Death.")

14 *thyself*] *thy life* F1.

17 *his*] *her* F1. Weber thinks the line should end with "light."

19 *sing*] *sings* F1. 21 *Into this prince gently*] *prince* omitted F1.

Eud. How does your grace?
Phys. The empress speaks, sir.
Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.
Phys. Good sir, patience.
Eud. What have ye given him?
Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.
Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-head's come to! Oh, Eudoxia!
Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir!
Val. Danubius
I'll have brought through my body——
Eud. Gods give comfort!
Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes.
I am an hundred hells! an hundred piles
Already to my funerals are flaming!
Shall I not drink?
Phys. You must not, sir.
Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me and quench me! Where's the villain?
Am I immortal now, ye slaves? By Numa,
If he do scape—Oh! oh!
Eud. Dear sir!
Val. Like Nero,
But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
I' th' midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.
Eud. Sir!
Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces!
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and mithridates? If I do die,—

32 *wind*] Om. F1.
33 *I am*] *I and* F1; *I find* F2. Emendation suggested by Seward.
34 *funerals*] "i. e. funeral rites"—Dyce; *funeral* Colman, Weber.
49 *mithridates*] Mithridate was an electuary compounded of several in-

You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh!—
And, ere ye kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I 'll have ye flea'd and dried!

Enter PROCULUS *and* LICINIUS, *with* ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir;
The most accursed wretch.
Val. Be gone, my queen:
This is no sight for thee; go to the Vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.
Proc. Go, go, and be happy! [*Exit* EUDOXIA.
Are. Go; but give no ease.—
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest!
Proc. Oh, damned traitor!
Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!
You taught him to be poison'd.
Val. Yet no comfort?
Are. Be not abused with priests nor 'pothecaries,
They cannot help thee: thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.
I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clipt for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too.

---

gredients, regarded as an antidote against the effects of poison and infectious disease; so called from King Mithridates of Pontus, who was supposed to have found an antidote which rendered him immune to poison.

50 *You only words*, etc.] I suspect some corruption.

54 s.d.] In the Folios this occurs at l. 30.

63 *Oh, damned traitor*] *Oh* —— *Traitor* F1; *Oh Traitor* F2. Colman printed *cursed; damned* supplied by Weber.

Val. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet: what thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar,) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder.
Val. Fetch out tortures!
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll love thee:
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter and more full of mirth than laughter.
Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.
Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.
Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I shall burst else!
Are. See me, Cæsar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——
Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!
Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds—
Val. Aëcius, oh, Aëcius! Oh, Lucina!
Are. Are but my torments' shadows!
Val. Hide me, mountains!
The gods have found my sins. Now break!
Are. Not yet, sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.
Val. Oh, hell!
Oh, villain, cursed villain!
Are. Oh, brave villain!
My poison dances in me at this deed!
Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I am wild-fire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising Heaven,
But emblems of my torments,——
Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!
Are. Fire a flattery,

85 *than*] *and* F2.
103 *torments*] *torment* Colman, Weber.

And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
To my pains less than fictions. Yet, to show thee
What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
Like a south wind, I have sung through all these tempests.
My heart, my wither'd heart!—Fear, fear, thou monster!
Fear the just gods!—I have my peace! [*He dies.*
Val. More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body! [*Attendants carry out the body of* ARETUS.] Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!
I do confess I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated Cæsar: oh!
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no gods! your parole
Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
And women, made of awe, believe your Heaven!—
Oh, torments, torments, torments! pains above pains!—
If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;
Be more than all, ye gods, great in forgiveness!
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
For you are things, men teach us, without passions.
Give me an hour to know ye in! oh, save me!
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me!—No, ye cannot;

113 *prodigious*] ominous, terrible; Colman proposed *perfidious*! s.d. inserted Dyce.

132 *ye gods*] *the gods* Ff, "the original compositor having, no doubt, mistaken '*ye*' for 'y^e' (the)."—Dyce.

The more I would believe, the more I suffer.
My brains are ashes! now my heart, my eyes!
Friends,
I go, I go! More air, more air!—I am mortal! [*He dies.*
Proc. Take in the body. [*Attendants carry out the body of* VALENTINIAN.] Oh, Licinius,
The misery that we are left to suffer!
No pity shall find us.
Licin. Our lives deserve none.
Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of life!
Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.
Licin. Let's make our best use; we have money, Proculus,
And if that cannot save us, we have swords.
Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.
Licin. I had forgot that.
There's other countries, then.
Proc. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.
Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now! what news?
Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye are lost else.
The soldier is in arms for great Aëcius,
And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: they march hither.
Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.
Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus.
Proc. Oh, Cæsar,
That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die. [*Exeunt.*

138 *believe, the more*] "Mason's correction. Both the folios have '*believe* ye, *more*,'—the original compositor having here mistaken 'y^e' (the) for 'ye.'" —Dyce.
141 s.d.] Added Dyce.

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the empire's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits;
And shall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o' th' world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending;
And shall I stay? is aught else to be liv'd for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for? is not virtue,
In their two everlasting souls, departed?
And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven?
Can any man discover this, and love me?
For though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me.
And now, Aëcius, and my honoured lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elysium;
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly!—Stay; I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be Cæsar, yet no dying?
Why should not I catch at it? fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me;
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,

Jointed again and made tall masts, defy
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I,
New-piec'd again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well; if then I fall,
My great attempt honours my funeral. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An open place in the city.

Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and* AFRANIUS.

Fulv. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius
And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else.
Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.
Luc. Promise the soldier any thing.
Semp. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a Cæsar fit for them,
A soldier, and a giver.
Fulv. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.
Luc. Nay more, a negative say we allow 'em.
Semp. And if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.
Fulv. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.
Luc. And Cæsar once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, wine, and oil.
Semp. New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.

35 *Jointed again and made tall masts*] So F2. *Winted againe and made tall masses* F1.
37 *New-piec'd*] *new peece* F1, *New piece* F2; corrected Mason.
Sc. IV. s.d.] *Enter 3 Senators, and Affranius* Ff. The speakers are called simply 1, 2 and 3 in the Ff.
12 *present*] immediate.

Fulv. And see the city strengthen'd.
Afr. I shall do it. [*Exit.*
Luc. Sempronius, these are woful times.
Semp. Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honesty again! these Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.
Fulv. Which way shall we?
Luc. Not any way of safety I can think on.
Semp. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.
Fulv. Every thing
Is every man's that will.
Luc. The Vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!
We are chaff before their fury, else.
Fulv. Away!
Let 's to the temples.
Luc. To the Capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now; let 's be strengthen'd.

Enter AFRANIUS.

Semp. How now, Afranius! What good news?
Afr. A Cæsar!
Fulv. Oh, who?
Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings, "Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!"
He forc'd the empress with him, for more honour.
Luc. A happy choice: let 's meet him.
Semp. Blessed fortune!
Fulv. Away, away! Make room there, room there,
room! [*Exeunt* Senators. *Flourish.*
[*Within.*] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!
Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Afr. Oh, turning people!
Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!
In peace more raging than the furious North,

29 *Gods defend us!*] Separate line in Ff.

When he ploughs up the sea and makes him brine,
Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
[Cæsar! *Flourish.*
Although I neither love nor hoped this,
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack and farewell.

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Senators. Room for the emperor!
Sold. Long life to Cæsar!
Afr. Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Mar. Your hand, Afranius.
Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I 'll shower among ye all. Gods give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.—
And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd;
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be.—Forward.—
There 's a proscription, grave Sempronius,
'Gainst all the flatterers and lazy bawds
Led loose-liv'd Valentinian to his vices:
See it effected. [*Flourish.*
Senators. Honour wait on Cæsar!
Sold. Make room for Cæsar there!
[*Exeunt all but* AFRANIUS.
Afr. Thou hast my fears,

43 *makes him brine*] The antecedent of *him* is *sea;* the passage occasioned some distress to the first editors.

45 *Although I neither love nor hoped this*] F1 reads, "Although I neither love nor hope this. *Cesar flourish.*" F2 omits the last two words; Seward and the other eds. follow F2, but change *hope* to *hopèd.* It is just possible that a *Cæsar* from the text has crept into the stage direction; the mistake would have been an easy one to make, since the word *Cæsar* is always italicized in the Folios.

47 *swell'd and high, crack*] *swell'd and high crackt,* Ff. Emendation by Seward.

47 s.d.] Dyce prints "*Flourish within, and cries of* Cæsar," as an equivalent to the "*Cesar flourish*" at l. 45 in F1.

59 *proscribtion*] *Prescription* F1.

But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods,
Why do we like to feed the greedy ravin
Of these blown men, that must, before they stand,
And fix'd in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds and bodies?
Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A street.

Enter Paulus (*a poet*) *and* Licippus (*a gentleman*).

Pau. When is the inauguration?
Licippus. Why, to-morrow.
Pau. 'Twill be short time.
Licippus. Any device that's handsome,
A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,
Where he must take the fasces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me see;
Will not his name yield something—*Maximus*—
By th' way of anagram? I have found out *axis;*
You know he bears the empire.
Licippus. Get him wheels too;
'Twill be a cruel carriage else.
Pau. Some songs too.
Licippus. By any means, some songs; but very short ones,
And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.
Pau. A Grace must do it.
Licippus. Why, let a Grace, then.

67 *fix'd*] i. e. are fixed. Altered silently by Seward to *fix*, and so Colman and Weber; restored by Dyce.

Pau. Yes, it must be so ;
And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.
Licippus. [*Aside.*] This poet is a little kin to th' painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion ;
So all his learned fancies are blue Graces.
Pau. What think ye of a sea-nymph and a heaven ?
Licippus. Why, what should she do there, man ? there 's no water.
Pau. By th' mass, that 's true ; it must be a Grace ; and yet,
Methinks, a rainbow——
Licippus. And in blue ?
Pau. Oh, yes,—
Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' middle——
Licippus. A shower of rain ?
Pau. No, no ; it must be a Grace.
Licippus. Why, prithee, grace him, then.
Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell——
Licippus. In blue, too ?
Pau. 'Tis the better,——
And, as he rises, full of fires——
Licippus. Now bless us !
Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus ?
Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms.
Licippus. How can he play, then ?
Pau. It shall be a Grace ; I 'll do it.
Licippus. Prithee, do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,
Good Fury Paulus ; be i' th' morning with me ;
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it.
[*Exeunt.*

15 s.d.] Added Colman.
20 *By th' mass*] Om. F2.

Scene VI.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, *and* Messenger.

Max. Come, my best-loved Eudoxia.—Let the soldier
Want neither wine nor any thing he calls for;
And, when the senate's ready, give us notice.
In the mean time, leave us.—— [*Exit* Messenger.
Oh, my dear sweet!
Eud. Is't possible your grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty?
If it were excellent——
Max. By Heaven, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of!
Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since raz'd out o' th' book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
Nay, the most staid, and knowing what is woman,
The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,
Such a still blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
Did ye not tell me so?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.
Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest;
Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either ye love too dearly,

Sc. VI. s.d. and Messenger] Added Weber, as also the s.d. at l. 4.
7 *By Heaven*] Om. F2.
14 *wedlock*] "i.e. wife. So already we have had
'Restore my matrimony undefil'd.'
The Little French Lawyer, Act iv. sc. 6."—Dyce.

Or deeply ye dissemble, sir.
Max. [*Aside.*] I do so;
And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do:
Yet would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie!—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger:
The gods know how I honour thee!
Eud. What love, sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.
Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well!
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour ye,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune;
But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.
Max. Sweetest!
Eud. Now, of my troth, ye have bought me dear, sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind—

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now ye flatter.
Mess. The senate waits your grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,

25 s.d.] Inserted Seward.
42 *The*] *Ye?* queries Dyce; quite possibly.

And in a full form bring the ceremony.—
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly
I 'll wear your honoured favour.
Eud. May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A street.

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Licippus. Is your Grace done?
Pau. 'Tis done.
Licippus. Who speaks?
Pau. A boy.
Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?
Pau. Yes.
Licippus. Have ye view'd
The work above?
Pau. Yes; and all up and ready.
Licippus. The empress does you simple honour, Paulus;
The wreath your blue Grace must present, she made.
But, hark ye, for the soldiers?
Pau. That 's done too:
I 'll bring 'em in, I warrant ye.
Licippus. A Grace too?
Pau. The same Grace serves for both.
Licippus. About it then.
I must to th' cup-board; and be sure, good Paulus,
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?
Pau. I 'll hang another Grace in.
Licippus. Grace be with ye. [*Exeunt.*

10 *that he may hang cleanly*] alluding to the custom in the old theatres of letting down gods and goddesses by ropes from "the heavens."

Scene VIII.

The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.
A banquet laid out.

Sennet. Enter in state, Maximus, Eudoxia, Gentlemen *and* Soldiers; *then* Fulvius, Lucius, *and* Sempronius, Lictors *bearing rods and axes before them.*

Semp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes:
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her balance, equal pois'd,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper!
And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and increaser of his people!
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of Æmilius,
And his whole reign renew a great Augustus!

[*A* Boy *descends from the clouds, habited like one of the Graces, and sings.*

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flows;
Honour, that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Sc. VIII. The s.d. in Ff runs—Enter in state Maximus, Eudoxa, with Souldiers and Gentlemen of Rome, the Senators, and Rods and Axes, borne before them.

{A Synnet with Trumpets.} {With a Banket prepard, with Hoboies, Musicke, Song, Wreath.}

13 *Æmilius*] Presumably Lucius Æmilius Paulus, conqueror of Spain, Liguria and Macedonia.

14 s.d.] Supplied Weber, as also the four following.

Chorus. Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,
And thy name out-live the land!
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows!

[*The* Boy *gives a wreath, which the* Senators *place on the head of* MAXIMUS.

All. Stand to eternity!
Max. I thank ye, fathers;
And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither!
Now, to the banquet; ye are all my guests;
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,
And smiling pleasures. Sit, my queen of beauty.
Fathers, your places. These are fair wars, soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all. [*Drinks.*
You are my second, sweet. To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour,
And to the sons of Mars a donative. [*The* Boy *sings.*

SONG.

God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And to the fulness of your warlike noise,
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys;
Come, come, I say; range your fair troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.

[*A martial dance by the soldiers, during which* MAXIMUS *falls back upon his couch.*

Semp. The emperor 's grown heavy with his wine.
Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.
Semp. Great Cæsar!
Eud. I have my wish!

37 *Lyæus*] *Lizus* F1; *Lycus* Seward.
41 *mazer's*] cup's; the word was originally used of a goblet made of maple wood.

Afr. Will 't please your grace speak to him?
Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.
Semp. Stir him, Lucius;
The senate must have thanks.
Luc. Your grace! sir! Cæsar!
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? He 's dead!
Semp. Dead!—Treason! guard the court! let no man pass!
Soldiers, your Cæsar 's murdered.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death: that wreath that made him Cæsar,
Has made him earth.
Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces!
Eud. Wise men would know the reason first. To die
Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The heavenliest way of death. Yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your empress once, and honour'd by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare do cruelly, condemn me.
Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'tis a woman;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her:
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.
Semp. Speak, bloody woman!
Eud. Yes. This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords and noble soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.
Semp. Take heed, woman.
Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aëcius,

56–7 *Stir . . thanks*] One line in Ff.
67 *heavenliest*] *heaviest* Ff. Seward conjectured *readiest*, Dyce *easiest*; *heavenliest* was suggested by Theobald and adopted by Weber.
68 *honour'd*] *honour* F1.
71 *dare do cruelly, condemn me*] *dare, do cruelly condemn me*, Seward, Colman, Weber. 80 *perish*] destroy.

(Whose blessed soul, if I lie, shall afflict me,)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the master-piece of arms and bounty,
(Mine own grief shall come last,) this friend of his,
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a base letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears and poor suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!
Oh, loss! Oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor stale, my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:
There was a murder too, Rome would have blush'd at!
Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience?
Nay, his wife——
By Heaven, he told it me in wine and joy,
And swore it deeply—he himself prepar'd
To be abus'd; how, let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it; and his end
Was only me and Cæsar; but me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice.
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me,
Afr. What less could nature do? what less had we done,
Had we known this before? Romans, she is righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on.
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye,
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks.—Thou hast done truly.
Semp. Up with your arms; ye strike a saint else, Romans.——
May'st thou live ever spoken our protector!——
Rome yet has many noble heirs; let 's in,
And pray before we choose; then plant a Cæsar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder.
Afr. Take up the body nobly to his urn,
And may our sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt. A dead march.*

95 *stale*] dupe. 96 *forced*] *forc'd* Ff. 98 *blush'd*] *blush* F1.
100 *Nay his wife*] Part of preceding line in Ff. 104 *it*] *yet* F1.

EPILOGUE

WE would fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd ;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd ;
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair.
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad :
Let not a brack i' th' stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear ;
We know ye take up worse commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise ;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost :
The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may new-digest it every day.
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss,
Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
Till a good wife be got ; so let this play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

7 *brack*] A flaw in cloth. [*N.E.D.*]
9 *take up worse commodities*] invest in worse wares.
12 *wealth*] *health* Seward, Colman.
17 *miss*] *Mistris* F1. The earliest use of *Miss* cited in the *N.E.D.* is 1606, but it is there stated that "it is not quite certain that '*Mis*' is not a mere graphic abbreviation" (for *Mistris*). It was used originally only of kept mistresses ; the first undoubted example (in *N.E.D.*) is in Evelyn's Diary in 1645. In all probability Fletcher wrote "Mistris," or its abbreviation "Mis" ; the line would perhaps be scanned

Then, nó | ble friénds, | as yé'd | choose á | mistrís.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

EDITED BY ROBERT GRANT MARTIN,

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Stationers' Register, January 22, 1638–9. "Master Waterson. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Wykes and Master Rothwell warden a Comedy called Monsieur Thomas. by master John ffletcher vj^{d}." [Arber's Transcript, iv. 451.]

(Q.) *Monsieur Thomas. A Comedy. Acted at the Private House in Blacke Fryers. The Author, John Fletcher, Gent. London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Crowne: 1639.*

(F.) In the Folio of 1679.

In Theobald's edition (1750) vol. iv. (*curavit* Seward), in Colman's (1778) vol. iv., in Weber's (1812) vol. vi., in Dyce's (1843) vol. vii. In the edition by A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics* (vol. iv., 1906), the text of the Folio is reproduced, most of the variants in the Quarto being given in an Appendix.

MONSIEUR THOMAS

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.—Fleay, supposing that the play was written for the Children of the Revels, and inferring from the reference to the Spaniards at Mile-end in both *Monsieur Thomas* (III. iii.) and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (II. ii.), and the fact that one or two snatches of the same songs are found in both plays, that they were composed about the same time, put the date of *Monsieur Thomas c.*1609. A. H. Thorndike (*Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, Worcester, Mass., 1901) places it still earlier, *c.* 1607–8. The only thing of which we can be certain is that the date must have been after Feb. 1610, when Part II. of d'Urfé's *Astrée* was published (see Introduction to *Valentinian*). The use of the same source gives some reason for conjecturing that *Monsieur Thomas* was written in the same period as *Valentinian*, i.e. 1610–14.

Fletcher is, without dissent, considered to be the sole author.

ARGUMENT.—Valentine, a middle-aged gentleman, returns from a journey, bringing with him a newly found and greatly loved friend, the young Francisco. They are welcomed home by Valentine's sister Alice, his niece Mary, and his ward Cellide, the last of whom he is to marry shortly. Francisco falls in love with Cellide, but a sense of his obligations to Valentine prevents him from declaring his passion, and under the strain of pent-up emotion he falls ill. Valentine, on discovering the cause of the illness, generously decides to sacrifice love to friendship, and bids Cellide transfer her affections to the younger man. Though her love and pride are outraged by what she regards as base shallowness on Valentine's part, she promises to do what she can for the sick man's recovery, but warning Valentine that she will hereafter scorn both these her lovers. She goes to Francisco's chamber, and with Valentine as an unseen witness, offers the youth her love. Instead of accepting, Francisco bitterly upbraids her for her falsity to Valentine. Such honourable dealing changes Cellide's feigned affection into real admiration, and confirms Valentine in his resolution that Cellide must be Francisco's.

In order to escape from the difficulties in which they are involved, Francisco and Cellide separately resolve to flee. Francisco is caught as he is on the point of boarding a vessel bound for the Straits, while Cellide takes refuge in a nunnery. She is persuaded to leave its shelter for an hour to hear Valentine's explanation, and to the scene of the interview Francisco is brought on the charge of stealing some jewels from Valentine. By means of these gems the discovery is made that Francisco is Valentine's long-lost son. In the rejoicing over this happy event Valentine is reconciled to losing Cellide as his wife, and the youthful lovers are made happy by their betrothal.

This fortunate solution is brought about with the assistance of the persons of the comic sub-plot, which is more closely connected with the main plot than is the case with many of Fletcher's plays. It is concerned with the mad pranks of the gay *fripon* Thomas, who nearly loses his mistress Mary by his wildness, while at the same time he disgusts his lusty old father Sebastian by an assumed sanctimonious manner. In a duel of wits between Mary and Thomas the victory rests every time with the lady. She detects an attempt to delude her by a prearranged conversation wherein Thomas professes repentance, she foils a well-nigh successful effort of his to get into the house by

feigning a broken leg after a serenade, while her crowning feat is to get him into bed with a negro wench in the belief that it is she herself, after he has gained entrance to her chamber disguised as his own sister. Eventually Thomas confesses himself beaten, and offers to give over his efforts, whereupon Mary relents, while at the same time Tom's sister is awarded to his friend Hylas.

SOURCE.—The question of sources was considerably complicated by two articles by H. Guskar (*Anglia*, xxviii. 397–430, and xxix. 1–54), in which he assigns no fewer than twenty-nine separate sources for various lines, incidents and scenes of *Monsieur Thomas*. This is surely *Quellenforschungen* gone mad. No play was ever composed by so helpless a process of patchwork, and Fletcher, the facile, brilliant, resourceful Fletcher, was one of the last men who would be likely to employ it. A sensible reply to Guskar was made by A. L. Stiefel (*Englische Studien*, xxxvi. 238–43), when he pointed out Fletcher's indebtedness to d'Urfé's *Astrée* (*Histoire de Cellidée, Thamyre et Calidon*, pt. II. bks. 1 and 2. Ed. of 1647, Rouen, ii. 37–123) for the main plot and the character of Hylas, and expressed his belief that the sub-plot was taken from some one source yet undiscovered. Proof positive of the use of the *Astrée* is furnished by the borrowing of the names Cellide and Hylas, and by a line in the last scene which much puzzled early editors —

"Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon,"

Calidon being Francisco's counterpart in the *Astrée*. Finally, O. L. Hatcher (*Anglia*, xxx. 89–102) is of the opinion that truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. He argues that Fletcher drew for the main plot not only upon the *Astrée*, but also upon Painter's version of the Plutarchian story in the *Palace of Pleasure* (i. 27), and is inclined to favour the following suggestions of Guskar's: that *Monsieur Thomas*, III. i. was modelled upon *Measure for Measure*, III. i., and was influenced by the *Looking Glass for London* of Greene and Lodge; that the *Decameron*, I. i. and II. i. furnished hints for Tom's pretended repentance; and that in Hylas Fletcher was imitating the character of Nymphadoro in Marston's *Parasitaster*. The influence of Painter is, indeed, very probable, and there is a strong family resemblance between Hylas and Nymphadoro; the other arguments carry no conviction.

HISTORY.—If we may judge by what Brome says in his dedication and commendatory verses the play seems to have been unsuccessful in its early days. Originally acted at the Blackfriars, and presumably by the King's Men (because the Children of the Revels, for whom Fleay thought the play to have been written, had, by Jan. 4, 1610, given up the Blackfriars to the King's Men, who continued to act there and at the Globe till 1642), in 1639 it was in the possession of a children's company known as "Beeston's Boys," or the "King and Queen's Company," which had been formed by Christopher Beeston in 1637, and was playing at the Cockpit (J. T. Murray: *English Dramatic Companies, 1558–1642*, i. 367–8). On Aug. 10, 1639, an order was issued confirming them in the possession of a considerable number of plays; among these was *Father's Own Son*, by which name *Monsieur Thomas* seems to have been commonly known in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was under this title that Pepys saw it on Sept. 28, 1661: "At the office in the morning, dined at home, and then Sir W. Pen and his daughter and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'Father's Own Son,' a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it. . . ." Pepys witnessed a second performance, Nov. 13, 1661. From *Father's Own Son*, too, was taken that one of the drolls in Francis Kirkman's volume of 1672, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, called *The Doctors of Dull-head College*.

In 1678 Tom D'Urfey made the play over as *Trick for Trick*. It was performed at Drury Lane, with a cast which included Hart as Thomas, Mohun, the famous comedian Joe Haynes, Mrs. Boutel, and Mrs. Knipp (Genest, i. 236–7), but, according to *Biographia Dramatica*, this version had not much success. The title-page of the quarto reads as follows: "Trick for Trick: or, The Debauch'd Hypocrite. A Comedy, As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, By His Majestie's Servants. Written by Tho. Durfey, Gent. Licensed, April 30th, 1678. Roger L'Estrange. London, Printed for Langley Curtiss, in Goat-Court upon Ludgate-Hill, 1678." D'Urfey's only acknowledgment of his indebtedness is in the epilogue—

> "He bids me say, the less to show his Guilt,
> On the Foundation *Fletcher* laid, he built;
> New drest his Modish Spark fit to be shown,
> And made him more Debauch'd, t'oblige the Town."

D'Urfey does away with the serious interest of the main plot by making Cellide instead of Mary the object of Thomas's pursuit, and, banishing the rivalry of Valentine and Frank (Francisco) for her love, replaces wit with obscenity, verse with prose, and subjects the play to a general and woful process of mutilation.

TEXT.—Q presents a fairly accurate text, and has been taken as the basis of this edition. F corrects a number of obvious errors, but adds a few of its own. The usage of Q with regard to *you* and *ye*, and to the form of the past participle in *'d* or *ed* has been followed, except in words like *tried*, which are spelled in Q with *y'd*. Statements of locality were first made by Weber; Dyce made a few changes. Stage directions, other than those of the original editions, have been duly accredited in the foot-notes to the editor who inserted them, though not all those added by Dyce have been adopted here.

The numbering of the lines has been a matter of some difficulty. Although some passages sound considerably like prose, the whole of the play has always been printed as verse, and the metrical arrangement of previous editions has been, in the main, adhered to. Fletcher's loose use of redundant syllables makes it necessary to consider a line from the standpoint of accents rather than of syllables. Changes from Dyce's arrangement have been introduced in the following instances: II. i. 1–3, III. iii. 76–83 (where the original arrangement has been restored), V. viii. 18, V. x. 60, V. x. 99.

To the Noble Honourer of the dead Author's works and Memory, Master Charles Cotton.

Sir,

My directing of this piece unto you, renders me obvious to many censures, which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine own and your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy preserver of it; yours is the worthy opinion you have of the Author and his Poems: neither can it easily be determined whether your affection to them hath made you, by observing, more able to judge of them, than your ability to judge of them hath made you to affect them deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine I express my two-fold zeal: to him, and your noble self, who have built him a more honourable monument in that fair opinion you have of him than any inscription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will find him in this poem as active as in others, to many of which the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custom more than reason; yet they have since, by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgment (which is the best I can render you, mine own weak labours being too unworthy your judicious perusal) him that is ambitious to be known

Your most humble servant,

Richard Brome.

' *Master Charles Cotton*] "Charles Cotton, Esq. of Beresford, in Staffordshire, was a gentleman of considerable fortune. His character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in very favourable colours. The latter part of his life was rendered gloomy by some severe misfortunes. He died in 1658. He was father to the more celebrated person of the same name, who is well known for his burlesque poetry; but his miscellaneous poems deserve more attention than they have hitherto obtained."—Weber.

Cotton numbered among his friends Jonson, Donne, Selden, Sir Henry Wotton and Walton, and to him Herrick addressed one of the poems in the *Hesperides*.

This dedication appears in both Q and F.

In praise of the Author, and his following poem.

'Tis both the life of action and of wit,
When actors so the fancied humours hit,
As if 'twixt them and th' author there were strife
How each to other should give mutual life.
The last this wanted not. Invention strays
Here in full many pleasant turning ways,
That, like meanders, their curl'd circles bend,
Yet in a smooth stream run to crown the end.
Then 'tis authoriz'd by the author's name,
Who never writ but with such sprightly flame,
As if the Muses jointly did inspire
His raptures only with their sacred fire.
And yet perhaps it did participate,
At first presenting, but of common fate;
When Ignorance was judge, and but a few
What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
The world 's grown wiser now: each man can say,
If Fletcher made it 'tis an excellent play.
Thus poems, like their authors, may be said
Never to live till they have first been dead.

Rich. Brome.

Commendatory Verses] In Q only.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE.
FRANCISCO, his son.
SEBASTIAN.
THOMAS, his son.
HYLAS.
SAM, his friend.
MICHAEL, friend to VALENTINE.
LAUNCELOT, servant to THOMAS.
Fiddler.
Three Physicians.
Apothecary, Barber, Sailors, Officers, Servants.

ALICE, sister to VALENTINE.
MARY, niece to VALENTINE.
CELLIDE, ward to VALENTINE.
DOROTHEA, daughter to SEBASTIAN.
Abbess of St. Katherine's, aunt to THOMAS and DOROTHEA.
Nuns.
MADGE, KATE a blackamoor, and other Maids.

SCENE.—*The neighbourhood of London, London, and the Sea-coast.*

DRAM. PERS.] Not given in Q or F.
Francisco] Called also Francis and Frank by Q and F.
Cellide] Usually pronounced as a trisyllable ; printed Cellidè by Weber and Dyce.
SCENE] So Dyce. Seward's choice was France, Colman declared for England, Weber confined the action to London.

MONSIEUR THOMAS

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A hall in VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter ALICE *and* VALENTINE.

Alice. How dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it;
And, my best sister, you as dear to my sight,
And pray let this confirm it. [*Kisses her.*] How you have govern'd
My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
I dare and must believe (else I should wrong ye)
The best and worthiest.
Alice. As my woman's wit, sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.
Val. But, good Alice,
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellide,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazy travel? Is her love still
Upon the growing hand? does it not stop
And wither at my years? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is?
There lies my fears.
Alice. They need not; for, believe me,

2 *you as dear*] *you are as dear* F; *you're* Seward.
3 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
4 *state*] estate, and often hereafter.
15 *lies*] So F, and *lyes* Q. Needlessly altered by editors to *lie.*

So well you have manag'd her, and won her mind,
Even from her hours of childhood to this ripeness,
(And, in your absence, that by me enforc'd still,)
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,
And, though Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here ye have gone beyond Love, better'd nature,
Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;
For though your body has been far off from her,
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
And willingly, to give it ever harbour;
Believe she is so much yours, and won by miracle
(Which is by age), so deep a stamp set on her
By your observances, she cannot alter.
Were the child living now ye lost at sea
Among the Genoa galleys, what a happiness!
What a main blessing!
Val. Oh, no more, good sister!
Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring.
With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
The root of all those hopes, the mother too,
Within few days.
Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal;
But peace be with their souls!
Val. For her loss,
I hope, the beauteous Cellide——
Alice. You may, sir,
For all she is, is yours.
Val. For the poor boy's loss,
I have brought a noble friend I found in travel;
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
Man yet was never master of.
Alice. What is he?
Val. A gentleman, I do assure myself,
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it.
I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
Only his mind the master of a treasure:

20 *observ'd her*] "obsequiously attended on her."—Dyce

I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,
His honesty and modesty still fearing
To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him
He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;
It is my will, good sister; all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only——
Alice. I observe ye; hold your right there:
Love and high rule allows no rivals, brother.
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. Ye are welcome, noble sir.
Val. What, Monsieur Hylas!
I 'm glad to see your merry body well yet.
Hylas. I' faith y' are welcome home! What news beyond seas?
Val. None, but new men expected, such as you are,
To breed new admirations. 'Tis my sister;
Pray ye, know her, sir.
Hylas. With all my heart. Your leave, lady?
Alice. Ye have it, sir. [*He kisses her.*
Hylas. [*Aside.*] A shrewd smart touch! which does prognosticate
A body keen and active; somewhat old,
But that 's all one: age brings experience
And knowledge to dispatch.—I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave, sir,
To this fair lady.
Val. What, the old Squire of Dames still?
Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodness.—[*Aside.*] With all my heart now,
I love a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel:
Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish;
These young colts are too skittish——

59 *allows*] So Q and F; *allow* all eds. but Seward.
61 *Ye*] *You* F; do. l. 67.
63 *I' faith*] *Yf'aith* Q, *'Faith* F.
67 s.d.] Added Dyce.
68 s.d.] Added Weber.
74 s.d.] Added Weber.
76 *That, lay the bridle on her neck*] Colman, Weber, Dyce. *That lay the bridle in her neck* Q; *That lays the bridle in her Neck* F, Seward.

Enter MARY.

Alice. My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.
Val. My loving and kind cousin,
A thousand welcomes!
Mary. A thousand thanks to Heaven, sir,
For your safe voyage and return!
Val. I thank ye.
But where's my blessed Cellide? Her slackness
In visitation——
Mary. Think not so, dear uncle;
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.
Val. Ye have given me too much comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from ye.
Hylas. Your fair cousin?
Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, sir,
If your old rule reign in you. Ye may know her.
Hylas. A happy stock ye have.—Right worthy lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And obliged faith.
Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir?
Take it, and tie your tongue up.
Hylas. [*Aside.*] I am an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead;
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love; all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies.

78 *cousin*] used in its more general signification of any relative more distant than brother or sister.
90 *A happy stock*, etc.] Part of preceding speech in Q and F.
93 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
96 *mounted*] i.e. high.

Enter FRANCISCO *at one door, and* CELLIDE *at another.*

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion:
How happy have ye made me, truly happy!
Cel. My joy has so much overmastered me,
That, in my tears for your return——
Val. Oh, dearest!—
My noble friend too? What a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon ye! all I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power——
Fran. Ye are too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir——
Val. Ye wrong my tender love now—even my service;
Nothing excepted, nothing stuck between us
And our entire affections, but this woman;
This I beseech ye, friend——
Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant:
That were a base ingratitude.
Val. Ye are noble!
Pray, be acquainted with her. Keep your way, sir;
My cousin, and my sister.
Alice. Ye are most welcome.
Mary. If anything in our poor powers, fair sir,
To render ye content and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.
Alice. Ye shall find us
Happy in our performance.
Fran. The poor servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.
Val. Come, no more compliment; custom has made it

120 *excepted*] *accepted* Q, F; corrected by Seward.

Dull, old, and tedious: ye are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same ever:
And so we'll in to ratify it.
Hylas. Hark ye, Valentine:
Is Wild-Oats yet come over?
Val. Yes, with me, sir.
Mary. How does he bear himself?
Val. A great deal better.
Why do you blush? The gentleman will do well.
Mary. I should be glad on 't, sir.
Val. How does his father?
Hylas. As mad a worm as e'er he was.
Val. I look'd for 't;
Shall we enjoy your company?
Hylas. I 'll wait on ye:
Only a thought or two.
Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but* HYLAS.
Hylas. This last wench—ay, this last wench was a fair one,
A dainty wench, a right one. A devil take it,
What do I ail, to have fifteen now in liking?
Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach:
But what 's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to increase my objects? This last wench
Sticks plaguy close unto me; a hundred pound
I were as close to her! If I lov'd now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in SEBASTIAN'S *house.*

Enter old SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs, I advise you;
If you be lousy, shift yourself.

151 *unto*] *to* F, Seward, Dyce.

Laun. May it please your worship——
Seb. Only to see my son; my son, good Launcelot;
Your master and my son. Body o' me, sir,
No money, no more money, Monsieur Launcelot,
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur Thomas,
Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*, sir!
Bassa mi cu, good Launcelot! *valetote!*
My boy, or nothing!
Laun. Then, to answer punctually,—
Seb. I say to th' purpose.
Laun. Then I say to th' purpose,
Because your worship's vulgar understanding
May meet me at the nearest:—your son, my master,
Or Monsieur Thomas (for so his travel styles him),
Through many foreign plots that virtue meets with,
And dangers, (I beseech ye give attention,)
Is at the last arriv'd
To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)
Benediction de jour en jour.
Seb. Sirrah, do not conjure me with your French furies.
Laun. Che ditt' a vous, monsieur?
Seb. *Che doga vou*, rascal!
Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,
What your good master means. I have maintain'd
You and your monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours:*
Jour me no more; for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.
Laun. Your worship is erroneous;
For, as I told you, your son Tom or Thomas,
My master and your son, is now arriv'd

8 *Du gata whee*] Explained by Colman as a corruption of the Welsh *Duw cadw chwi*, God bless you; the phrase is used in *The Custom of the Country* (I. ii.) and *The Night-Walker*.

9 *valetote*] "Was explained by the editors of 1778, 'A corruption of *voilà tout*';" and Weber reprinted their note as a just interpretation!!! I am therefore compelled to state that it is the imperative of the Latin word *valeo*."—Dyce. (In spite of Dyce's notes of exclamation, the editors of 1778 may be right.—A. H. B.)

20 *furies*] Seward altered to *juries*. 21 *Che ditt' a vous*] *Que dites-vous* Dyce.

To ask ye (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing; and here he is in person.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my heart, boy,
Welcome! faith, thou hast gladded me at soul, boy!
Infinite glad I am; I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas; Tom, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.
Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins——
Seb. How's this?
Tho. Else certain I had perish'd with my rudeness,
Ere I had won myself to that discretion
I hope you shall hereafter find.
Seb. Humh, humh!
Discretion? is it come to that? the boy's spoil'd.
Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for't, for I will make thee
Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thyself
Before thou travelledst: thou hast told my father
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention, to undo me.
Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his *benediction*
De jour en jour.
Tho. But that I must be civil,
I would beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever
The time I have misspent may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion—
Seb. A pox o' travel, I say!
Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after-courses——
Seb. Prithee, no more; 'tis scurvy! There's thy sister.—

31 *ye*] *you* F. 38 *much*] *much much* Q.
47 *prevention*] Dyce takes this in the sense of "prejudice," but the common seventeenth-century meaning of "anticipation" seems more appropriate.
50 *civil*] grave, sober; as frequently hereafter.
51 *howsoever*] *however* F.

Enter DOROTHEA.

[*Aside.*] Undone, without redemption! he eats with picks;
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!
How have I sinn'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more sons,
And this no more mine own; no spark of nature
Allows him mine now; he's grown tame. My grand curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee! Travel!
I 'll send my horse to travel next: *We, Monsieur!*
Now will my most canonical dear neighbours
Say I have found my son, and rejoice with me
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know not,
But I am sure this monsieur, this fine gentleman,
Will never be in my books like mad Thomas.
I must go seek an heir: for my inheritance
Must not turn secretary; my name and quality
Has kept my land three hundred years in madness:
An it slip now, may it sink! [*Exit.*

Tho. Excellent sister,
I am glad to see thee well. But where 's my father?

Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.

Tho. He did ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handsome speech or two I have been studying
E'er since I came from Paris. How glad to see thee!

Dor. I am gladder to see you (with more love too,
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your conversion;
And I am sure he is vex'd; nay, more, I know it;
He has pray'd against it mainly: but it appears, sir,
Ye had rather blind him with that poor opinion

57 s.d.] Added Dyce. *he eats with picks*] The use of toothpicks, when they were first introduced into England, was considered a foreign affectation.

67 *mew'd*] put off, cast away, as a hawk moults its feathers. Cf. *Valentinian*, I. iii. 174.

69 *in my books*] The various theories of the origin of this phrase may be found in the note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. i. 66, in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*.

70 *my inheritance Must not turn secretary*] i. e. my land must not descend to a person with the sober manners of a clerk. Cf. IV. ii. 126.

72 *Has*] So Q and F; *Have* Colman, Weber, Dyce.

74 *my*] *thy* F. 84 *Ye*] *You* F.

Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produced us hither,
Let one more happy mind——
Tho. It shall be, sister;
For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on 't:
Beware a traveller.
Dor. Leave that trick too.
Tho. Not for the world. But where 's my mistress?
And, prithee, say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.
Dor. Then do so.
For, o' my faith, she will not see you, brother.
Tho. Not see me? I 'll——
Dor. Now you play your true self:
How would my father love this! I 'll assure ye
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd since your departure
In every town ye came; your several mischiefs,
Your rouses and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em; these, I take it,
Although she love ye well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,
Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,
And by her modesty; and fear'd too light too,
To file with her affections: ye have lost her,
For any thing I see, exil'd yourself.
Tho. No more of that, sweet Doll; I will be civil.
Dor. But how long?
Tho. Wouldst thou have me lose my birthright?
For yond old thing will disinherit me,
If I grow too demure. Good sweet Doll, prithee,
Prithee, dear sister, let me see her!
Dor. No.
Tho. Nay, I beseech thee! By this light,——
Dor. Ay, swagger.

98 *ye*] *you* F.
102 *rouses*] bumpers, and hence, carouses, drinking-bouts.
109 *file with*] keep pace with, adapt themselves to.

Tho. Kiss me, and be my friend; we two were twins,
And shall we now grow strangers?
Dor. 'Tis not my fault.
Tho. Well, there be other women; and remember
You were the cause of this; there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em, (fare ye well,)
And other loves. What shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve ye?
Dor. Come hither, come. Do you see that cloud that flies there?
So light are you, and blown with every fancy.
Will ye but make me hope ye may be civil?
I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd. Do you love your mistress?
Tho. He lies that says I do not.
Dor. Would ye see her?
Tho. If you please; for it must be so.
Dor. And appear to her
A thing to be belov'd?
Tho. Yes.
Dor. Change, then,
A little of your wildness into wisdom,
And put on a more smoothness.
I'll do the best I can to help ye; yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would never see you more. Where's your man's heart now?
What, do you faint at this?
Tho. She is a woman:
But him she entertains next for a servant
I shall be bold to quarter.
Dor. No thought of fighting.
Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but rul'd,
And what lies in my power ye shall be sure of.

[*Exeunt.*

119 *and remember You were*, etc.] Q and F print as follows—
and remember
You, you were; so Seward. Colman and Dyce prefer—
and remember you,
You were. Weber has—
and remember you.
You, you were.

138 *him*] So F; *he* Q, Colman, Weber.

138 *entertains next for a servant*] "engages or accepts for a lover."—Weber.

SCENE III.

A room in the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter ALICE *and* MARY.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still.
Mary. 'Tis most certain;
I have now heard all, and all the truth.
Alice. Grant all that;
Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? He is young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections
Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion;
A year hence these mad toys that now possess him
Will show like bugbears to him, shapes to fright him;
Marriage dissolves all these like mists.
Mary. They are grounded
Hereditary in him from his father,
And to his grave they will haunt him.
Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choke it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him:
Ye have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,
From whence the power of reason nor discretion
Can ever root him.
Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no; I never was so liberal.
What though he show a so so comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say, it may be handsome?
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too—
Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays thee, cousin!
Cozen thyself no more: thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty

Sc. III.] Dyce places the scene in *A garden belonging to* VALENTINE'S *house.*

Has to abstain from drink standing before him.
His mind is not so monstrous; for his shape,
If I have eyes, I have not seen his better;
A handsome brown complexion——
Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawny.
Alice. Had I said so,
You would have wish'd my tongue out. Then his making——
Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen legs straighter,
And cleaner made.
Alice. A body too——
Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.
Alice. God forgive thee!
For against thy conscience thou liest stubbornly.
Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice. 'Tis excellent;
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind,) what must the soul be?
Put case, youth has his swing, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uses many times——
Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him:
I do confess I do; but that my fondness
Should fling itself upon his desperate follies——
Alice. I do not counsel that; see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a miracle: yet, Mary,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.
Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.
Alice. What was your dream to-night? for I observ'd ye
Hugging of me, with, "Good, dear, sweet Tom!"
Mary. Fie, aunt!
Upon my conscience——
Alice. On my word 'tis true, wench;
And then ye kiss'd me, Mary, more than once too,

40 *swing*] *swinge* Q, F, Seward, Weber; altered by Colman and adopted by Dyce.

And sigh'd, and "Oh, sweet Tom" again. Nay, do not blush;
Ye have it at the heart, wench.
Mary. I'll be hang'd first;
But you must have your way.
Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dorothea!
The welcom'st woman living! How does thy brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil gentleman,
Since his short travel.
Dor. Pray Heaven he make it good, Alice.
Mary. How do ye, friend? I have a quarrel to ye;
Ye stole away and left my company.
Dor. Oh, pardon me, dear friend; it was to welcome
A brother, that I have some cause to love well.
Mary. Prithee, how is he? thou speak'st truth.
Dor. Not perfect;
I hope he will be.
Mary. Never. H'as forgot me,
I hear, wench, and his hot love too——
Alice. [*Aside.*] Thou wouldst howl then.
Mary. And I am glad it should be so: his travels
Have yielded him variety of mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.
Alice. [*Aside.*] Oh, cogging rascal!
Mary. I was a fool; but better thoughts, I thank Heaven——
Dor. Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth, most firmly; would fain see you.
Mary. See me, friend! do you think it fit?
Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too: he's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.
Mary. He's so much contrary

66 s.d.] Inserted Dyce, as also that at l. 69.
76 *He's*] *His* Q.

To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave.
Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.
Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair conversion.
Alice. Come, do not mask yourself, but see him freely;
Ye have a mind.
Mary. That mind I 'll master, then.
Dor. And is your hate so mortal?
Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still, like Hydra's heads, grow thicker on him.
I have a credit, friend; and maids of my sort
Love where their modesties may live untainted.
Dor. I give up that hope, then. Pray, for your friend's sake,
If I have any interest within ye,
Do but this courtesy, accept this letter.
Mary. From him?
Dor. The same. 'Tis but a minute's reading;
And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so,
If this be foul, ye may forget it. Pray!
Mary. Have ye seen it, friend?
Dor. I will not lie, I have not;
But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this.
Mary. For your sake;
Not that I any way shall like his scribbling——
[*Takes letter and reads it.*
Alice. A shrewd dissembling quean!
Dor. I thank ye, dear friend.
I know she loves him.
Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then she 'll scramble too. Young wenches' loves
Are like the course of quartans; they may shift,
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see

100 s.d.] Added Dyce.

The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course. Fear her not,
Unless he be a devil.
Mary. Now Heaven bless me!
Dor. What has he writ?
Mary. Out, out upon him!
Dor. Ha! what has the madman done!
Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still!
Alice. Some northern toy, a little broad.
Mary. Still fouler!
Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!
Dor. What ail ye?
Mary. Here, take your spell again; it burns my fingers.
Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter,
So elegant a style? Pray, look upon 't:
The rarest inventory of rank oaths
That ever cut-purse cast.
Alice. What a mad boy is this!
Mary. Only 'i th' bottom
A little julep gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters:
"Indeed la, yours for ever."
Dor. I am sorry.
Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,
And ever may command me virtuously;
But for your brother, you must pardon me:
Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,
No word of visitation, as ye love me.
And so for now I 'll leave ye. [*Exit.*
Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!
With what a state he enters into style!
"Dear mistress!"
Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!
Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: such likeness
As you two carry, methinks——
Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye. Fare ye well:

112 *northern*] "i.e. clownish, coarse."—Dyce.

The fool shall now fish for himself.
Alice. Be sure then
His tew be tith and strong; and next, no swearing;
He'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Doll.
Dor. Farewell, Alice. [*Exeunt.*

136 *tew*] *tewgh* Q, F. "Nares gives '*Tew* or *Tewgh*. A rope or chain by which vessels were drawn along,' and cites the present passage as an instance of the word with that meaning. But here '*tew*' evidently is equivalent to tackle (fishing-tackle)."—Dyce.

136 *tith*] tight, strong; a favourite form with Fletcher.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A room in VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, *and* CELLIDE.

Cel. Indeed he 's much chang'd, extremely alter'd,
His colour faded strangely too.
Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all; which will as well restore
To health again th' affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous.
How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes on now
Apace, my Cellide, (it knocks at door,)
In which our loves and long desires, like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together:
Within these two days, dear——
Cel. When Heaven and you, sir,
Shall think it fit; for by your wills I am govern'd.
Alice. 'Twere good some preparation——

Enter FRANCISCO.

Val. All that may be;
It shall be no blind wedding: and all the joy
Of our friends, I hope.—He looks worse hourly.——
How does my friend? myself?—He sweats too coldly;
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarce gives his function.—How is 't, man? alas, sir,
You look extreme ill! is it any old grief,
The weight of which——
Fran. None, gentle sir, that I feel;
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe, sir—
Cel. You cannot be the master of your health:
Either some fever lies in wait to catch ye,

12 *Shall*] So Q, F; *Still* Colman, Weber, Dyce.

Whose harbingers already in your face
We see preparing, or some discontent,
Which, if it lie in this house—I dare say,
Both for this noble gentleman and all
That live within it—shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is——
Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a virtuous fair physican
Is ready to relieve: your noble cares
I must and ever shall be thankful for;
And would my service—[*Aside.*] I dare not look upon her—
But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;
A grudging, caus'd by th' alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: my heart's whole.—
[*Aside.*] I would it were!
Val. I knew the cause to be so.
Fran. [*Aside.*] No, you shall never know it.
Alice. Some warm broths
To purge the blood; and keep your bed a day, sir,
And sweat it out.
Cel. I have such cordials,
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly.
I 'll be your doctor; you shall see how finely
I 'll fetch ye up again.
Val. He sweats extremely;
Hot, very hot: his pulse beats like a drum now;
Feel, sister, feel: feel, sweet.
Fran. [*Aside.*] How that touch stung me!
Val. My gown there!
Cel. And those juleps in the window!
Alice. Some see his bed made!
Val. This is most unhappy.
Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.
Cel. And this shall be the last fit.
Fran. [*Aside.*] Not by thousands!
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.

34 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
38 s.d] Inserted Weber, as the three following.

Alice. He grows fainter.
Val. Come, lead him in; he shall to bed: a vomit,
I 'll have a vomit for him.
Alice. A purge first;
And if he breath'd a vein——
Val. No, no, no bleeding;
A clyster will cool all.
Cel. Be of good cheer, sir.
Alice. He's loth to speak.
Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!
Alice. I do not like that sign.
Val. Away to 's chamber!
Softly; he 's full of pain; be diligent,
With all the care ye have. Would I had 'scused him!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Sebastian's *house.*

Enter Dorothea *and* Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? do I dwell in her,
To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
You are so learned in your writs! Ye stand now
As if ye had worried sheep. You must turn tippet,
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady;
You must, dear brother. Do you make me carrier
Of your "confound-me's" and your culverins?

56 *breath'd a vein*] Bleeding a vein was often called breathing it.
II. 3 *your sweet letter*] *our sweet letter* Q.
5 *turn tippet*] make a complete change in conduct. Cf. Jonson's *The Case is Altered*, III. iii.—

> "One that for a face
> Would put down Vesta, in whose looks doth swim
> The very sweetest cream of modesty—
> You to turn tippet!"

8 *Malkyn the May-lady*] i.e. the village girl who takes the part of the Queen of the May in the May-day games.

Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd——
Tho. Your patience;
May not a man profess his love?
Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?
Out, out upon thee!
Tho. How would you have me write?
Begin with "My love premised; surely,
And by my truly, mistress"?
Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all persuasion 's lost upon ye,
Humanity all drown'd: from this hour fairly
I 'll wash my hands of all ye do. Farewell, sir.
Tho. Thou art not mad?
Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,
I would keep you company. Get a new mistress,
Some suburb saint, that sixpence and some oaths
Will draw to parley; carouse her health in cans
And candles' ends, and quarrel for her beauty;
Such a sweetheart must serve your turn: your old love
Releases ye of all your ties, disclaims ye,
And utterly abjures your memory,
Till time has better manag'd ye. Will ye command me——
Tho. What, bobb'd of all sides?
Dor. Any worthy service
Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,
Ye are his true son Tom still? Will it please ye
To beat some half a dozen of his servants presently,

12 *debosh'd*] Old spelling of *debauch'd*.

15 *Out, out upon thee*] Included in the following speech in both Q and F; transposed by Seward.

20 *I'll wash my hands of all ye do. Farewell, sir*] Given to Thomas in Q.

23 *suburb saint*] The suburbs were the favourite resort of prostitutes; the Bankside, Turnbull Street in Clerkenwell, and Shoreditch were especially infamous for the character of their inhabitants. The merry lord Valerius, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, has a song "of all the pretty suburbians" (II. iii.).

23 *oaths*] *others* Q, F; Seward's emendation.

25 *candles' ends*] To toss off a candle-end on top of a large bumper seems to have been a favourite method for gallants to show their devotion to their mistresses. The practice is alluded to in 2 *Henry IV*, II. iv.

30 *bobb'd*] made a fool of, mocked, flouted.

That I may testify you have brought the same faith
Unblemish'd home ye carried out? Or, if it like you,
There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
Handsome, and apt for exercise: you have been good, sir,
And charitable, though I say it, signior,
To such poor orphans. And now, by th' way, I think on 't,
Your young rear admiral, I mean your last bastard,
Don John, ye had by Lady Blanch the dairymaid,
Is by an academy of learned gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,
Stol'n from the nurse, and wanders with those prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good store, sir,
When you want, shall supply it. So most humbly
(First rend'ring my due service) I take leave, sir.
[*Exit.*

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say!—My letter fubb'd too,
And no access without I mend my manners?
All my designs in limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the devil roar,
I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground,
I 'll not be bobb'd i' th' nose with every bobtail.
I will be civil too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried;
And yet be mad upon occasion,
And stark mad too, and save my land: my father,
I 'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes.
[*Exit.*

42 *Don John*] An allusion to the famous Don John of Austria, bastard son of Charles V of Spain, who won the battle of Lepanto from the Turks in 1571.
45 *prophets*] In scornful allusion to the fortune-telling of the gypsies.
47 *You want, shall*] *your wants shall* Q and F; corrected by Seward.
49 *fubb'd*] The original meaning of *fub* is to deceive, to cheat; but here it seems rather to have the meaning "to reject with scorn."

SCENE III.

Before SEBASTIAN'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your master;—
Leave your stitches;—
I say thou hast spoil'd thy master.
Laun. I say, how, sir?
Seb. Marry, thou hast taught him, like an arrant rascal,
First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing
I warn'd him from: for I knew if he read once,
He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
Sir lousy Launcelot, ye have suffer'd him,
Against my power first, then against my precept,
To keep that simpering sort of people company,
That sober men call civil: mark ye that, sir?
Laun. An't please your worship——
Seb. It does not please my worship,
Nor shall not please my worship. Third and lastly,
Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for
(However, I will lame thee) like a villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd well.
My servants all are sound now, my drink sour'd,
Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away; no warrants
Come for the breach of peace;
Men travel with their money, and nothing meets 'em.

Sc. III.] Not marked in Q or F.
2 *Leave your stitches*] Part of l. 1 in previous eds. *Stitches* explained by Mason as "grimaces, contortions of the face." Weber quotes *The Captain*, Act II. :—

"If you talk,
Or pull your face into a stitch again."

Colman proposed *speeches*.
13 *third*] *thirdly* F.
19 *sour'd*] Turned sour from lack of any one to drink it.

I was accurs'd to send thee! thou wert ever
Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit;
Thou slept'st still like a cork upon the water.
Laun. Your worship knows I ever was accounted
The most debosh'd; and, please you to remember,
Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit;
I broke the butler's head, too.
Seb. No, base palliard,
I do remember yet that onslaught; thou wast beaten,
And fled'st before the butler, a black jack
Playing upon thee furiously; I saw it;
I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master!

Enter THOMAS, *with a book.*

Tho. What sweet content dwells here!
Laun. Put up your book, sir;
We are all undone else.
Seb. Tom, when is the horse-race?
Tho. I know not, sir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not I, sir;
I have forgot those journeys.
Seb. Spoil'd for ever!—
The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jack Wild-Oats and Will Purser.
Tho. I am sorry, sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly;
Their understandings will bear better courses.
Seb. [*Aside.*] Yes, I will marry again!—But,
Monsieur Thomas,
What say ye to the gentleman that challenged ye
Before ye went, and the fellow ye fell out with?

25 *slept'st*] *sleep'st* Weber.
26 *your worship knows*, etc.] In Q this is part of the preceding speech.
29 *palliard*] dissolute fellow, Fr. *paillard.*
30 *onslaught*] spelled *anslaight* in Q and F, and so printed by Dyce.
31 *black jack*] a large leathern tankard lined with pitch.
34 *sweet content*] Possibly an echo of the beautiful lyric—

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,"

usually ascribed to Dekker, in *Patient Grissil* by Dekker, Chettle and Haughton, of which the refrain is "Oh sweet content!"
42 s.d.] Inserted Weber. 44 *ye went*] *he went* Q, F.

Tho. Oh, good sir,
Remember not those follies. Where I have wrong'd, sir,
(So much I have now learn'd to discern myself,)
My means and my repentance shall make even ;
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the law persuade me.
Seb. [*Aside.*] Any woman ;
I care not of what colour, or complexion ;
Any that can bear children.—Rest ye merry ! [*Exit.*
Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean discharg'd me ;
I am for the ragged regiment.
Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words?
Laun. Oh, pardon me !
I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take it,
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing :
I 'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.
You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little ;
What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
Though 't had been mine, to have satisfied the old man?
Tho. I 'll break it yet.
Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.
Will ye be drunk to-night, (a less entreaty
Has serv'd your turn,) and save all yet? not mad drunk,
For then ye are the devil ; yet the drunker
The better for your father still : your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure ye must recover it :
Do something, do, sir ; do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.
Tho. Go for a fiddler then ; the poor old fiddler
That says his songs. But first, where lies my mistress?
Did ye inquire out that?
Laun. I' th' lodge alone, sir,
None but her own attendants.
Tho. 'Tis the happier :
Away then, find this fiddler, and do not miss me
By nine o'clock.
Laun. *Via !* [*Exit.*

49 *imputation*] i.e. reflection upon my credit.
50 s.d.] added Dyce.
71 *lies*] lodges, lives.
75 *Via !*] Away !

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinherit me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

What, Ribabald!
Hylas. Don Thomasio!
De bene venew.
Tho. I do embrace your body.—
How dost thou, Sam?
Sam. The same Sam still; your friend, sir.
Tho. And how is't, bouncing boys?
Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;
They said thou wert all Monsieur.
Tho. Oh, believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way;
The civil'st gentleman in all your country:
Do not ye see me alter'd? "Yea and nay," gentlemen;
A much-converted man. Where's the best wine, boys?
Hylas. A sound convertite!
Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?
Hylas. By'r Lady,
I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
The last I fell in love with scor'd sixteen.
Tho. Look to your skin; Rambaldo the sleeping giant

77 *put him to his plunge*] embarrass him.
78 *Ribabald*] "A name formed for the occasion from *ribald.*"—Dyce.
79 *De bene venew*] So Q, F. *Le bien-venu* Dyce.
85 *Yea and nay*] Yea-and-nay was often derisively applied to the Puritans, who followed the Biblical injunction to let their communication be "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." Thus Thomas implies that his reformation has made him a veritable Puritan for soberness. Timothy Thinbeard, the embezzling Puritan factor in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, pt. 2, always swears "By yea and nay," and the young rascal Jack Gresham, who calls him a "wainscot-face yea-and-nay," voices the popular opinion as to Puritan hypocrisy as follows (*Works*, 1874, i. 271)—

> "Under the yea and nay men often buy
> Much cozenage, find many a lie:
> He that with yea and nay makes all his sayings, (? sealings)
> Yet proves a Judas in his dealings,
> Shall have this written o'er his grave:
> 'Thy life seemed pure, yet died a knave.'"

91 *Rambaldo*] "Evidently a well-known personage in some popular romance· but where, is not clear."—Quoted from Nares by Dyce.

Will rouse and rent thee piece-meal.
Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.
Tho. Thou never mean'st then
To marry any that thou lov'st?
Hylas. No, surely,
Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage!
Would you have me now begin to be prentice,
And learn to cobble other men's old boots?
Sam. Why, you may take a maid.
Hylas. Where? can you tell me?
Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,
To what use should I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new gowns i' th' parish will not please her,
If she be high bred, (for there's the sport she aims at,)
Nor all the feathers in the Friars.
Tho. Then take a widow,
A good staunch wench, that's tith.
Hylas. And begin a new order?
Live in a dead man's monument? Not I, sir.
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow; and methinks ever
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.
Tho. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and flat-nosed,
And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders, flat
All the face over.
Hylas. I have had such damsels,
I must confess.
Tho. Thou hast been a precious rogue.
Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

92 *perceives*] K. Deighton (*The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings*, 1896) suggests *pursues*.
96 *be prentice*] *be a Prentice* Seward.
104 *the Friars*] "i.e. Black-friars, which formerly abounded with Puritans, many of whom followed there the business of dealers in feathers; to this our early dramatists very frequently allude."—Dyce.
105 *tith*] Cf. I. iii. 136.
107 *old*] *own* F, Seward.

Enter over the Stage Physicians *and others.*

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these physicians?
Whose dog lies sick o' th' mulligrubs?
Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior Master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is fall'n sick o' th' sudden, desperate sick;
And likely they go thither.
Tho. Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter ALICE.

Sam. There's one can better satisfy you.
Tho. Mistress Alice,
I joy to see you, lady.
Alice. Good Monsieur Thomas,
You're welcome from your travel. I am hasty;
A gentleman lies sick, sir.
Tho. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.
Alice. Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.
Tho. I am glad on't;
And, prithee, hark.
Alice. I cannot stay.
Tho. A while, Alice.
Sam. Never look so narrowly; the mark's in her mouth still.
Hylas. I am looking at her legs; prithee, be quiet.
Alice. I cannot stay.

118 *mulligrubs*] A fit of megrims or spleen; hence jocularly, stomach-ache or colic. [*N.E.D.*]

132 *the mark's in her mouth still*] An allusion to the practice of judging a horse's age by a certain mark in the incisor tooth, the disappearance of which indicates that the animal has reached a certain age. Hence, Sam implies that Alice is still young enough to be marriageable. Cf. *Wit without Money*, IV. v:—

"Biscuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon, like corals,
To bring the mark again." [*N.E.D.*]

Tho. Oh, sweet Alice—
Hylas. A clean instep,
And that I love a' life. I did not mark
This woman half so well before; how quick
And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg show'd!
By th' mass, a neat one! the colour of her stocking
A much inviting colour.
Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.
Hylas. Pretty breeches,
Finely becoming too.
Tho. By Heaven——
Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so——
Tho. But this word!
Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord! [*Exit.*
Hylas. Well, you shall hear more from me.
Tho. We 'll go visit;
'Tis charity; besides, I know she is there,
And under visitation I shall see her.
Will ye along?
Hylas. By any means.
Tho. Be sure, then,
I be a civil man. I have sport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage day.
Hylas. Away, then!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter three Physicians, *with an urinal.*

1 Phys. A pleurisy, I see it.
2 Phys. I rather hold it
For *tremor cordis.*

135 *a' life*] as my life; a contraction for on my life, or of my life. [Dyce.]
as life Seward, Colman.
144 *We 'll go visit*] Dyce inserts *Frank* after *visit.*
Sc. IV.] Called Sc. iii. Q and F.

3 Phys. Do you mark the *fæces?*
'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.
1 Phys. By no means.
3 Phys. I say, bleed.
1 Phys. I say, 'tis dangerous,
The person being spent so much beforehand,
And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool clysters.
2 Phys. Now, with your favours, I should think a vomit;
For, take away the cause, the effect must follow;
The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's unphlegm'd yet.
3 Phys. No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild means;
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? the weak gentleman
Grows worse and worse still.
1 Phys. Come, we will attend him.
2 Phys. He shall do well, my friend.
Serv. My master's love, sir.
1 Phys. Excellent well, I warrant thee; right and straight, friend.
3 Phys. There's no doubt in him, none at all; ne'er fear him. [*Exeunt.*

10 *unphlegm'd*] *unflam'd* Q, F. "Seward printed 'unclean'd' (informing us that '*the pot*' means here the stomach), and proposed in a note another alteration, 'enflam'd,' which was adopted by the editors of 1778. 'Suffice it to say, that the Second Doctor means that the *phlegm* is not discharged into the vessel, and must therefore still be in the stomach of the patient.'—WEBER." —Dyce.

SCENE V.

Another room in the same.

Enter VALENTINE *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. That he is desperate sick, I do believe well,
And that without a speedy cure it kills him ;
But that it lies within the help of physic
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozened, clean beside it.
I would tell ye the true cause too, but 'twould vex ye,
Nay, run ye mad.
Val. May all I have restore him,—
So dearly and so tenderly I love him
(I do not know the cause why),—yea, my life too?
Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I 'll tell you :
Hei miki, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis !
Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd ; good friend, go from me :
I find my heart too full for further conference.
You are assur'd of this?
Mich. 'Twill prove too certain ;
But bear it nobly, sir ; youth hath his errors.
Val. I shall do, and I thank ye ; pray ye, no words on't.
Mich. I do not use to talk, sir.
Val. Ye are welcome. [*Exit* MICHAEL.
Is there no constancy in earthly things,
No happiness in us but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves!
Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Oh, dear brother!
The gentleman, if ever you will see him
Alive, as I think——

Sc. V.] Sc. iv. in Q and F.
11 *Hei mihi*] Ovid, *Met.* i. 523. [Dyce.]
17 *I do not use to talk, sir*] Given to Valentine in Q.

Enter CELLIDE.

Cel. Oh, he faints! For Heaven sake,
For Heaven sake, sir——
Val. Go comfort him, dear sister. [*Exit* ALICE.
And one word, sweet, with you; then we'll go to him.
What think you of this gentleman?
Cel. My pity thinks, sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.
Val. It is, indeed; but, Cellide, he must die.
Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him.
Why do you weep so, sir? he may recover.
Val. He may, but with much danger. My sweet Cellide,
You have a powerful tongue.
Cel. To do you service.
Val. I will betray his grief; he loves a gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds;
He knows it too: yet such a sway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him:
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.
Cel. Sure she's hard-hearted
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery. She is not married?
Val. Not yet.
Cel. Nor near it?
Val. When she please.
Cel. And pray, sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?
Val. His love may merit much, his person little,
For there the match lies mangled.
Cel. Is he your friend?
Val. He should be, for he is near me.
Cel. Will not he die then,
When th' other shall recover?
Val. Ye have pos'd me.
Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her.

37 *fancy*] love.

If she love him——
Val. She does, and would do equal.
Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me; yet, for your sake,
I will speak to her: all the art I have;
My best endeavours; all his youth and person,
His mind more full of beauty; all his hopes;
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alleg'd,
I'll lay before her. What's her name? I am ready.
Val. But will you deal effectually?
Cel. Most truly;
Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty.
Val. And could ye be so pitiful?
Cel. So dutiful,
Because you urge it, sir.
Val. It may be, then,
It is yourself.
Cel. It is indeed, I know it;
And now know how ye love me.
Val. Oh, my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge: your own part's pity;
Set but your eyes on his afflictions.
He is mine, and so becomes your charge: but think
What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity and noble manhood;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,
My body budding now no more,—sear winter
Hath seal'd that sap up; at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my nurse,
And how unequal, dearest! where his years,
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,

52 *you put me*] Weber prints *you put upon me.*

55 *beauty*] So F and Seward; *beautis* Q; and *beauties* Colman, Weber and Dyce. But the *s* of the Q is much blurred, and was probably an error for *e* anyway.

61 *were it myself*] *were it I myself* Seward.

66 *your own part's pity*] So F, and eds. to Dyce; *your owne part: pitiy* Q. Dyce proposed *your own heart pity*, which is tempting; but since one of the original readings is perfectly intelligible, to adhere to it is perhaps the safer plan.

76 *where*] whereas.

Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive not;
I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have!
Cel. You have said enough, sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could utter;
But ye are a man, a false man too!
Val. Dear Cellide!
Cel. And now, to show you that I am a woman
Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs. I will to him;
And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easy winning,
So will I lose the name of Valentine,
From henceforth all his flatteries; and, believe it,
Since ye have so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
Shall pluck me back again: what I shall do,
(Yet I will undertake his cure,) expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations.
Val. Why, let him die then.
Cel. No; so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.
Val. What shall I do?
Cel. Die like a fool unsorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure!
I must begin my cure.
Val. And I my crosses. [*Exeunt.*

85 *ye*] *you* F.
94 *so slightly*] *so so slightly* Q.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in VALENTINE'S *House.*

FRANCISCO *discovered in bed; the three* Physicians *and an* Apothecary.

1 Phys. Clap on the cataplasm.
Fran. Good gentlemen,
Good learned gentlemen——
2 Phys. And see those broths there,
Ready within this hour.—Pray keep your arms in;
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.
Fran. Pray leave me; I beseech ye, leave me, gentlemen;
I have no other sickness but your presence.
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clysters.
3 Phys. Pray be rul'd, sir.
1 Phys. Bring in the lettice cap. You must be shaved, sir,
And then how suddenly we 'll make you sleep!
Fran. Till dooms-day—[*Aside.*] What unnecessary nothings
Are these about a wounded mind!
2 Phys. How do ye?
Fran. [*Aside.*] What questions they propound too!—
How do you, sir?

III. i.] The droll mentioned in the Introduction was taken mainly from this scene, with II. iv. as an introduction.

Francisco discovered, etc.] The old s.d. ran—*Enter* Frank *sick*, *Physicians*, etc.

3 *those*] *these* F.

10 *lettice cap*] a cap made of the grey fur called lettice, worn as a means of inducing sleep. [*N.E.D.*] Cf. *Thierry and Theodoret*, V. ii :—

> "Physicians,
> Some with glisters, some with lettice-caps,
> Some posset drinks, some pills."

Dyce took the term to mean "certain applications of the plant lettuce, as a soporific."

12 s.d.] Inserted Dyce; also those at ll. 14 and 20.

I am glad to see you well.
3 Phys. A great distemper; it grows hotter still.
1 Phys. Open your mouth, I pray, sir.
Fran. And can you tell me
How old I am then? There's my hand; pray show me
How many broken shins within this two year—
[*Aside.*] Who would be thus in fetters?—Good master doctor,
And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer:
Ye stand before me like my blacks.
2 Phys. 'Tis dangerous;
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter CELLIDE.

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen;
And, pray ye, your leave a while too; I have something
Of secret to impart unto the patient.
1 Phys. With all our hearts.
3 Phys. Ay, marry, such a physic
May chance to find the humour. Be not long, lady,
For we must minister within this half-hour.
Cel. You shall not stay for me.
[*Exeunt* Physicians *and* Apothecary.
Fran. Would you were all rotten,
That ye might only intend one another's itches!
Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,
Would drink small beer but seven year, and abolish
That wildfire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, springs and falls, might fail ye!
What torments these intruders into bodies—
Cel. How do you, worthy sir?
Fran. [*Aside.*] Bless me, what beams
Flew from these angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,

24 *blacks*] mourning weeds. [Weber.]
32 *intend*] attend to. [Dyce.]
34 *year*] *years* F.
39 *these*] *those* Colman, Weber.

What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man!—Dare ye sit by me?
Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, comfort ye;
I see ye have need.
Fran. You are a fair physician:
You bring no bitterness gilt o'er to gull us,
No danger in your looks—yet there my death lies.
Cel. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please ye
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter VALENTINE, *behind.*

For this I think must cure ye.
Fran. Of which, lady?—
[*Aside.*] Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush so?
Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this cordial.
[*Kisses him.*
Val. [*Aside.*] Oh, my afflicted heart! She is gone for ever.
Fran. What Heaven ye have brought me, lady!
Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life, sir,
(Your life too excellent to lose in wishes,)
Love, virtuous love.
Fran. A virtuous blessing crown ye!—
Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart,
That 's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power ye have, and perfect object,

51 s.d.] Added Dyce.
52 s.d.] Added Weber.
53 s.d.] Added Dyce.
54 *ye have*] *have ye* F.
55 *'tis not*] *'tis no* F.
64 *When all the power*, etc.] "i.e. When all the power you have, and the perfect object of that power, lies in the light of another, who deserves the exercise of that power."—Weber. Heath proposed *another's right.*

Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?
Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too boldly
I dare abuse my promise: 'twas your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin.
But so much has your danger, and that spell,
The powerful name of *friend*, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye,
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignment;
And willingly I ratify it.
Fran. Hold, for Heaven sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted;
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolv'd to die first.
Val. [*Aside.*] Ha! say'st thou so? Nay, then, thou shalt not perish.
Fran. And though I love ye above the light shines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content;
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise,
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,)
Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friend.
Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?
Fran. Do you make a doubt?
Cel. And can ye be unwilling,
He being old and impotent? his aim, too,
Levell'd at you for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure and counsel? Alas, consider,

66 *too*] So F; *to* Q. Dyce reads *so*.
80 s.d.] Added Weber.
82 *free content*] Seward took *content* as an adjective, and printed *free, content*.
89 *friend*] *friends* Q and F; Mason's correction.
91 *you not*] *not you* F.

Play but the woman with me, and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, sir, what misery——
Fran. For virtue's sake, take heed!
Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections, [aim'd] and shot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What act of memory, but fruitless doting?
Fran. This cannot be.
Cel. To you, unless ye apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it;
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know ye grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make ye stagger
(Which is a fair thing in ye), yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.
Val. [*Aside.*] Oh, cruel woman!
Cel. Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost!
Fran. Pray, stay there:
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest virtue, men delivered of you,
Shows but like shadow to me, thin and fading.
Val. [*Aside.*] Excellent friend!
Fran. Ye have no share in goodness;

96 *Play but the woman with me*] "i. e. Suppose yourself, as I am, a woman."—Colman.

102 *Equal affections*, [*aim'd*] *and shot together*] *Equall affections and shot together* Q and F. Seward printed thus: *Equal Affections, and shot up together.* Colman suggested *born and shot together*, which was adopted by Weber and Dyce. The present reading is that of Mr. K. Deighton (*op. cit.*), who says, "The metaphor does not seem to me from plants but from arrows levelled and discharged together. From its resemblance to *and*, aim'd might easily have been dropped by the transcriber."

104 *act*] *art* Q, F, Seward, Weber. Colman printed *act*, on Theobald's conjecture, which Dyce adopted. For other examples of this question between *art* and *act*, see *The Custom of the Country*, V. v. 225 (vol. i. of this ed., p. 586), and *Beggar's Bush*, II. iii. 156 (vol. ii., p. 384).

113 s.d.] Added Dyce.

117 *delivered*] reported.

119 s.d.] Added Weber.

Ye are belied; you are not Cellide,
The modest, [the] immaculate. Who are ye?
For I will know! What devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemished beauty?
Cel. Do not rave, sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract ye:
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By those fair eyes I do.
Fran. Oh, double-hearted!
Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented! Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
So sainted in the soul of him whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady,)
Is drawn out only for your ends——
Val. [*Aside.*] Oh, miracle!——
Fran. Whose all, and every part of man (pray mark me)
Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble—Can ye, dare ye,
Must ye cast off this man, (though he were willing,
Though in a nobleness to cross my danger,
His friendship durst confirm it,) without baseness,
Without the stain of honour? Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, "There's the lady
That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
To fawn upon a stranger,"—for aught you know,
As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?
Val. [*Aside.*] Take her with all my heart! Thou art so honest

121 *The modest, [the] immaculate*] *modest, unaculate* Q; *modest, immaculate* F. Article inserted by Seward.
140 s.d.] Added Weber.
141 *mark*] *make* Q, F.
145 *to*] *so* Q, F.
152 s.d.] Added Weber.

That 'tis most necessary I be undone:
With all my soul possess her! [*Exit.*
Cel. Till this minute,
I scorn'd and hated ye, and came to cozen ye;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.
Fran. Good Heaven, what is this woman?
Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love ye dearly,
And from this hour ye are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend: and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on ye,
To make this truth the world's.
Fran. Whither do you drive me?
Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a strong built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: there are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your sentinels that watch it hourly,—
Your eyes—let them not wander.
Fran. [*Aside.*] Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?
Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray ye, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridg'd round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines may meet ye.
Fran. [*Aside.*] How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,
She show'd till now! when having won his way,

154 *With all my soul possess her!*] Given to Cellide in Q and F.
173 s.d.] Added Dyce.
174 *Or does she play still with me?*] Given to Cellide in Q.
180 *Ridg'd*] Spelled *Rig'd* in Q, F.
181 *mines*] *minds* F. s.d.] Added Dyce.
183 *his*] *her* Q, F; corrected by Seward.

How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams!—Excellent angel,
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes,)
To kiss that virgin hand!
Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust ye;
No other fruit my love must ever yield ye,
I fear, no more: yet your most constant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not!—[*Aside.*] Oh, noble young man,
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!—
Once more, farewell, and prosper! [*Exit.*
Fran. Goodness guide thee!
My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has wakened me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off: a spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm, shot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physic find;
And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair virtue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend;
Yet I am poor and tardy; something for her too,
Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter VALENTINE, THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure.
Tho. Do you think I am mad? you 'll give me leave
To try her fairly?
Val. Do your best.
Tho. Why, there, boy!
But where 's the sick man?
Hylas. Where are the gentlewomen

That should attend him? there 's the patient.
Methinks these women——
Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.
Val. Go to him, friend, and comfort him; I 'll lead ye.—
Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend! pray, pardon me;
I am so overjoy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome. [*Exit.*
Tho. How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy? Bear up, man!
What, shrink i' th' sinews for a little sickness?
Diavolo morte!
Fran. I am o' th' mending hand.
Tho. How like a flute thou speak'st! "O' th' mending hand," man!
"Gogs bores, I am well!" Speak like a man of worship.
Fran. Thou art a mad companion; never staid, Tom.
Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no habitation;
A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down, Frank,
And see what I have brought thee. Come, discover;
Open the scene and let the work appear:
[*Draws out a bottle.*
A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million.
Fran. What hast thou there, a julep?
Hylas. He must not touch it;
'Tis present death.
Tho. Ye are an ass, a twirepipe,

224 *Diavolo morte!*] "The devil is dead" seems to have been a proverbial saying of jocular encouragement in several languages: Hazlitt cites it in his *English Proverbs*, and cf. Denys's "Courage, le diable est mort!" in *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

226 *Gogs bores*] Weber took this for a corruption of "Gogs (God's) bones!" but Dyce gave the true reference to Christ's wounds. *N.E.D.* cites Brome's *Asparagus Garden*, IV. iii.: *'sbores*.

227 *companion*] fellow.

228 *Let rogues be staid*] "Thomas here quibbles on the word *staid*, and uses it in the sense of stopped or arrested; alluding to the power vested in magistrates of stopping vagabonds."—Mason.

230 *discover; Open the scene*] Both terms used in the theatrical parlance of the day, as applied to the drawing of the traverse, or curtain at the back of the stage, to reveal a setting in the space under the stage-balcony.

231 s.d.] Added Weber.

234 *twirepipe*] To twire was to leer, to peer. Cf. Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, II. iii.: "Which maids will twire at 'tween their fingers thus;" and *Women Pleased*, IV. i.: "I saw the wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee." *Twirepipe* and *Jeffery John Bo-peep* are probably both equivalent to our

A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou minister?
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle? Out, puppy!—
My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow.
Dost thou see that bottle? view it well.
Fran. I do, Tom.
Tho. There be as many lives in 't as a cat carries;
'Tis everlasting liquor.
Fran. What?
Tho. Old sack, boy,
Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolomeus
Did all his wonders by.
Fran. I see no harm, Tom,
Drink with a moderation.
Tho. Drink with sugar,
Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy.
[*Draws out sugar and a glass.*
Take me without my tools?
Sam. Pray, sir, be temperate;
You know your own state best.
Fran. Sir, I much thank ye,
And shall be careful: yet a glass or two,
So fit I find my body, and that so needful——
Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou say'st true, Frank——
Hylas. Where are these women, I say?
Tho. 'Tis most necessary;
Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets,
Your barley broths, and sorrel sops! they are mangy,
And breed the scratches only: give me sack!—
I wonder where this wench is though.—Have at thee!
Hylas. So long, and yet no bolting?
Fran. Do; I 'll pledge thee.

"peeping Tom," alluding, no doubt, to Hylas's fondness for peeping about the ladies (cf. II. iii. toward the end). Dyce, taking from Nares a meaning for *twire* of to chirp, to sing, considers that *twirepipe* is "some sort of pipe for alluring birds (as *quail-pipe*, etc.)."

235 *Thou minister?*] i. e. Thou prescribe for a sick man? *mimister* Q and F.

236 *Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle?*] No precise meaning need be attached to all of Thomas's ejaculations, but perhaps this may be taken as meaning something like—Are you capable of dealing with a difficult case such as this?

245 s.d.] Added Dyce.

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry "heigh!" like a huntsman,
With a clear heart; and no more fits I warrant thee:
The only cordial, Frank.
[Physicians *and* Servants *within.*
1 Phys. Are the things ready?
And is the barber come?
Serv. An hour ago, sir.
1 Phys. Bring out the oils then.
Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,
Do me a kindness, and deliver me.
Tho. From whom, boy?
Fran. From these things that talk within there;
Physicians, Tom, physicians, scouring-sticks:
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, *and* Barber.

Hylas. Let 'em enter.
Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver thee.
For, look ye, doctor; say the devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin,
Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St. Dunstan's,
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your judgment short and sound.
1 Phys. A fool's head.
Tho. No, sir,
It must be a physician's, for three causes:
The first, because it is a bald head likely,
Which will down easily without apple-pap.
3 Phys. A main cause!
Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, sir,

259 s.d.] So Q and F.
264 *scouring-sticks*] rods for cleaning the barrels of guns.
265 *read upon me*] apparently, to lecture upon me as a subject in anatomy. Cf. *The Elder Brother*, IV. iii. 219–20:

"For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses."

268 *biggin*] a tight-fitting cap; used originally of that put on the head of a new-born child.
270 *at*] Seward's substitution for the *and* of Q and F, adopted by all the editors.

Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
And work upon the crudities, (conceive me,)
The fears and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.
Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian humour—
Tho. Right, sir.
Hylas. Forc'd with a cataplasm of crackers—
Tho. Ever.
Hylas. Scour all before him, like a scavenger.
Tho. Satisfecisti, domine.—My last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned doctors,
Because in most physicians' heads—I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, though a patient say his prayers,
And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons—
We have it by tradition of great writers
There is a kind of toad-stone bred, whose virtue,
The doctor being dried——
1 Phys. We are abus'd, sirs.
Hylas. I take it so, or shall be.—For say the belly ache,
Caus'd by an inundation of pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port vein,
Or the Port Esquiline?
Sam. A learned question!
Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The sign being then in the head of Capricorn—
Tho. Meet with the passion Hyperchondriaca,
And so cause a carnosity in the kidneys,
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Answer me that.
Sam. Most excellently argued!
2 Phys. The next fit you will have, my most fine scholar,

280 *fears*] So F, *feares* Q. Dyce conjectures *fevers*.

292 *toad-stone*] It was a popular belief that in the toad's head was to be found a stone endowed with miraculous virtues. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. i:—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

294 *belly ache*] Dyce's correction of the *belly-ake* of other editions.

296-7 *Are we . . . Port Esquiline?*] i. e. are we to bleed or to purge the patient? For *Port Esquiline* see Marston's *Works*, ed. Bullen, I. xxxii; III. 351, 361.—A. H. B.

Bedlam shall find a salve for.—Fare ye well, sir;
We came to do you good, but these young doctors,
It seems, have bor'd our noses.
3 Phys. Drink hard, gentlemen,
And get unwholesome drabs: 'tis ten to one then
We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.
[*Exeunt* Phys. Apoth. *and* Barber.

Tho. [*sings*] And wilt thou be gone, says one?
Hylas. And wilt thou be gone, says t'other?
Tho. Then take the odd crown,
To mend thy old gown,
Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fran. My learned Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company ye had with ye;
They much desire to visit ye.
Fran. Pray ye, thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:
Ye see my company.
Tho. Come hither, Crab;
What gentlewomen are these? my mistress?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Hylas. And who else?
Serv. Mistress Alice.
Hylas. Oh!
Tho. Hark ye, sirrah,
No word of my being here, unless she know it.
Serv. I do not think she does.
Tho. Take that, and mum then.
Serv. You have tied my tongue up. [*Exit.*
Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,
And not a word of me till ye hear from me;
And, as you find my humour, follow it.—
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen, boys,
And do as I shall tutor ye.
Fran. What new work?

307 *bor'd our noses*] made dupes of us, mocked us.
310 s.d.] *They sing* Weber, Dyce.

Tho. Prithee, no more, but help me now.
Hylas. I would fain
Talk with the gentlewomen.
Tho. Talk with the gentlewomen? 330
Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the last masque
Suffer'd impression? or whose clyster wrought best?
Take me as I shall tell thee.
Hylas. To what end,
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be rul'd though.
Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferreting 335
About the farthingale: do as I bid ye,
Or by this light——
Hylas. Come, then.
Tho. Stand close, and mark me.
[*Exit, with* HYLAS *and* SAM, *behind the arras.*
Fran. All this forc'd foolery will never do it.

Enter ALICE *and* MARY.

Alice. I hope we bring ye health, sir: how is't with ye?
Mary. You look far better, trust me.—The fresh colour 340
Creeps now again into his cheeks.
Alice. Your enemy,
I see, has done his worst. Come, we must have ye
Lusty again, and frolic, man; leave thinking.
Mary. Indeed it does ye harm, sir.
Fran. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by ye.
Alice. You shall be well, then, 345
And suddenly, and soundly well.
Mary. This air, sir,
Having now season'd ye, will keep ye ever.
Tho. No, no, I have no hope: nor is it fit, friends,
(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,) 350

337 s.d.] So Dyce. *They stand apart*, Weber.
348 Tho. *No, no*, etc.] It is to be understood that from here to l. 387, Thomas, Hylas and Sam speak from within. Dyce inserts a stage direction to that effect at each of their speeches.

That anything but curses light upon me ;
Exorbitant in all my ways—
Alice. Who 's that, sir ?
Another sick man ?
Mary. Sure I know that voice well.
Tho. In all my courses cureless disobedience—
Fran. [*Aside.*] What a strange fellow 's this !
Tho. No counsel, friends,
No look before I leapt.
Alice. Do you know the voice, sir ?
Fran. Yes ; 'tis a gentleman's that 's much afflicted
In 's mind : great pity, ladies.
Alice. Now Heaven help him !
Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.
Mary. Oh, that this could be truth !
Hylas. Persuade yourself.
Tho. To what end, gentlemen ? when all is perish'd
Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful ?
My credit 's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as——
Mary. I like this well.
Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.
Tho. I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her ;
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodness all out-going——
Alice. Now I know him.
Tho. Which these eyes, friends, my eyes, must ne'er see more.
Alice. This is for your sake, Mary : take heed, cousin ;
A man is not so soon made.
Tho. Oh, my fortune !
But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.

354 *cureless*] *careless* F, Seward.
355 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
366 *split*] *spilt* Q.
372 *Which these eyes*, etc.] In Q the line reads *With these eyes friends, my eyes must nev'r see more ;* F *never* for *nev'r*, otherwise the same. The present reading is Seward's, adopted by following editors. It is not altogether satisfactory ; the repetition of *eyes* suggests a corruption in one or the other case, but I am unable to make a better conjecture.

Hylas. Despair not, 'tis not manly: one hour's goodness
Strikes off an infinite of ills.
Alice. Weep truly
And with compassion, cousin.
Fran. [*Aside.*] How exactly
This cunning young thief plays his part!
Mary. Well, Tom,
My Tom again, if this be truth.
Hylas. She weeps, boy.
Tho. Oh, I shall die!
Mary. Now Heaven defend!
Sam. Thou hast her.
Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell;
And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!—
[*Aside to* HYLAS.] How does it show?
Hylas. Oh, rarely well.
Mary. Say you so, sir?
Fran. Oh, ye grand ass!
Mary. And are ye there, my juggler?
Away! we are abus'd, Alice.
Alice. Fool be with thee!
[*Exeunt* MARY *and* ALICE.
Tho. Where is she?
Fran. Gone; she found you out, and finely;
In your own noose she halter'd ye: you must be whispering,
To know how things show'd; not content to fare well,
But you must roar out roast meat. Till that suspicion,
You carried it most neatly; she believed, too,
And wept most tenderly; had you continu'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.
Tho. This was thy roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering: fie upon thee!
Now could I break thy head.
Hylas. You spoke to me first.
Tho. Do not anger me,
For, by this hand, I 'll beat thee buzzard-blind, then!

378 s.d.] Added Weber; also that at l. 384.

397 *buzzard-blind*] The buzzard was regarded as a stupid, lumpish bird; the name was sometimes applied to an ignorant, loutish person. *Buzzard-blind* is, then, a superlative degree of blindness.

She shall not scape me thus. Farewell for this time.
Fran. Good night.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis almost bed time; yet no sleep
Must enter these eyes till I work a wonder. [*Exit.*
Tho. Thou shalt along, too; for I mean to plague thee
For this night's sins; I will ne'er leave walking of thee
Till I have worn thee out.
Hylas. Your will be done, sir.
Tho. You will not leave me, Sam?
Sam. Not I.
Tho. Away, then!
I 'll be your guide. Now, if my man be trusty,
My spiteful dame, I 'll pipe ye such a hunts-up
Shall make ye dance a tipvaes. Keep close to me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in SEBASTIAN'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* DOROTHEA.

Seb. Never persuade me; I will marry again.
What, should I leave my state to pins and poking-sticks,
To farthingales and frounces? to fore-horses,

399 s.d.] Added Ed.
400 *eyes*] Om. F.
406 *hunts-up*] Originally a tune played to rouse huntsmen in the morning; then of any stirring tune, and, specifically, as the name of a dance-tune; finally, of any disturbance or commotion. The word occurs constantly in the drama of the period.
407 *tipvaes*] Colman suggests that this is a misprint for "tiptoes"; Dyce, that it may be "akin to *tivy*."
II. 2 *What*] Dyce takes this as meaning *why;* the ejaculation seems preferable.
2 *poking-sticks*] "i. e. sticks or irons for setting the plaits of ruffs. Those of wood or bone were originally employed; but, as Stow informs us, 'about the sixteenth year of the queen [Elizabeth] began the making of steel poking-sticks,' which, of course, were used hot."—Dyce.
3 *frounces*] The old and more correct spelling of *flounces*.

And an old leather bawdy-house behind 'em?
To thee?
Dor. You have a son, sir.
Seb. Where? What is he?
Who is he like?
Dor. Yourself.
Seb. Thou liest; thou hast marr'd him,
Thou and thy prayer-books: I do disclaim him.
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in 's pocket, damsel?
One of your dear disciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That shows a man, and mettle? When was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When, and where,
Has he but show'd his sword of late?
Dor. Despair not,
I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weakness;
For, if you like it so, I can assure you
He is the same man still.
Seb. Would thou wert ashes
On that condition! But, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd——
Dor. You never, sir;
So well I know my duty. And, for Heaven sake,
Take but this counsel with ye ere you marry
(You were wont to hear me); take him and confess him,
Search him to th' quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please; a mother's name I honour.
Seb. He is lost and spoil'd; I am resolv'd my roof
Shall never harbour him: and for you, minion,
I 'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief: get ye in! [*Exit* DOROTHEA.
Who waits?

11 *your dear disciples*] those fine Puritans of yours. Weber prints *our*.
14 *shows*] *shew* Dyce.
24 *wrong'd*] *wrong* Q.
25 *well*] *will* Q.
29 *you please*] *please you* Q.
31 *you*] *your* Q.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, sir?
Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: mark what house
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.
Serv. I will not fail, sir.
Seb. If ye do, I 'll hang ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S *house*

Enter THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Tho. Keep you the back door there, and be sure
None of her servants enter, or go out;
If any woman pass, she is lawful prize, boys;
Cut off all convoys.
Hylas. Who shall answer this?
Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon;
I shall appear to th' action.
Hylas. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?
Tho. With any gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: ye may rehearse too,
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a chambermaid.
Hylas. May we sing too?
For there 's my master-piece.
Tho. By no means; no, boys,
I am the man reserved for air, 'tis my part;
And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her.
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister; but, for main singing,
Pray ye satisfy yourselves. Away! be careful.
Hylas. But hark ye, one word, Tom; we may be beaten.

III. 5 *widgeon*] fool; the widgeon was regarded as a particularly stupid bird.
14 *record*] practise a tune in an undertone, as birds repeat their songs.

Tho. That 's as ye think good yourselves: if you deserve it,
Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass. Beaten!
What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who should beat thee?
Hylas. She has men enough.
Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: if all that mass
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dog's meat. Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind. That door,
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from a serving-man.
No more, I say.—Away, Sam!
Sam. At your will, sir.
[*Exeunt* HYLAS *and* SAM.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* Fiddler.

Laun. I have him here; a rare rogue. Good sweet master,
Do something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd;
No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur.
Not by the virtue of my languages;
Nothing at my old master's to be hoped for;
Oh, Signeur Du! nothing to line my life with,
But cold pies with a cudgel, till you help us.
Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee.—Come hither, fiddler;
What ballads are you seen in best? Be short, sir.
Fid. Under your mastership's correction, I can sing *The Duke of Norfolk;* or *The merry ballad*

31 *No point manieur*, etc.] So Q and F. *No point manger, no point de vin, no Seigneur* Dyce.
34 *Oh, Signeur Du!*] So Q and F. *Oh, Seigneur Dieu* Dyce.
39 *The Duke of Norfolk*] The first stanza of this ballad is given in *Roxburghe Ballads* (iv. 355)—

"'I am the Duke of Norfolk, newly come to Suffolk;
Say, shall I be attended, or, no, no, no?'
'Good Duke, be not offended, and you shall be attended,
And you shall be attended, now, now, now.'"

"I am the Duke of Norfolk," or "Paul's Steeple," was a well-known tune.

Of Diverus and Lazarus; The Rose of England;
In Crete when Dedimus first began;
Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry——
Tho. Excellent!
Rare matters all.
Fid. *Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter;*
The Devil, and *Ye dainty Dames*——
Tho. Rare still!
Fid. *The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,*

40 *Diverus and Lazarus*] A version of the popular ballad *Dives and Lazarus*. The S.R. contains entries on the subject in 1557–8 (Arber's Transcript i. 76) and 1570–1 (Arber, i. 436). In Child's collection the B version (vol ii, pp. 10–11) replaces *Dives* with *Diverus;* thus the form is not an error on the fiddler's part.

40 *The Rose of England*] Not, as Weber and Dyce considered, a ballad dealing with the story of Fair Rosamond, but one upon the winning of the crown from Richard III by Henry VII, to be found under this title in Percy's *Reliques* (and Child, iii. 330–3).

41 *In Crete when Dedimus first began*] Two verses of this long-lost ballad were recovered by Mr. F. Sidgwick and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (Aug. 1906, vol. ccci. pp. 179–81). The first stanza, as it is given in the MS. (Harley 7578), is as follows—

"In creat when dedylus fyrst began
his stait and long exile to wayle
when mynus wrath had shutt upp then
yche way by land eche way by sayle
the love of creett hyme pricked so
that he devysed away to goe."

Thomas sings the last two lines at ll. 87–8 below.

42 *Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry*] Perhaps a burlesque title.

43 *Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter*] In *Roxburghe Ballads* (ii. 87) is printed "The First Part of the Marchant's Daughter of Bristow. To the tune The Mayden's Joy.

Behold the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Marchant's Daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could move
Such favour beares the lovely browne," etc.

44 *The Devil*] "Though the devil figures in several old ditties, I can recollect no ballad to which he gives the title."—Dyce.

44 *Ye dainty Dames*] These are the opening words of "A Warning for Maidens. To the Tune of The Ladies Fall:

You daintie Dames so finelie fram'd
In beauties chiefest mold," etc.

(*Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 193). According to Chappell (*Old English Popular Music*. New ed. H. E. Woodbridge, 1893. 2 vols. i. 90) *You dainty Dames* was sometimes referred to as a tune. It is possible that the whole line may refer to a single ballad.

45 *The Landing of the Spaniards*, etc.] Weber notes the reference in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, II. ii., to the same action, and another in the epilogue to *A Wife for a Month*.

With the bloody Battle at Mile-End.

Tho. All excellent!
No tuning, as ye love me; let thy fiddle
Speak Welch, or any thing that 's out of all tune;
The vilder still the better, like thyself,
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.
Fid. Nay truly, ye shall have it ev'n as homely—
Tho. Keep ye to that key. Are they all abed, trow?
Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no light
In any window; 'tis a night for the nonce, sir.
Tho. Come, strike up then, and say *The Merchant's Daughter;*
We 'll bear the burthen: proceed to incision, fiddler.
[*Song.*

Enter Servant, *above.*

Serv. Who 's there? what noise is this? what rogue at these hours?

Tho. [*Sings.*] Oh, what is that to you, my fool?
Oh, what is that to you?
Pluck in your face, you bawling ass,
Or I will break your brow.
Hey down, down, a-down.

A new ballad, a new, a new!

Fid. The twelfth of April, on May-day,
My house and goods were burnt away, etc.

Enter Maid *above.*

Maid. Why, who is this?

Laun. Oh, damsel dear,
Open the door, and it shall appear;
Open the door!
Maid. Oh, gentle squire,
I 'll see thee hang first; farewell, my dear!—

---

49 *vilder*] *vild* and *vile* were used indifferently.
50 *thy voice will make no trees dance*] as Orpheus's music did.
58 s.d.] Added Weber.
70 *Oh, gentle squire*] given to Launcelot in Q and F.
71 *hang*] *hang'd* F.

Enter MARY *above.*

'Tis Master Thomas; there he stands.
Mary. 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,
Or sing him out in 's own way; any thing
To be deliver'd of him.
Maid. Then have at him!

My man Thomas did me promise,
He would visit me this night.
Tho. I am here, love; tell me, dear love,
How I may obtain thy sight.
Maid. Come up to my window, love, come, come, come;
Come to my window, my dear;
The wind nor the rain shall trouble thee again,
But thou shalt be lodged here.

Tho. And art thou strong enough?
Laun. Up, up; I warrant ye.
Mary. What dost thou mean to do?
Maid. Good mistress, peace;
I 'll warrant ye we 'll cool him. Madge!
Madge. [*Above.*] I am ready.

Tho. The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,
That he devised a way to go.

Now sing *The Duke of Northumberland.*

Fid. And climbing to promotion,
He fell down suddenly.

MADGE, *with a devil's vizard, roaring, offers to kiss him, and he falls down.*

Maid. Farewell, sir!
Mary. What hast thou done? Thou hast broke his neck.

76 *My man Thomas*] The lineation of this song was altered by Colman, whose arrangement is followed by Dyce and Weber; the present arrangement is that of Q and F.

80 *Come up to my window*] Chappell (i. 146–7) cites other fragments of the same ballad in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III. v., *The Woman's Prize*, I. iii., Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, and Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*.

89 *The Duke of Northumberland*] Perhaps connected with *The Rising in the North* (Child, iii. 401–8, or *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas* (Child, iii. 408–16), both to be found in Percy, and both dealing with the rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in 1569.

91 s.d.] So Q and F; Dyce amplifies thus: *As* THOMAS *is attempting to scale the window,* MADGE *appears at it, with,* etc.

Maid. Not hurt him;
He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.
Tho. Oh, woman!
Oh, miserable woman! I am spoil'd!
My leg, my leg, my leg! Oh, both my legs!
Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done; mischief go with thee! [*Those above withdraw.*
Tho. Oh, I am lam'd for ever! Oh, my leg,
Broken in twenty places! Oh, take heed,
Take heed of women, fiddler! Oh, a surgeon,
A surgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!
No charitable people? all despiteful?
Oh, what a misery am I in! O, my leg!
Laun. Be patient, sir, be patient: let me bind it.

Enter SAM, *and* HYLAS *with his head broken.*

Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue!
Hylas. My head, my head!
Oh, my head 's kill'd!
Sam. You must be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain Hylas! Come, and be comforted;
The skin is scarce broke.
Tho. Oh, my leg!
Sam. How do ye, sir?
Tho. Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall. He 's spoil'd too;
I see his brains.
Hylas. Away with me, for God's sake!
A surgeon!
Sam. Here 's a night indeed.
Hylas. A surgeon!
[*Exeunt all but* THOMAS *and* Fiddler.

Enter MARY *and* Servant, *below.*

Mary. Go, run for help.
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Run all, and all too little.

97 s.d.] Added Dyce.

Oh, cursed beast that hurt him! Run, run, fly!
He will be dead else. [*Exit* Servant.
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Good friend, go you too.
Fid. Who pays me for my music?
Mary. Pox o' your music!
There 's twelvepence for ye.
Fid. There 's two groats again, forsooth;
I never take above, and rest ye merry! [*Exit.*
Mary. A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings!—How do you?
How is my dear?
Tho. [*Rises.*] Why, well, I thank ye, sweetheart.
Shall we walk in; for now there 's none to trouble us?
Mary. [*Aside.*] Are ye so crafty, sir? I shall meet with ye.—
I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,
Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my best friend, to me, all my dearest!
Tho. Now ye are my noble mistress. We lose time, sweet.
Mary. I think they are all gone.
Tho. All; ye did wisely.
Mary. And you as craftily.
Tho. We are well met, mistress.
Mary. Come, let 's go in, then, lovingly.—Oh, my scarf, Tom!
I lost it thereabout; find it, and wear it
As your poor mistress' favour. [*Exit into the house.*
Tho. I am made now;
I see no venture is in no hand.—I have it.—
How now! the door lock'd, and she in before?
Am I so trimm'd?
Mary. [*Above.*] One parting word, sweet Thomas:
Though, to save your credit, I discharg'd your fiddler,

114 s.d.] Added Dyce.
119 s.d.] Added Weber.
121 s.d.] Added Weber.
131 *no venture is in no hand*] "equivalent, as Mason observes, to the more modern form of the proverb *Nothing venture, nothing have.*"—Dyce.
133 s.d.] Inserted Colman.

I must not satisfy your folly too, sir.
Ye are subtle; but, believe it, fox, I 'll find ye.
The surgeons will be here straight; roar again, boy,
And break thy legs for shame; thou wilt be sport else.
Good night! [*Withdraws from the window.*
Tho. She says most true; I must not stay: she has bobb'd me;
Which, if I live, I 'll recompense, and shortly.
Now for a ballad to bring me off again: [*Sings.*

All young men, be warn'd by me,
How you do go a-wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,
Thereby comes your undoing, etc. [*Exit.*

---

139 s.d.] Added Weber.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A room in VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, *and* Servant.

Val. He cannot go, and take no farewell of me:
Can he be so unkind? he 's but retir'd
Into the garden or the orchard. See, sirs.
Alice. He would not ride there, certain; those were planted
Only for walks, I take it.
Val. Ride? nay, then——
Had he a horse out?
Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.
Val. He 's gone,
My best friend 's gone, Alice! I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man, I e'er found yet.
Alice. Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise.
Val. All, sister;
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!
Alice. Sure he will return, sir;
He cannot be so harsh.
Val. Oh, never, never,
Never return! thou know'st not where the cause lies.
Alice. He was the worthiest welcome—
Val. He deserv'd it.
Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge——
Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee:
He never must return.

6 *a*] Om. Q.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Good morrow, signior.
Val. Good morrow, Master Michael.
Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you are stirring early, since your travel;
You have learn'd the rule of health, sir. Where's your mistress?
She keeps her warm, I warrant ye, abed yet.
Val. I think she does.
Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.
Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?
Alice. Not to-night, sir,
Nor any night this week else.
Mich. When last saw ye her?
Alice. Late yesternight.
Mich. Was she abed then?
Alice. No, sir:
I left her at her prayers. Why do ye ask me?
Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still: methought I met young Cellide
Just at St. Katherine's gate, the nunnery,——
Val. Ha!
Mich. Her face slubber'd o'er with tears and troubles;
Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,
"For charity receive me, holy woman,
A maid that has forgot the world's affections,
Into thy virgin order;" methought she took her,
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her;
And there I left her.
Val. Dream?
Mich. Good mistress Alice,
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up and see.
Alice. I know she's there, sir,
And all this but a dream.
Mich. You know not my dreams;
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:
But this, I hope yet——
Alice. I will satisfy ye. [*Exit.*

Mich. Neighbour, how does the gentleman?
Val. I know not.—
Dream of a nunnery?
Mich. How found ye my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?
Val. Did she not cry out 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake, speak! did you not dream of me too?
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joys——
Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!
Ye promis'd me, sir, to bear all these crosses.
Val. I bear 'em till I break again!
Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh——
Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;
Ye do but fling flax on my fire.—

Enter ALICE.

Where is she?
Alice. Not yonder, sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed.
Mich. It must be truth she tells ye;
And now I 'll show ye why I came. This morning
A man of mine, being employed about business,
Came early home, who, at St. Katherine's nunnery,
About day-peep, told me he met your mistress;
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so received by the abbess, did he see her:
The wonder made me rise and haste unto ye,
To know the cause.
Val. Farewell: I cannot speak it. [*Exit.*
Alice. For Heaven sake, leave him not!
Mich. I will not, lady.
Alice. Alas, he 's much afflicted!
Mich. We shall know shortly more. Apply your own care
At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel.
Nay, do not weep; all shall be well, despair not.
[*Exeunt.*

45 *Neighbour*] *Neighbours* Q and F, as also at l. 55.

SCENE II.

A room in SEBASTIAN'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and a* Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's house so merry?
Serv. As a pie, sir.
Seb. So gamesome, dost thou say?
Serv. I am sure I heard it.
Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too?
Serv. No, but one fiddle;
But twenty noises.
Seb. Did he do devices?
Serv. The best devices, sir. Here's my fellow Launcelot,

Enter LAUNCELOT.

He can inform ye all; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too; I stood but in a corner.
Seb. Come, sir, what can you say? is there any hope yet
Your master may return?
Laun. He went far else:
I will assure your worship, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller and a gentleman,
Your son is found again, the son, the Tom.
Seb. Is he the old Tom?
Laun. The old Tom,
Seb. Go forward.
Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old Tom.
Seb. Handle me that.
Laun. I would ye had seen it handled
Last night, sir, as we handled it: *cap-à-pie!*
Foutra for leers and leerings! oh, the noise,
The noise we made!
Seb. Good, good!
Laun. The windows clattering,
And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,

19 *whobub*] An old spelling of hubbub.

One with her smock half off, another in haste
With a serving-man's hose upon her head——
Seb. Good still!
Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with dirt——
Seb. I' faith, a fine boy!
Laun. Here one of our heads broke——
Seb. Excellent good still!
Laun. The gentleman himself, young Master Thomas,
Environ'd with his furious myrmidons
(The fiery fiddler and myself), now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parleying,
Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
And all these several noises to two trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which show'd admirable.
Seb. There; eat, and grow again: I am pleas'd.
[*Gives him money.*
Laun. Nor here, sir,
Gave we the frolic over, though at length
We quit the lady's sconce on composition;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes from,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows;
The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,
Hard cheese, and that, chokes him o' Monday next;
Windows and signs we sent to Erebus;
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate!
Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister
Most traitorously tramples upon authority;
There a whole stand of rug gowns routed mainly,

31 *bottom*] "an end, properly a ball."—Dyce.
32 s.d.] Added Weber.
34 *sconce*] stronghold.
38 *a Queenhithe cold*] "The inhabitants near Queenhithe, which is situated at the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside, and where a square piece of ground is still left muddy and damp at the ebbing of the tide, were not unlikely to be peculiarly subject to agues and severe catarrhs."—Weber.
46 *stand of rug gowns*] company of townsmen; rug gowns were garments of a rough, heavy cloth worn mostly by people of the lower classes.
46 *mainly*] *manly* all eds. to Dyce, who adopted this alteration, proposed by

And the king's peace put to flight; a purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn,
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion;
A potter rises, to inquire this passion:
A boar imbost takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering;
Down goes the pots and pipkins, down the pudding-pans,
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the candlesticks!

SEB. [*Sings.*]

If this be true, thou little tiny page,
This tale that thou tell'st me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handsome new livery;

But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I'll beat thee from head to toe.

Mason and Gifford. If *manly* could be applied to the behaviour of the pigs it might be defended; but the adverb must rather describe the manner of the rout—violently.

48 *admiral's*] *Admirable* Q, F. "There can be no doubt that Seward was right in making this alteration. The allusion is to the lantern carried by the admiral (i. e. capital ship): so Falstaff says to Bardolph, 'Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop' (*1 Henry IV*, III. iii.)."—Dyce.

51 *imbost*] foaming at the mouth; a hunting term.

53 *goes*] So Q; *goe* F.

54 s.d.] Added Weber.

55 *If this be true*, etc.] Reed, in Colman's ed., quotes two stanzas from the ballad of *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard* in Percy's *Religues*. In version A of the ballad in Child's collection (ii. 242) these verses stand as follows:

"If this be true, thou little tinny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery
I freely will give to thee.

But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the hyest tree in Bucklesfordbery
Then hanged shalt thou be."

Another stanza of the same ballad is quoted in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V. iii., and yet another in *Bonduca*, V. ii.

62 *I'll beat thee from head to toe*] Seward altered *from head to toe* to *from Cap à pie*. *From head to toe I'll beat thee?* Dyce queries.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come?
Serv. He will, sir.
Seb. Time tries all then.
Laun. Here he comes now himself, sir.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. To be short, Thomas,
Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore, like a father, would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoly.
Tho. Good lord, sir, how are you misled! what fancies—
Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder, I beseech you—
Choke up your noble judgment!
Seb. You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying rascal!
Laun. Will ye spoil all again, sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?
Tho. Away, knave!—
Ye keep a company of saucy fellows,
Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour ye,
Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar only:
Ye are ill advis'd, sir, to commit your credit—
Seb. Sirrah, sirrah!
Laun. Let me never eat again, sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,
If this young gentleman, sweet Master Thomas,
Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, sir;

63 *Time*] *Times* Dyce.
69 *come from Tripoly*] Dyce quotes Nares: "*Tripoly, to come from.* To vault and tumble with activity. It was, I believe, first applied to the tricks of an ape or monkey, which might be supposed to come from that part of the world." Cf. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, V. i.: "I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do."
81 *blue coat*] the usual colour of a servant's coat.

If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin ;
And if thou speakest less than truth——
Tho. 'Tis strange these varlets——
Serv. By these ten bones, sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see——
Tho. Extreme strange—should thus boldly,
And in your sight, unto your son——
Laun. Oh, *Deu guin !*
Can ye deny ye beat a constable
Last night ?
Tho. I touch authority, ye rascal !
I violate the law !
Laun. Good master Thomas——
Serv. Did you not take two wenches from the watch too,
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane ?
Laun. We mean not
Those civil things you did at Master Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the *fa las ?*
Tho. Oh, strange impudence !—
I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus :
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live, sir,
In a state govern'd civilly and soberly,
Where each man's actions should confirm the law,
Not crack, and cancel it.
Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures ! cast your coat,
And make your exit.
Laun. *Pour l'amour de Dieu !*
Seb. Pur me no *purs ;* but *pur* at that door ; out, sirrah !

86 *ten bones*] "i. e. fingers."—Weber.

88 *And*] *Bud* all eds. to Dyce. Mason wished to read *Boude*, from Fr. *bouder*, to pout or look gruffly. Weber remarked, "the sense is sufficiently obvious, meaning to upbraid or calumniate" !

88 *Deu guin*] Welsh for "white God," according to Colman. Seward printed *Dieu guarde !*

93 *Pudding-Lane*] The irregularity of this treatment of the wenches may be gathered from Stow's description of Pudding Lane : "Then have ye one other lane called Rother Lane or Red Rose Lane, of such a sign there, now commonly called Pudding Lane, because the butchers of Eastcheap have their scalding houses for hogs there, and their puddings with other filth of beasts are voided down that way to their dung-boats on the Thames."

104 *Pur me no purs*, etc.] Part of Launcelot's speech in Q.

I 'll beat ye purblind else; out, ye eight languages!
Laun. [*To* THOMAS.] My blood upon your head!
[*Exit.*
Tho. Purge me 'em all, sir.
Seb. And you too, presently.
Tho. Even as you please, sir.
Seb. Bid my maid-servants come, and bring my daughter;
I will have one shall please me. [*Exit* Servant.
Tho. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Seb. Bring me the money there.—Here, Master Thomas;

Enter two Servants, *with two bags,*

I pray, sit down; ye are no more my son now;
Good gentleman, be cover'd.
Tho. At your pleasure.
Seb. This money I do give ye, because of whilom
You have been thought my son, and by myself too,
And some things done like me; ye are now another:
There is two hundred pound, a civil sum
For a young civil man: much land and lordship
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread ye from your settled and sweet carriage.
Tho. You say right, sir.
Seb. Nay, I beseech ye cover.
Tho. At your dispose. And I beseech ye too, sir,
For the word civil, and more settled course,
It may be put to use, that on the interest,
Like a poor gentleman——
Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again, do you see, sir? good fine gentleman,
I give no brooding money for a scrivener;
Mine is for present traffic, and so I 'll use it.
Tho. So much for that, then.

106 s.d.] Added Dyce.
108 *maid-servants*] *maid servant* Q, F.
119 *dread*] Used in an active sense, to frighten.
122 *word civil*] Qy. *more civil*?
123 *use*] usury, interest, as very often.

Enter DOROTHEA *and four* Maids.

Seb. For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me;
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead;
And I will break my back, but I will get one.
Tho. Will you choose there, sir?
Seb. There, among those damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me; for their beauties,
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef-broth; they are sound too.—
Stand all a-breast.—Now, gentle Master Thomas,
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too
(Which fault I never frown'd upon), pray show me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard; speak your mind freely.
Have you had copulation with that damsel?
Tho. I have.
Seb. Stand you aside then.—How with her, sir?
Tho. How, is not seemly here to say.
Dor. [*Aside.*] Here 's fine sport!
Seb. Retire you too.—Speak forward, Master Thomas.
Tho. I will, and to the purpose; even with all, sir.
Seb. With all! that 's somewhat large.
Dor. [*Aside.*] And yet you like it.
Was ever sin so glorious?
Seb. With all, Thomas!
Tho. All surely, sir.
Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet.—
In again all, and to your several functions!
[*Exeunt* Maids.
What say you to young Luce, my neighbour's daughter?

132 *conditions*] qualities, disposition.
148 s.d.] Inserted Dyce, as also that at l. 151.
152 *glorious*] "In the French sense of *glorieux*, proud, boastful."—Weber.

She was too young, I take it, when you travelled :
Some twelve year old.
Tho. Her will was fifteen, sir.
Seb. A pretty answer! To cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask ye of,
Where I can choose, and nobly, hold up your finger
When ye are right. What say ye to Valeria,
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?
Tho. Her husband is recover'd.
Seb. A witty moral! Have at ye once more, Thomas!
The sisters of St. Albans?—All five! dat, boy!
Dat 's mine own boy!
Dor. [*Aside.*] Now out upon thee, monster!
Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.
Seb. There needs none, man ;
A straw on pardon! prithee, need no pardon.
I 'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conscience, I shall be thy cuckold.—
[*Aside.*] There 's some good yet left in him.—Bear yourself well,
You may recover me ; there's twenty pound, sir.—
[*Aside.*] I see some sparkles which may flame again.—
You may eat with me when you please ; you know me. [*Exit.*
Dor. Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly?
Tho. Dost thou long to have thy head broke? Hold thy peace,
And do as I would have thee, or, by this hand,
I 'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound,
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.
Dor. Was ever such a wild ass?
Tho. Prithee, be quiet!
Dor. And dost thou think men will not beat thee monstrously
For abusing their wives and children?
Tho. And dost thou think

157 *year*] *years* F.
163 *in that form*] Thomas had made the sign of the horn.
166 s.d.] Inserted Dyce, as also those at ll. 171 and 173.
178 *hound*] *hand* Q, F ; Seward's conjecture, accepted by all eds.

Men's wives and children can be abus'd too much?
Dor. I wonder at thee.
Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I have done.
Dor. How stand ye with your mistress?
Tho. I shall stand nearer
Ere I be twelve hours older: there 's my business.
She is monstrous subtle, Doll.
Dor. The devil, I think,
Cannot out-subtle thee.
Tho. If he play fair play.
Come, you must help me presently.
Dor. I discard ye.
Tho. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat.
Dor. I 'll no hand with ye,
No bawd to your abuses.
Tho. By this light, Doll,
Nothing but in the way of honesty.
Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear your vigils.
Tho. Sweet honey Doll—if I do not marry her,
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honourably—
Come, thou shalt help me—take heed how you vex me!
I 'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
(I know thou art mad) a tall young man, a brown man;
I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——
Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I 'll answer ye.
Tho. Nay, I 'll go with thee, Doll. Four hundred a year, wench! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter MICHAEL *and* VALENTINE.

Mich. Good sir, go back again, and take my counsel:
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke from us
Pull'd back again by sighs.
Val. What should I do, friend?

Mich. Do that that may redeem ye, go back quickly:
Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her;
The abbess is her aunt too.
Val. But my friend, then,
Whose love and loss is equal tied?
Mich. Content ye;
That shall be my task: if he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I 'll bring him back again.
Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?
Mich. So suddenly
She cannot; haste ye therefore instantly away, sir,
To put that danger by. First, as to a father,
Then as a friend, she was committed to ye,
And all the care she now has; by which privilege
She cannot do herself this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows ye.
Val. Oh, but I forc'd her to it!
Mich. Leave disputing
Against yourself: if you will needs be miserable,
Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persuasions,
Think on, and thrive thereafter.
Val. I will home then,
And follow your advice; and, good, good Michael—
Mich. No more; I know your soul 's divided,
Valentine:
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage,
Ere my return; for then those thoughts that vex'd her,
While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste-ey'd honour guide her.
Away! and hope the best still. I'll work for ye,
And pray, too, heartily; away! no more words.
[*Exeunt.*

14 *danger*] *daughter* Q, F; corrected by Seward.
17 *herself*] *her* Q, F.

SCENE IV.

Another street.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head ;
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lousy, lazy wench prepar'd to do it !
Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet ; for, o' my conscience,
He'll put another on thee else.
Hylas. I am resolv'd
To call him to account. Was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laughed at me,
When he lay roaring out his leg was broken,
And no such matter ? Had he broke his neck,
Indeed 'twould ne'er ha' griev'd me. Gallows gall him !
Why should he choose out me ?
Sam. Thou art ever ready
To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.
Hylas. Well, if I live, I 'll have a new trick for him.
Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose : besides, he 's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand ; thou never fought'st yet,
Nor, o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting.
Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.
Sam. Beside the quarrel,
Which has a woman in 't to make it scurvy,
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands
A month or two this weather ? for, believe it,
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.
Hylas. No ; upon better thought, I will not fight, Sam,
But watch my time.
Sam. To pay him with a project ;
Watch him too, I would wish ye. Prithee, tell me,

19. *Beside*] *Besides* F and eds.

Dost thou affect these women still?
Hylas. Yes, faith, Sam,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'er I did;
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.
Sam. Dost thou love any woman?
Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any age too?
Hylas. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen, boy;
Of any fashion.
Sam. And defect too?
Hylas. Right;
For those I love, to lead me to repentance:
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry,
Shows like King Philip's moral, *Memento mori;*
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
"Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows;"
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
"Sweet meats have sour sauce;" she that 's full of aches,
"Crumb not your bread before you taste your porridge;"
And many morals we may find.
Sam. 'Tis well, sir,
Ye make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur?*
What shall we now determine?
Hylas. Let 's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.
Sam. Let 's find him first; he 'll quickly give occasion:
But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd ye;
He has a plaguy pate.
Hylas. That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*

35 *surquedry*] overweening pride.
48 s.d. Exeunt] Q and F add *Musick*, in preparation for the sailors' song of the next scene.

SCENE V.

A harbour.

Enter Sailors *singing; to them*, MICHAEL and FRANCISCO *severally.*

Sail. Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair.
Mich. [*Aside.*] These call for passengers; I 'll stay and see
What men they take aboard.
Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat!
Sail. Away, then!
Fran. Whither are ye bound, friends?
Sail. Down to the Straits.
Mich. [*Aside.*] Ha; 'tis not much unlike him.
Fran. May I have passage for my money?
Sail. And welcome too.
Mich. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now.
Fran. Then merrily aboard!—[*Aside.*] and, noble friend,
Heaven's goodness keep thee ever, and all virtue
Dwell in thy bosom, Cellide! my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice,
For I dare stay no longer to betray ye.
Mich. Be not so quick, sir.—Sailors, I here charge ye,
By virtue of this warrant, as you will answer it
(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly),
Lay hold upon this fellow.
Fran. Fellow!
Mich. Ay, sir.
Sail. No hand to sword, sir; we shall master ye.—
Fetch out the manacles!
Fran. I do obey ye.

Sc. V. s.d.] Dyce changes to *Enter on one side*, Sailors *singing; on the other*, MICHAEL; and brings Francisco in three lines below. The present s.d. is that of Q and F, with the addition of *severally*. The s.d's. through the scene are Dyce's, with the exception of the one at l. 28, supplied by Weber. The arrangement of the first few lines is not very satisfactory, but is, perhaps, as good as can be made without actual alteration of lines as they stand in Q and F.

But, I beseech ye, sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.
Mich. Ye have robb'd a gentleman,
One that ye are bound to for your life and being;
Money and horse unjustly ye took from him,
And something of more note; but, for y'are a gentleman——
Fran. [*Aside.*] It shall be so; and here I 'll end all miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel.—I confess it,
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies:
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth.—[*Aside.*] Forgive me,
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompense
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have eaten!—
Pray see 'em render'd, noble sir! and so
I yield me to your power.
Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice.
Sail. Come, sir;
Look to your neck; you are like to sail i' th' air now.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A room in SEBASTIAN'S *house.*

THOMAS *discovered in woman's clothes,* DOROTHEA, *and* Maid.

Tho. Come, quickly, quickly! paint me handsomely;
Take heed my nose be not in grain too.
Come, Doll, Doll, dizen me.

19 *ye*] *you* F; so also ll. 20 and 21.
VI s. d.] Enter Thomas, Dorothy and Maid, Q.F.
1 *Come, quickly, quickly!*] So F, Seward and Dyce. Q has *quickly* three times, and so Colman and Weber.
2 *in grain*] thoroughly dyed.

Dor. If you should play now
Your devil's parts again——
Tho. "Yea and nay," Dorothy.
Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,
Which only is access——
Tho. As I am a gentleman!
Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.
Dor. You have your breeches?
Tho. I prithee, away! thou know'st I am monstrous ticklish:
What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks?
Dor. [*Aside.*] I 'll plague ye for this roguery; for I know well
What ye intend, sir.
Tho. On with my muffler.
Dor. Ye are a sweet lady! Come, let 's see you curtsey:
What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.
Tho. Plague on 't,
I shall bepiss my breeches if I cower thus!
Come, am I ready?
Maid. At all points as like, sir,
As if you were my mistress.
Dor. Who goes with ye?
Tho. None but my fortune and myself. [*Exit.*
Dor. Bless ye!—
Now run thou for thy life, and get before him
(Take the by-way), and tell my cousin Mary
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her;
I 'll follow at thy heels myself. Fly, wench!
Maid. I 'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* THOMAS.

Dor. My father has met him; this goes excellent,
And I 'll away in time. Look to your skin, Thomas.
[*Exit.*
Seb. What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody Gillian,
You will not know your father? What vagaries

4 *Yea and nay*] Cf. II. iii. 85.
10 s.d.] Added Colman.
15 *am I*] *I am* F.
18 *run thou*] *thou* om. F.
25 *vagaries*] *vaga'res* Q.

Have you in hand? what out-leaps, dirty-heels,
That at these hours of night ye must be gadding,
And through the orchard take your private passage?
What, is the breeze in your breech? Or has your brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himself? Get ye to bed, drab,
Or I 'll so crab your shoulders! ye demure slut,
Ye civil dish of sliced beef, get ye in!

Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is it ev'n so, dame?
Have at ye with a night-spell then!

Tho. Pray hold, sir!

Seb. St. George, St. George, our Lady's knight,
He walks by day, so does he by night;
And when he had her found,
He her beat and her bound,
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.

Tho. Nay then, have at ye with a counter-spell!

From elves, hobs, and fairies,
That trouble our dairies,
From fire-drakes and fiends,
And such as the devil sends,
Defend us, Heaven!

[*Knocks down* SEBASTIAN, *and exit.*

29 *breeze*] gadfly.
32 *crab*] beat with a crab-stick, cudgel.
36 *St. George*, etc.] Weber quotes Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* (Bk. iv. ch. 7; Scot is talking of night-mare): "Howbeit, there are magicall cures for it, as for example.

S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,
He walkt by day, so did he by night:
Untill such time as he hir found,
He hir beat and he hir bound,
Untill hir troth she to him plight,
She would not come to hir (him?) that night."

Part of the same charm figures in *King Lear*, III. iv.—

"St. Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

42 *Nay*] Om. F.
43 *hobs*] hobgoblins.
47 *Defend us, Heaven*] So Q; *Defend us good Heaven* F and eds. *Knocks down* SEBASTIAN, *and*] Added Colman.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Bless my master! Look up, sir, I beseech ye!
Up with your eyes to Heaven!
Seb. Up with your nose, sir!
I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave me:
A plaguy mankind girl! How my brains totters!
Well, go thy ways; thou hast got one thousand pound more
With this dog trick. Mine own true spirit in her too.
Laun. In her? Alas, sir,
Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy,
To knock ye like a calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? If you could believe, sir——
Seb. Who wouldst thou make me believe it was? the devil?
Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes, sir,
And changes shapes as often: your son Thomas.
Never wonder; if it be not he, straight hang me.
Seb. He! If it be so,
I 'll put thee in my will; and there 's an end on 't.
Laun. I saw his legs; h'as boots on like a player,
Under his wench's clothes; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,
In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I can warrant him.
Seb. No more words then; we 'll watch him. Thou 'lt not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am.
Laun. May ye be gladder,
But not this way, sir.
Seb. No more words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

48 *Bless my master*] So Q, Weber; *Bless me master*] F, Seward, Colman, Dyce. Dyce suggests, plausibly, that Fletcher wrote "Bless me, my master!"
51 *mankind*] man-like, masculine. Cf. *man-maiden*, V. iii. 37. *totters*] So Q and F; *totter* all eds.
55 *gentlewoman*] *Gentlewomen* F.
66 *can warrant him*] *can wast him* Q and F; "the original compositor, I suppose, having mistaken 'war^{t}' of the MS. for 'wast.' Seward gave in the text '*can* watch *him*,' and conjectured in a note 'canvast *him*': the Editors of 1778 adopted the former, Weber the latter alteration. Mason thought that 'the true reading is *can* vouch *him*.'"—Dyce.

SCENE VII.

A room in the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter MARY, DOROTHEA, *and* Maid.

Mary. When comes he?
Dor. Presently.
Mary. Then get you up, Doll;
Away! I 'll straight come to you. [*Exit* DOROTHEA.]
Is all ready?
Maid. All.
Mary. Let the light stand far enough.
Maid. 'Tis placed so.
Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber:
But keep close, wench; he flies at all.
Maid. I warrant ye.
Mary. You need no more instruction?
Maid. I am perfect. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Before the same lodge.

Enter VALENTINE *and* THOMAS.

Tho. [*Aside.*] More stops yet? Sure the fiend 's my ghostly father.
Old Valentine! what wind 's in his poop?
Val. Lady,
You are met most happily: oh, gentle Doll,
You must now do me an especial favour.
Tho. What is it, Master Valentine? I am sorely troubled
With a salt rheum fall'n i' my gums.
Val. I 'll tell ye,

VII. 2 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.
VIII. 1 s.d.] Inserted Dyce.

And let it move you equally. My blest mistress,
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
From whence by my persuasion to redeem her
Will be impossible; nor have I liberty
To come and visit her. My good, good Dorothy,
You are most powerful with her, and your aunt too,
And have access at all hours liberally;
Speak now or never for me.
Tho. In a nunnery?
That course must not be suffered, Master Valentine;
Her mother never knew it.—[*Aside.*] Rare sport for me!
Sport upon sport!—By th' break of day I 'll meet ye;
And fear not, man; we 'll have her out, I warrant ye.
I cannot stay now.
Val. You will not break?
Tho. By no means:
Good night.
Val. Good night, kind mistress Doll. [*Exit.*
Tho. This thrives well;
Every one takes me for my sister; excellent!
This nunnery 's fall'n so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.
Stay, here 's the house, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who 's there?
Oh, Mistress Dorothy! you are a stranger.
Tho. [*Aside.*] Still Mistress Dorothy? This gear will cotton.
Maid. Will you walk in, forsooth?
Tho. Where is your mistress?
Maid. Not very well; she 's gone to bed: I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.
Tho. Yes, I 'll comfort her.

17 s.d.] Inserted Weber.
28 s.d.] Inserted Weber. *this gear will cotton*] "i. e. this matter, business, will succeed, go on prosperously."—Dyce.

Maid. Pray make not much noise, for she is sure asleep:
You know your side; creep softly in; your company
Will warm her well.
Tho. I warrant thee, I 'll warm her.
Maid. Your brother has been here; the strangest fellow!
Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue.
Maid. I 'll conduct ye
Even to her chamber-door, and there commit ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Before MICHAEL'S *house.*

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, *and* Officers.

Mich. Come, sir, for this night I shall entertain ye,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast ye on the worst part.
Fran. How you please, sir:
I am resolv'd; nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.
Mich. [*Aside.*] I am angry with myself now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience;
Yet any other course had been too slender.
Yet what to think I know not: for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they prove so,
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.—
[*Gives money to* Officers.] Drink that; and now to my care leave your prisoner;
I 'll be his guard for this night.
Offi. Good night to your worship.
Mich. Good night, my honest friends. [*Exeunt* Officers.] Come, sir, I hope

IX. 5 s.d.] Added Weber.
12 s.d.] Added Dyce.
14 s.d.] Added Colman.

There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.
Fran. Faith, sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter; nor is my face
The map of anything I seem to suffer:
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir.
Mich. [*Aside.*] A constant gentleman; would I had taken
A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb him!—
Come, walk with me, sir; ere to-morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over. [*Exeunt.*

16 *my rest is up*] my resolution is taken; to set up one's rest at cards was to venture one's final stake: hence, the meaning of adopting a final decision.

17 *what I now pull*] i. e. whatever may befall me; to pull was to draw a card.

18 *span-counter*] A game in which one player threw a counter on the ground, and another tried to hit it with his counter, or to get so near to it that he could span the space between them and touch both the counters. In either case he won; if not, his counter remained where it fell, and became a mark for the first player, and so alternately till the game was won. [*Cent. Dict.*]

21 s.d.] Added Dyce.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S *house.*
Enter HYLAS.

Hylàs. I have dogg'd his sister, (sure 'twas she,)
And I hope she will come back again this night too;
Sam I have lost of purpose: now if I can,
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta!*
They stir about the house; I 'll stand at distance.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber in the same.

Enter MARY *and* DOROTHEA, *and then* THOMAS *and* Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?
Mary. Speak softly;
He is, and there he goes.
Tho. Good night, good night, wench.

A bed discovered with a Blackamoor in it.

Maid. As softly as you can.
Tho. I 'll play the mouse, Nan.— [*Exit* Maid.
How close the little thief lies!
Mary. How he itches!

V. i.] *Scena Quarta* Q, and so forward to *Scena Undecima.* Corrected in F.
V. ii.] No division of scenes in Q or F.
2 s.d.] So Q and F. Dyce changed and elaborated the s.d's. It is, of course, to be understood that Dorothea and Mary stand at one side of the stage during the action of the scene.

Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, Mall?
Mary. Peace, for shame!
Tho. In what a figure
The little fool has pull'd itself together!
Anon you will lie straighter. Ha! there's rare circumstance
Belongs to such a treatise. Do ye tumble?
I'll tumble with ye straight, wench. She sleeps soundly.
Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,
The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses;
But those unthought-of things come ever happiest.
How soft the rogue feels! Oh, ye little villain,
Ye delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum ye!
Your "Fie! away, good servant! as ye are a gentleman!"——
Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.
Tho. "Out upon ye, Thomas!
What do ye mean to do? I'll call the house up!
Oh, God, I am sure ye will not!" shall not serve ye,
For up ye go now, an ye were my father.
Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.
Tho. If I do hang for't,
Yet I'll be quarter'd here first.
Dor. Oh, fierce villain!
Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll?
Dor. You had best try him.
Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet Mary—
Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.
Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas!
Tho. And view that stormy face that has so thundered me.
A coldness crept over't now? By your leave, candle,

11 *thy*] So Q, F; *the* Dyce.
16 *ye*] *you* F.
17 *Out upon ye, Thomas*] Q gives this speech to Mary.
18 *ye*] *you* F.
21 *cool'd*] *cold* Q. Line given to *Maid* in F. *If I do hang for't*] *If it do hang for'* Q; *If it do I'll hang for't* F.
25 *Oh, for gentle Nicholas*] Dyce queries whether this may be an allusion to the conclusion of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*.

And next, door, by yours too: so.—Ah, pretty, pretty,
Shall I now look upon ye? By this light, it moves me!
Mary. Much good may it do you, sir!
Tho. Holy saints defend me!
The devil, devil, devil! oh, the devil!
Mary, Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha! The devil! oh, the devil!
Tho. I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly!
Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,
And here 's no staying longer in this cassock.—
Woman, I here disclaim thee; and, in vengeance,
I 'll marry with that devil, but I 'll vex thee!
Mary. By'r Lady, but you shall not, sir; I'll watch ye.
Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide! I 'll waken ye. [*Beats the Moor.*
Devil, good night! Good night, good devil!
Moor. Oh!
Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again. [*Exit.*
Moor. Oh, oh, sir!
Mary. Open the doors before him; let him vanish:
Now, let him come again, I 'll use him kinder.—
How now, wench?
Moor. Pray lie here yourself next, mistress,
And entertain your sweetheart.
Mary. What said he to thee?
Moor. I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell: ye may bake me now,
For, o' my conscience, he has made me venison.
Mary. Alas, poor Kate! I'll give thee a new petticoat.
Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench.
Mary. Draw in the bed, maids,
And see it made again; put fresh sheets on, too,
For Doll and I.—Come, wench, let 's laugh an hour now.
To-morrow, early, will we see young Cellide;
They say she has taken sanctuary: love and hay
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles!
Dor. They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking age grown.

28 *Ah*] *a* all eds. to Dyce.
31 *The devil, devil, devil*] So F, Seward, Dyce; *devil* four times repeated in Q, Colman, Weber.
39 s.d.] Added Weber.
54 *sanctuary*] *a Sanctuary* F. *love and hay*] *love and they* Q and F; Seward's alteration.

Prithee, to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.
Mary. A match; but art not thou thy brother?
Dor. Would I were, wench!
You should hear further.
Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the same.

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. I heard the doors clap; now, an 't be thy will, wench——
By th' mass, she comes.

Enter, from the house, THOMAS.

You are fairly met, fair gentlewoman:
I take it, Mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.
Tho. You take [it] right, sir.—[*Aside.*] Hylas, are you ferreting?
I 'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.
Hylas. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak guarded?
Tho. Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for;
Yet I am glad I have met so good a gentleman,
Against all chances; for though I never knew ye,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of ye.
Hylas. Hark ye;
What if a man should kiss ye?
Tho. That 's no harm, sir.—
[*Aside.*] Pray God he scapes my beard! there lies the mischief.

58 *Would*] *I would* F.
Sc. III.] Sc. ii. in F, owing to failure to mark the real Sc. ii.; accordingly each of the four following scenes in F is one below the proper number.
2 s.d.] Inserted Dyce. Q and F have *Enter Hylas, and Thomas* at beginning of scene. *fairly met*] So Colman, Weber, Dyce; *surely melt* Q; *surely met* F, Seward.
4 *You take* [*it*] *right*] *I take right* Q, F; altered by Seward. Dyce suggests in a note *Ay, you take right.* s.d.] Added Dyce.
6 *late, sweet*] *late so sweet* Q.
12 s.d.] Added Dyce.

Hylas. [*Kisses him. Aside.*] Her lips are monstrous rugged ; but that surely
Is but the sharpness of the weather.—Hark ye once more,
And in your ear, sweet mistress : for ye are so,
And ever shall be from this hour ; I have vow'd it.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Why, that 's my daughter, rogue ; dost thou not see her
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner ?
Laun. Kissing !
Seb. Now, now ; now they agree o' th' match too.
Tho. Nay then, ye love me not.
Hylas. By this white hand, Doll !
Tho. I must confess, I have long desir'd your sight, sir.
Laun. Why, there 's the boots still, sir.
Seb. Hang boots, sir !
Why, they 'll wear breeches too.
Tho. Dishonest me !
Not for the world.
Seb. Why, now they kiss again ; there !
I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing
Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.
Laun. I am at my small wits' end.
Tho. If ye mean honourably—
Laun. Did she ne'er beat ye before, sir ?
Seb. Why dost thou follow me ?
Thou rascal slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me ?
Hast thou not spoil'd the boy ? By thine own covenant,
Wouldst thou not now be hang'd ?
Laun. I think I would, sir ;
But you are so impatient ! Does not this show, sir,—
I do beseech ye speak, and speak with judgment,
And let the case be equally considered—
Far braver in your daughter ? In a son now,

13 s.d.] Added Weber and Dyce.
14 *once more*] *once once more* F.
20 *ye*] *you* F.

'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;
But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,
That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable;
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is Sebastian truly.
Seb. Thou sayest right, Launce;
And there's my hand once more.
Tho. Not without marriage.
Seb. Didst thou hear that?
Laun. I think she spoke of marriage.
Seb. And he shall marry her—for it seems she likes him—
And their first boy shall be my heir.
Laun. Ay, marry,
Now ye go right to work.
Tho. Fie, fie sir!
Now I have promis'd ye this night to marry,
Would ye be so intemperate? are ye a gentleman?
Hylas. [*Aside.*] I have no maw to marriage, yet this rascal
Tempts me extremely.—Will ye marry presently?
Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel,
Close by the nunnery; there you shall find a night-priest,
Little Sir Hugh, and he can say the matrimony
Over without book; for we must have no company,
Nor light, for fear my father know, which must not yet be:
And then to-morrow night——
Hylas. Nothing to-night, sweet?
Tho. No, not a bit. I am sent of business,
About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all now;
'Tis of much haste. I can scarce stay the marriage!
Now, if you love me, get you gone.
Hylas. You 'll follow?
Tho. Within this hour, my sweet chick.
Hylas. Kiss.
Tho. [*Aside.*] A rope kiss ye!—

49 s.d.] Added Weber.
58 *do not you spoil*] *do not spoil* F.
61 s.d.] Added Weber.

Come, come; I stand o' thorns.
Hylas. [*Aside.*] Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to mend it.—
Farewell. [*Exit.*
Tho. Farewell.—I 'll fit ye with a wife, sir. [*Exit.*
Seb. Come, follow close; I 'll see the end she aims at,
And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot,
Fiat, 'tis done! and all my state is settled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A hall in the Nunnery of St. Katherine's.

Enter Abbess, CELLIDE, *and* Nuns.

Abbess. Come, to your matins, maids.—These early hours,
My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease.
Cel. No, virtuous mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumbers.
[*Aside.*] Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant!
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?
Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh, Valentine,
That virtuous youth? why didst thou speak his goodness
In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant,
Why didst thou foster my affection
Till it grew up to know no other father,

62 s.d.] Added Dyce.
64 s.d.'s] Added Weber.
IV. 6 s.d.] Added Weber.
14 *fond*] foolish.

And then betray it?
Abbess. Can ye sing?
Cell. Yes, mother,—
[*Aside.*] My sorrows only.
Abbess. Be gone, and to the choir, then.
[*Exeunt. Music, singing.*

SCENE V.

A room in MICHAEL'S *house.*

Enter MICHAEL *and* Servant, *and* FRANCISCO.

Mich. Hast thou inquir'd him out?
Serv. He 's not at home, sir;
His sister thinks he 's gone to th' nunnery.
Mich. Most likely; I 'll away. An hour hence, sirrah,
Come you along with this young gentleman;
Do him all service, and fair office.
Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exeunt.* 5

SCENE VI.

A street.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?
Hylas. Is there ne'er a shop open?
I 'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.
Sam. What 's the matter?
Hylas. What dost thou think?
Sam. Thou art not married?
Hylas. By th' mass, but I am, all to-bemarried;

17 s.d.] Added Dyce.
4 *all to-bemarried*] thoroughly married; *to* is the Anglo-Saxon intensive prefix. None of the editors before Dyce understood the construction: Colman emended to *all to being married*, Mason proposed *altogether married*, and Weber *all now are to be married.*

I am i' th' order now, Sam.
Sam. To whom, prithee?
I thought there was some such trick in 't; you stole from me.
But who, for Heaven sake?
Hylas. Ev'n the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest;
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, boy;
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah;
And of a lusty kindred.
Sam. But who, Hylas?
Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like to be friends again;
The fates will have it so.
Sam. Who, Monsieur Thomas?
Hylas. All wrongs forgot.
Sam. Oh, now I smell ye, Hylas!
Does he know of it?
Hylas. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, boy; we are fast, faith: my youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.
Sam. Is there no trick in 't?
Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy.
I have made her no jointure, neither; there I have paid him.
Sam. She's a brave wench.
Hylas. She shall be, as I 'll use her;
And, if she anger me, all his abuses
I 'll clap upon her cassock.
Sam. Take heed, Hylas.
Hylas. 'Tis past that, Sam. Come, I must meet her presently,
And thou shalt see me a most glorious husband.
[*Exeunt.*

6 *some such*] *so much* Weber.
7 *Heaven*] So Q; *Heavens* F.
19 *her*] Om. F.
24 *thou shalt*] *now shalt* Q, F, Dyce; altered by Seward.

SCENE VII.

Before the Nunnery.

Enter DOROTHEA, MARY, *and* VALENTINE.

Dor. In troth, sir, you never spoke to me.
Val. Can ye forget me?
Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?
Did you not swear it? By this hand, no strictness
Nor rule this house holds shall by me be broken.
Dor. I saw ye not these two days.
Val. Do not wrong me:
I met ye, by my life, just as you enter'd
This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited,
About eleven o'clock.
Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;
But that I saw or spoke to you——
Mary. [*Aside to* DOROTHEA.] I have found it;
You brother Thomas, Doll.
Dor. Pray, sir, be satisfied,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.—
What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, sir,
Whilst we walk in and make your peace.
Val. I thank ye.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VIII.

A hall in the Nunnery.

Enter Abbess. *Squeak within.*

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there among these maids?
Now, *benedicite!* Have ye got the breeze there?
Give me my holy sprinkle!

VII. 10 s.d.] Added Weber.
Sc. VIII.] No division of scenes indicated in Q or F; changed by Weber.
2 *breeze*] Cf. IV. vi. 29.

Enter two Nuns.

1 Nun. Oh, madam, there's a strange thing like a gentlewoman,
Like Mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend,)
Crept into th' nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout among us.
Abbess. Give me my holy-water pot!
1 Nun. Here, madam.
Abbess. Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee,
Of water, or of fire—— [*Squeak within.*
1 Nun. Hark, madam, hark!
Abbess. Be thou ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the blest,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen——

Enter THOMAS *and* CELLIDE.

2 Nun. It comes, it comes!
Cel. What are ye? Speak, speak gently;
And next, what would ye with me?
Tho. Anything you 'll let me.
Cel. You are no woman, certain.
Tho. Nor you no nun, nor shall not be.
Cel. What make ye here?
Tho. I am a holy friar.
Abbess. Is this the spirit?
Tho. Nothing but spirit, aunt.
Abbess. Now out upon thee!
Tho. Peace, or I 'll conjure too, aunt.
Abbess. Why come you thus?
Tho. That 's all one; here 's my purpose.
Out with this nun! she is too handsome for ye.
I 'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee,
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the mischief follows.

25 *keep'st*] *keptst* Q.

Abbess. She is a votress.
Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee.
Let her but one hour out, as I direct ye,
Or have among your nuns again!
Abbess. You have no project
But fair and honest?
Tho. As thine eyes, sweet abbess.
Abbess. I will be rul'd then.
Tho. Thus, then, and persuade her—[*Whispers.*
But do not juggle with me; if ye do, aunt——
Abbess. I must be there myself.
Tho. Away, and fit her.
Abbess. Come, daughter, you must now be rul'd, or never.
Cel. I must obey your will.
Abbess. That's my good daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A street.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* MARY.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow kept i' th' nunnery!
Sure, he has run the abbess out of her wits.
Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can neither see her,
Nor the young Cellide.
Mary. Pray Heavens he be not teasing!
Dor. Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas your own structures.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Sam. Why, there 's the gentlewoman.
Hylas. Mass, 'tis she indeed:

26 *She is a votress*] *She's but a votress* Weber, for some unaccountable reason.
31 s.d.] Added Dyce.
Sc. IX.] Sc. vii. in F.

How smart the pretty thief looks!—'Morrow, mistress!
Dor. Good morrow to you, sir!
Sam. How strange she bears it!
Hylas. Maids must do so at first.
Dor. Would ye aught with us, gentlemen?
Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,
A little with your ladyship.
Dor. Your will, sir?
Hylas. Doll, I would have ye presently prepare
Yourself and those things you would have with you;
For my house is ready.
Dor. How, sir!
Hylas. And this night, not to fail, you must come to me;
My friends will all be there too. For trunks, and those things,
And household-stuff, and clothes, you would have carried,
To-morrow or the next day I 'll take order;
Only what money you have, bring away with ye,
And jewels.
Dor. Jewels, sir!
Hylas. Ay, for adornment.
There 's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy:
And now, come kiss me heartily.
Dor. Who are you?
Hylas. This lady shall be welcome, too.
Mary. To what, sir?
Hylas. Your neighbour can resolve ye.
Dor. The man 's foolish.
Sir, you look soberly: who is this fellow,
And where 's his business?
Sam. By Heaven, thou art abus'd still!
Hylas. It may be so.—Come, ye may speak now boldly:
There 's none but friends, wench.
Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?—
Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that ye suffer him
To walk in th' open air thus! 'twill undo him.
A pretty handsome gentleman: great pity!

9 *strange*] "i.e. coy, reserved, distant."—Dyce.
13 *Yourself*] Part of preceding line in Q and F.

Sam. Let me not live more, if thou be'st not cozen'd.
Hylas. Are not you my wife? Did not I marry you last night
At St. Michael's chapel?
Dor. Did not I say he was mad?
Hylas. Are not you Mistress Dorothy, Thomas' sister?
Mary. There he speaks sense; but I 'll assure ye, gentleman,
I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it?
Hylas. 'Sprecious, you 'll make me mad! Did not the priest,
Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock,
Tie our hands fast? Did not you swear you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, coming from this gentlewoman's?
Mary. Good sir, go sleep; for, if I credit have,
She was in my arms then abed.
Sam. I told ye.
Hylas. Be not so confident.
Dor. By th' mass, she must, sir;
For I 'll no husband here, before I know him:
And so good morrow to ye.—Come, let 's go seek 'em.
[*Exit with* MARY.
Sam. I told ye what ye had done.
Hylas. Is the devil stirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

A room in VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter MICHAEL, VALENTINE, *and* ALICE.

Mich. I have brought him back again.
Val. You have done a friendship
Worthy the love you bear me.
Mich. Would he had so too!
Val. Oh, he 's a worthy young man!

32 *cozen'd*] *cozens* Q.
46 s.d.] Added Dyce.
Sc. X.] Sc. viii. in F.

Mich. When all 's tried,
I fear you 'll change your faith.—Bring in the gentleman.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* Servant, Abbess *and* CELLIDE, *severally.*

Val. [*Aside.*] My happy mistress too! Now, Fortune, help me!
And all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair, and lovely!
Abbess. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence and his; and then your pleasure.
Cel. Though much unwilling, you have made me yield,—
[*Aside.*] More for his sake I see: how full of sorrow,
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us!
Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her eye fast on him:
And what ye heard believe; for 'tis so certain
He neither dare nor must oppose my evidence:
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.—
This man you love, sir?
Val. As I love my soul, sir.
Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render?
Val. And shall do still.
Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: that friendship first was broken,
And you and she abus'd; next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions,)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sailors)
Divers abuses done, thefts often practis'd,
Moneys and jewels too, and those no trifles.
Cel. Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith? in neither—
Let 's in for ever now—there is virtue.

5 s.d.] Added Dyce.
11 s.d.] Added Weber. *More for his sake I see*] "i.e. for the sake of Francisco, whom she then perceives."—Weber.
16 *dare*] *dar'd* Q, F, and eds. to Dyce.
30 *bestow'd*] *bestrew'd* Q and F.

Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it; he shall say it.—
Are ye not guilty thus?
Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune!
Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here: do you know these jewels?
Cel. In, good mother!
Val. These jewels I have known.

Enter THOMAS, DOROTHEA, *and* MARY; *then* SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Dor. You have made brave sport!
Tho. I 'll make more, if I live, wench.
Nay, do not look on me; I care not for ye.
Laun. Do you see now plain? that 's Mistress Dorothy,
And that 's his mistress.
Seb. Peace; let my joy work easily.—
Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom, boy!—
Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine; the town 's ours!—
Val. Sure, I have known these jewels.
Alice. They are they, certain.
Val. Good Heaven, that they were!
Alice. I 'll pawn my life on 't;
And this is he.—Come hither, Mistress Dorothy,
And Mistress Mary: who does that face look like?
And view my brother well.
Dor. In truth, like him.
Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.
Mich. Beshrew me,
But much and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: now Heaven grant it!
Alice. My brother 's full of passion. I 'll speak to him.—
Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me
Where did you get these jewels?
Fran. Now I 'll tell ye,
Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.

42 *strike a fresh piece*] broach a fresh cask.
51 *passion*] sorrow—Weber; better, violent agitation of mind.—Dyce.

Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But, from my infancy, upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.
Alice. 'Tis Francisco, brother;
By Heaven, I tied 'em on!—A little more, sir,
A little, little more; what parents have ye?
Fran. None that I know yet, the more my stubborn fortune;
But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years——
Alice. What said that merchant?
Fran. He said an infant in the Genoa galleys,
(But from what place he never could direct me,)
I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me;
He told me of a nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said, was killed.
A letter, too, I had enclos'd within me,
To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,
To bring me up: the man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which Heaven recompense him! Now ye have all.
Val. And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can send me,
And all my prayers and thanks!
Alice. Down o' your knees, sir;
For now you have found a father, and that father
That will not venture ye again in galleys.
Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, sir; and we all joy with ye.
Val. My best friend still, my dearest! now, Heaven bless thee,
And make me worthy of this benefit!—
Now, my best mistress.

60 *None that I know*] Q, F and other eds. print thus—
"*Fran.* None,
That I know yet," etc.

77 *recompense*] *recompenc'd* Q and F.

Cel. Now, sir, I come to ye——
Abbess. No, no; let 's in, wench.
Cel. Not for the world, now, mother.—
And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.
Val. And may it prosper!—
Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon,
And love her dearly; for thy father does so.
Fran. May all hate seek me else! and thus I seal it.
[*Kisses her.*
Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.
Sam. What do all these here?
Tho. You are a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.
Hylas. Nay then, good morrow;
Now I perceive the knavery.
Sam. I still told ye!
Tho. Stay, or I 'll make ye stay.—Come hither, sister.
Val. Why, how now, Mistress Thomas?
Tho. Peace a little.—
Thou wouldst fain have a wife?
Hylas. Not I; by no means.
Tho. Thou shalt have a wife, and a fruitful wife; for I find, Hylas,
That I shall never be able to bring thee children.
Seb. A notable brave boy! 'nown son again!
Hylas. I am very well, sir.
Tho. Thou shalt be better:

89 *young Callidon*] see Introduction; Mason suggested that the youth's travelling name was Francisco Callidon!
91 s.d.] Added Weber.
97 *Mistress Thomas*] Alluding, of course, to the woman's clothes still worn by Thomas.
99 *Thou shalt have*, etc.] So printed as single line in Q and F. Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce, thus—
"Thou shalt have a wife,
And a fruitful wife; for I find, Hylas."
101 *'nown son again*] Q prints thus.
"*Seb.* A notable brave boy. *known son agen.*"
F omits last three words.

Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pound a year,
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure.
Hylas. No.
Tho. Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pounds in clothes. Look on her;
A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: strike hands, or I 'll strike first.
Dor. You 'll let me like?
Mary. He 's a good handsome fellow;
Play not the fool.
Tho. Strike, brother Hylas, quickly.
Hylas. If you can love me well.
Dor. If you can please me.
Tho. Try that out soon, I say, my brother Hylas.
Sam. Take her, and use her well; she 's a brave gentlewoman.
Hylas. You must allow me another mistress.
Dor. Then you must allow me another servant.
Hylas. Well, let 's together then: a lusty kindred!
Seb. I 'll give thee five hundred pound more for that word.
Mary. Now, sir, for you and I to make the feast full.
Tho. No, not a bit; you are a virtuous lady,
And love to live in contemplation.
Mary. Come, fool; I am friends now.
Tho. The fool shall not ride ye.
There lie, my woman! [*Throws off his female attire.*]
Now my man again!
And now for travel once more!
Seb. I 'll bar that first.
Mary. And I next.
Tho. Hold yourself contented, for I say I will travel;
And so long I will travel, till I find a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd for,
And a state without expectation:
So rest you merry, gentlemen!
Mary. You shall not:
Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,
And now I 'll kiss ye.

122 s.d.] Added Dyce.

Tho. This will not do it, mistress.
Mary. Why, when we are married, we 'll do more.
Seb. There 's all, boy.
The keys of all I have. Come, let 's be merry ;
For now I see thou art right.
Tho. Shall we to church straight ?
Val. Now, presently ; and there with nuptial
The holy priest shall make ye happy all.
Tho. Away then, fair afore ! [*Exeunt*

THE CHANCES

EDITED BY E. K. CHAMBERS

In the Folios 1647, 1679; the Prologue and Epilogue also in Beaumont's *Poems* (1653).

THE CHANCES

TEXT.—The basis of the text is F1; all changes introduced either in F2 or in later editions have been recorded, if they are of the slightest importance, together with many which obviously are not. The copy of F1 which I have used is that in the British Museum (C. 39, k, 5), formerly belonging to Thomas Birch, and with a useful conjecture, presumably by him, on I. i. 38. The copies of F1 do not appear to be quite uniform; cf. note to I. vi. 33. The orthography and punctuation are mainly Dyce's, and the latter does not exactly represent either the original text or modern usage. I have systematically restored *ye* where he substituted *you*. On the other hand I have allowed *'has* to replace the *h'as* (for *he has*) of the Ff. The stage-directions are mainly those of F1, or in a few cases F2; some convenient additions have been placed in square brackets.

AUTHORSHIP.—Scholars are unanimous in regarding the play as practically the unaided work of Fletcher. Mr. G. C. Macaulay (*Cambridge History of English Literature*, vi. 140) thinks that it is "probably touched here and there by another hand, *e.g.* in Act I. sc. i, ix, Act II. sc. iv." I indicate below reasons for supposing that another hand has been at work on III. i. The Prologue and Epilogue are, of course, not Fletcher's. The attribution of the play to 'Will Shakespear' in the catalogue of plays attached by Edward Archer to his 1656 edition of *The Old Law* (W. W. Greg, *List of Masques*, lv.) is wholly devoid of importance.

DATE.—This has recently been the subject of a discussion, in which Prof. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, Mr. G. C. Macaulay, and the present writer took part, in *The Modern Language Review*, iv. 512; v. 112, 210. It is clear that the Prologue, with its references to Fletcher as no longer 'living,' belongs to a production after his death on 29 August 1625. I assign this production to the spring of 1627, on the ground of the allusions in III. i. 5–9 to the power of the Duke of Lorraine and to the breaking loose of the Pope's bulls and the baiting of them in England. These seem to have no point, other than in their contemporary topical interest to an English audience. I take the insertion of them to have been due to the issue in 1627 of Henry Burton's *The Baiting of the Pope's Bull*, a tract motived by Urban VIII's *breve* of the previous year against the oath of allegiance, and to the mission in the same spring of Walter Montagu to the Duke of Lorraine for help in the war contemplated by Charles I against France. The papal allusion, at least, would not have been apposite, in view of the friendly relations between the English court and the Vatican, at any date between 1613 and 1625. Earlier than 1613 the play cannot be, in view of its dependence upon *La Señora Cornelia*, or earlier than 1615, if, as it is now the tendency to hold, Fletcher only used the *Novelas exemplares* in Rosset and L'Audiguier's French translation of 1615. One must, however, face the possibility of the production of 1627 having been no more than a revival. Mr. Macaulay thinks that this was not so, partly because he sees (more strongly than I do) internal evidence in the Prologue that it belongs to a first production, partly because the style of the play seems to him like that of Fletcher's latest comedies. Here his opinion, confirmed by that of Mr. Bullen (*D.N.B.*), must carry weight; nor is there complete conviction in the argument of Mr. Oliphant (*Englische Studien*, xv. 355) that the absence

of any mention of the play by Sir Henry Herbert points to a date before 1622, since it is by no means clear that Malone's extracts from Herbert's papers are exhaustive. At the same time it must be admitted that, if Herbert had recorded a production of *The Chances*, it would have been odd of Malone to omit it from his account of the similar notes relating to Fletcher's plays in the *Variorum Shakespeare* (1821), iii. 226. It is perhaps worth pointing out that, while professing to give a list of eleven plays, he, in fact, names only ten; conceivably the missing eleventh may be *The Chances*. I find that Prof. Thorndike (*The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher upon Shakespeare*, 92) dates the play "1615?" while Prof. Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, ii. 207) more boldly says that it was "certainly acted by 1615." I believe this chronology to be merely another illustration of the persistent hypnotism exercised upon historians of the drama by the ill-considered guesses of Mr. Fleay. Having failed to find a date for the play in 1874 (*New Sh. Soc. Trans. 1874*, 52) and 1876 (*Shakespeare's Manual*, 152), and having assigned its production in 1886 (*Englische Studien*, ix. 23) to 1625-6, he reverted at greater length to the subject in 1891 (*Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, i. 199). After suggesting that V. ii. 9—

> 'Dost thou think
> The devil such an ass as people make him'

furnished a title to Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* of 1616, and calling attention to the Folio version of the stage-direction to III. ii. 27, '*Enter Rowl, with Wine*,' he concludes, "I have very little doubt that it was written for Prince Charles' men 1615, and I think it likely that it was the play, *A Vow and a Good One*, acted by them before the Prince, 1623, Jan. 6. Compare i. 10, the Duke's vow, with v. 3, the final line." It is amusing to observe that in the same work (ii. 98) Mr. Fleay also identified the *A Vow and a Good One* mentioned in Herbert's manuscripts (*Variorum*, iii. 147) with Middleton and Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel*. So many seventeenth-century plays have vows in them that the process might be repeated *ad libitum*. As far as I can see, Mr. Fleay was really led to the date 1615 by the rather absurd notion that Jonson must have borrowed his title from a casual phrase in the play; obviously any borrowing may very well have been in the other direction. Having arrived at 1615, Mr. Fleay assigned *The Chances* to Prince Charles' men, because he identified, as he states, the '*Rowl*' of the stage-direction with William Rowley, who was then one of those men. Even, however, if this identification were justified, no inferences in favour of the company could be based upon it, since Rowley, although technically a Prince's servant until 1625, was playing with the King's men by 1623, when he appears in the actor-list of their *The Maid in the Mill*, of which he was part author, and remained with them until 1625, or later (J. T. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, i. 172). But it must be very doubtful whether *Rowl* is William Rowley. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Fleay that one who was already a leading actor in 1615 was not likely to take the mute part of a servant; nor did he apparently know that the expansion of the name, not into *Rowley* but into *Rowland*, with which he upbraids Dyce, comes from the 1711 Quarto of the plays. No doubt the authority of this Quarto is almost negligible. But it so happens that there was an actor Rowland who appeared amongst the King's men in Massinger's *Believe as You List* of 1631 (Murray *ut supra*), and if, as may well be the case, *Rowl* represents the name, not of a personage but of an actor, it is not unlikely to have been this Rowland. There is, therefore, no evidence either that *The Chances* was produced in Fletcher's lifetime, or that it ever belonged to a company other than the King's men, whether the Prince's, or, as suggested by Mr. Oliphant, the Children of the Revels or the Lady Elizabeth's, for whom, regardless of

La Señora Cornelia, he thinks that it may have been written about 1609–10, or about 1614. All that is certainly known as to the property in the play is, that it belonged to the King's men in 1641 (*Malone Society Collections*, i. 368), but this does not exclude the possibility that it may have passed to them from another company.

ARGUMENT.—Dons John and Frederick, two Spanish students at Bologna, lodge in the house of Dame Gillian, whom they treat with much impudence, and spend most of their time wenching. A report has reached them of a rare beauty, of whom they can get no sight. Having arranged a meeting-place one night, each has an adventure. A woman at a house-door puts into John's arms a bundle, which discloses a child. Frederick falls in with a veiled lady, who implores his protection. She is, in fact, Constantia, eloping with the Duke of Ferrara. Her brother Petruchio, having intelligence of her intrigue, is lying in wait with his friend Antonio to slay the duke. Each Spaniard takes his prize home. John gives the child to his landlady, whose suspicion he incurs, and goes out again to seek Frederick. Frederick brings in the lady secretly, and at her entreaty sallies forth to see if he can find and succour a man hard beset. It is, however, John who rescues the duke from Petruchio's party, and wounds Antonio. The friends then meet, exchange adventures, and return home, where John is made known to the lady. Then comes Petruchio with a letter of introduction to John, to whom he imparts the duke's seduction of his sister Constantia, and begs his company to challenge him at a neighbouring castle. The friends thus guess the identity of the lady, who was indeed the beauty of their fruitless search. They both ride with Petruchio, but when they meet the duke, he professes marriage, and a reconciliation follows. On their return to Bologna, they find Constantia fled, with Gillian and the child, which is Constantia's own. They are, in fact, in hiding with Peter Vecchio, Gillian's kinsman and a wizard ; it is Gillian's revenge for the chaff to which the Spaniards have subjected her. Frederick suspects John, who must clear himself. There is a false scent, which only leads to a second Constantia, Antonio's light-of-love, who has run off with the fiddler Francisco. At last Vecchio is consulted professionally, and after doing some devil-raising, has little trouble in producing the fugitives. Antonio, too, by a similar method, recovers his Constantia, and saves her from a whipping.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.—Gerard Langbaine, *Account of English Dramatic Poets* (1691), 207, found the story in *La Señora Cornelia*, which is the fourth Novel of the second Volume of Cervantes' *Novelas exemplares* (1613). The following is Weber's summary, as revised by Dyce. Don Antonio de Ysunca, and Don Juan de Gamboa, two gentlemen of high rank, and of the same age, had left Salamanca to distinguish themselves in the wars of the Netherlands ; but by the earnest persuasion of their parents they proceeded to Bologna, where they resumed their studies, and where their accomplishments procured them a good reception. In that city the lady most celebrated for her beauty was Cornelia Bentivoglio ; and it became a favourite object with the two companions to obtain a sight of her, which her retired life rendered a matter of great difficulty. Juan one night declared his intention to his friend of going his usual rounds, nor would he accept of Antonio's offer to accompany him. When Juan was about to return home, he heard the door of a house opened, and a voice asking him whether he was Fabio? Upon his answering in the affirmative, a bundle was given to him, which he found so heavy that he was forced to employ both his hands. The door was then shut, and while he was ruminating how to act, he heard the crying of an infant in the bundle. Having carried it to the old woman with whom he and his companion lodged, he ordered her to procure a nurse, and instead of the valuable clothes in which

it was wrapped, to dress it in others more humble, in order to prevent discovery. He then returned to the house where he had received it, and on his approach heard the clashing of swords, and found a single gentleman oppressed by a number of opponents. He immediately flew to his succour, but at the same time the gentleman was struck to the ground. Juan assaulted his enemies furiously, and the neighbours collecting to assist him, they were forced to fly. In the scuffle Juan had lost his bonnet, and finding another, he put it on without considering whether it was his own or not. He inquired of the gentleman if he had been wounded; and was answered that God and a good breast-plate had preserved him. At the same time appeared eight friends of the gentleman, who then begged Juan, after inquiring his name, to depart; and missing his bonnet, and finding that Juan wore it, insisted upon his retaining it as a mark whereby he should recognise his benefactor. Juan returning, met his friend Antonio, who informed him, that having gone in search of him, he had encountered a female who had requested his protection, and that he had conveyed her to their lodgings. She had fainted; and on lifting her veil to revive her, he had discovered a face of extreme beauty. Upon her recovery she had prayed him to return to the street where he had met her, and if he found any one assaulted by enemies, to succour him. Juan then related his own adventures, and they proceeded homewards, Antonio telling his friend that the lady had entreated that no one but himself might behold her. When they entered the house, they found that the bonnet which Juan had received from the gentleman was a most superb one, ornamented with a diamond of great value. Antonio went into the chamber of the lady, and Juan could not restrain himself from peeping in. The lady seeing the glitter of the diamond, addressed him by the title of Duke, and said to Antonio that she knew the Duke of Ferrara by his hat. Juan then entered at her desire, and stated the circumstances under which he had obtained the hat. During his narration the old woman passed by the room with the infant, which induced the lady to inquire concerning it, and upon beholding it, she found that it was her own. At the request of the two friends she related her history, informing them that she was Cornelia, the sister of Lorenzo Bentivoglio, by whom she had been carefully educated; that she and Alfonso de Este, Duke of Ferrara, having accidentally met, a mutual attachment followed; and that at last, on the promise of marriage, the duke accomplished his wishes, excusing however the immediate fulfilment of that promise on account of several difficulties which stood in the way; that she soon discovered the effects of their intercourse, and acquainted the duke with the danger of her situation; that he promised to convey her privately to Ferrara, and there to espouse her publicly; but that on the very night fixed for her escape she perceived her brother and some others in complete armour, which, as she guessed the cause, filled her with dismay, and brought on a premature delivery; that she caused the child to be given to a faithful servant, and afterwards herself escaped from the house. Having finished the relation, she threw herself on the bed in despair; but was at last comforted by assurances of protection and service from the two Spaniards.

In the morning they visited the lady, when one of their pages entered with the news that Lorenzo Bentivoglio was below, inquiring for Juan. Upon this, Cornelia, in great distress, renewed her request of protection and secrecy, and received the strongest assurances from Juan. He and his friend armed themselves, and the three pages were also furnished with weapons. Juan found Lorenzo below, who, taking him into a church opposite, informed him that his sister had been seduced and carried off by the Duke of Ferrara, under promise of marriage, which from the superior wealth and station of the duke he believed would never be performed. He then requested Juan to accompany him to Ferrara, believing that one Spaniard was as good a guard as the whole army of Xerxes. The reason why he chose a stranger, was to prevent the inter-

cession and anxiety of friends. Juan immediately accepted the proposal, and begged permission to acquaint his companion with the matter, to which Lorenzo consented. Juan then returned to his lodgings, where he made known to Cornelia and Antonio the result of the interview, and quieted the fears of the former, pointing out to her the necessity of learning the real intentions of the duke.

Having recommended Cornelia to the care of the old woman, Juan joined Lorenzo, and they began their journey to Ferrara. Antonio followed them in disguise, that he might succour his friend in case of necessity. He had scarcely left Cornelia when the old dame entered, and filled her mind with apprehensions of her brother having purposely drawn off her protectors, in order to seize her. She persuaded her to go with her to the curate of a neighbouring village, whom she had formerly served, and whose secrecy and fidelity could be depended on.

Meanwhile Lorenzo and Juan were proceeding to Ferrara; and hearing that the duke was still at Bologna, they left the by-paths, which they had hitherto kept, and took the high road, in expectation of meeting him on his return to Ferrara. They soon beheld a company on horse-back, and Lorenzo requested Juan to await their approach, and discover whether the duke was among them, while he himself rode apart. When the troop came up, the duke recognised his preserver by his hat, and they both dismounted from their horses. Lorenzo, imagining that his second was attacked, rode back to him, and found him in the embraces of the duke. The latter recognised the brother of his mistress, and went aside with Juan, who asked his intentions respecting Cornelia. The duke answered that he had designed to take her to Ferrara, there publicly to espouse her, but that both she and the child had disappeared, and that he was the more perplexed as his mother intended, on his return, to marry him to the daughter of the Duke of Mantua. Upon this, Lorenzo, having advanced at a signal from Juan, was embraced and saluted by the duke with the name of brother; and learning from Juan the intentions of the duke, he threw himself at his feet, and thanked him for the honour of the purposed alliance. The two reconciled friends then resolved to search for Cornelia and her child; when Antonio came up, and having been made known to the duke, informed him, at the desire of his comrade, that Cornelia and her child were safe in their lodgings.

They now determined to return to Bologna, and Antonio went before to apprise Cornelia of the reconciliation and approach of her brother and the duke; but to his astonishment he learned that she, as well as the old dame, were missing. When the others arrived with the joyful expectation of beholding the objects of their affection, they found Antonio in the utmost despair. Suddenly one of the pages came in, and informed them that his fellow, Santistevan, had a lady locked within his chamber. Antonio immediately flew up to the room, which he found secured. He knocked, and called upon Cornelia to open the door, as her brother and the duke were reconciled and arrived. But a strange voice answered, "Why do you jeer me? I am truly not so ugly that dukes and counts might not look for me; but I deserve this treatment for being the companion of pages." Upon this, Santistevan appeared, and throwing himself at the feet of Antonio, implored him not to mention the circumstance to his master Juan. He then informed him that the courtezan's name was also Cornelia. Lorenzo hearing this, asked, "Where is Cornelia?" and he and the duke rushed up and repeated the question. The courtezan replied, "Here is Cornelia;" and inquired whether it was so wonderful a thing that a woman should cohabit with a roguish page. Lorenzo tore off her veil, and discovered a girl of considerable beauty. The duke began to suspect the truth of the two Spaniards, and hurried out of the house. Juan and Antonio resolved to search for the lady in every part of the country.

The duke, having set out on his return, came accidentally to the village-curate, with whom Cornelia was concealed. She overheard the announcement of his arrival, but restrained herself from bursting into his apartment, and requested the priest to make him acquainted with her being in the house. By his advice the infant was decorated with all the jewels which the duke had given her ; and the curate presented it to him, saying that it had been brought from Bologna, and placed in his charge by a lady of extreme beauty, accompanied by an old confidante. Cornelia now entered, and the duke recognising her, was nearly overcome by his feelings. He dispatched one of his followers to Bologna, who, in three days, returned with Lorenzo and the two Spaniards. The duke pretended to them, that as Cornelia was not to be found, he had determined to fulfil another promise of marriage which he had given to a peasant-girl in the village ; and, seeing the rage of Lorenzo and the two friends, he said that her extreme beauty would soon induce them to applaud his breach of faith to Cornelia. When he had left the room, Juan swore that the duke's life should pay for his unfaithfulness, and Lorenzo and Antonio declared themselves of the same resolution : but their anger was soon allayed when they beheld Cornelia brought in by the duke, with the old woman and the nurse. The two lovers were secretly married by the curate, but the speedy death of the duke's mother soon enabled him to declare Cornelia his duchess.

E. Köppel, *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's und Beaumont und Fletcher's* (1895), 92, compares Fletcher's handling of the theme with that of Cervantes, and calls attention to the debt of the character of Dame Gillian to that of Juliet's nurse ; cf. note on III. i. 78.

Stage History.—*The Chances* was revived by the King's men at Drury Lane, between 1663 and 1682 (J. Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 8). "A droll taken from it and called *The Landlady*, which was acted during the suppression of the theatres, is in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 140. In 1682 an alteration of this comedy by the celebrated Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was brought out at the theatre in Dorset Gardens : for the two last acts of the original his grace substituted two from his own pen, which though written in very indifferent prose, and grossly indelicate, are by no means destitute of humour, and heighten perhaps the interest of the catastrophe. In 1773 Garrick produced at Drury Lane Theatre another alteration of *The Chances*, which was little more than Buckingham's alteration rendered more decent, and—considerably more dull. In 1821 *Don John, or The Two Violettas, a musical drama in three acts, founded on Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of The Chances*, was played at Covent-Garden Theatre."—Dyce.

The Song of John Dorrie.—This song is named in III. ii. 29, and in a related stage-direction, but is not given in the text. Weber printed it from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia* (1609), as follows—

As it fell on a holy day,
And upon an holy tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate-a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted
To let him in thereat-a.

The first man that John Dory did meet
Was good King John of France-a ;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance-a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merie men and for me-a;
And all the churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee-a.

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide-a;
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

Run up, my boy, unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canst spie-a.
Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory-a.

They hoist their sailes, both top and top,
The meisseine and all was tride-a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide-a.

The roring cannons then were plide,
And dub a dub went the drumme-a;
The braying trumpets lowd they cride,
To courage both all and some-a.

The grapling hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill and the sword-a:
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board-a.

Weber states that it is mentioned as "an old three-man's song" by R. Carew, *The Survey of Cornwall* (1602).

PROLOGUE

APTNESS for mirth to all! This instant night
Thalia hath prepared, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Season'd with rarities of wit and art:
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenuous Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect comedy;
And some sit here, I doubt not dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleased to frequent: and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loved memory.
For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot,
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons, with the time;
Or that his towering Muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But, if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise;
We may profess, presuming on his skill,
If his CHANCES please not you, our fortune's ill.

PROLOGUE] Printed by Ff at end of Act V, immediately before the Epilogue.
4 *and*] F2. *as* 1653, F1.
7 *ingenuous*] F1. *ingenious* 1653, F2. "The words were formerly synonymous."—Dyce.
12 *pay*] Ff. *play* 1653.
12 *loved*] Dyce. *loud* 1653, Ff.
19 *expressions*] Ff. *expression* 1653.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of Ferrara.

PETRUCHIO, Governor of Bologna.

DON JOHN, DON FREDERICK } two Spanish Gentlemen and Comrades.

ANTONIO, an old stout Gentleman, kinsman to PETRUCHIO.

Three Gentlemen, friends to the Duke.

Two Gentlemen, friends to PETRUCHIO.

FRANCISCO, a Musician, ANTONIO'S Boy.

PETER VECCHIO, a teacher of Latin and Music, a reputed Wizard.

PETER and ANTHONY } two Servants to DON JOHN and FREDERICK.

A Surgeon.

WOMEN.

CONSTANCIA, Sister to PETRUCHIO, and Mistress to the Duke.

Gentlewoman, Servant to Constancia.

[GILLIAN, an] Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John and Frederick.

CONSTANCIA, a Whore to old Antonio.

Bawd.

The Scene.—Bologna.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] Omitted by F1. *Persons Represented in the Play* F2.

Francisco] Weber adds *Rowland* as another servant to Antonio ; but on this, see Introduction.

Constancia] spelt *Constantia* in the text.

Gillian] She always appears as Landlady in the speech-prefixes, but her name is furnished by V. iii. 120–138.

The Scene.—Bologna] Omitted by F1. *Scene—Bologna and the adjacent country* Weber.

THE CHANCES

ACT I.

SCENE I

A room in the house of GILLIAN.

Enter two Serving-men, PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. I would we were removed from this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet! for mine own part,
I 'm almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom or where. Serve wenching soldiers,
That know no other paradise but plackets?
I 'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes.
Anth. Thou art the froward'st fool—
Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Anth. To wait upon our masters.
Peter. But how, Anthony?
Answer me that; resolve me there, good Anthony.
Anth. To serve their uses.
Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.

The Chances, A Comedy] F2. *The Chances* F1.

ACT I. SC. I.] The play is divided into acts and scenes throughout in the Ff.

A . . . Gillian] The notes of locality throughout the play were added by Weber.

6 *know*] F1. *knows* F2.

plackets] Primarily an opening in a woman's skirt, and by derivation a woman, generally with an improper suggestion.

11 *resolve*] "satisfy, inform."—Dyce.

Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.
Peter. No, Anthony,
Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands:
A salt itch serve such uses! In things of moment,
Concerning things, I grant ye; not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon;
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case——
Anth. Come, come,
All will be mended; this invisible woman,
Of infinite report for shape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determined now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.
Peter. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains
Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe, too,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.
Anth. Prithee, be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those; not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which since they find so bolted
And lock'd up from their searches, they are now settled
To give the wonder over.
Peter. Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too! for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable souls
In their good worships' business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bellman on me. And what now

27 *wander*] Dyce. *wonder* Ff.
that] F1. Omitted by F2.
38 *bolted*] Birch's conjecture. *blotted* F1. *blocked* F2.
40 *over*] F2. *ever* F1.
42 *souls*] *soles* Dyce. A pun is of course intended.
45 *on*] *of* Colman.

Mean they to study, Anthony? moral philosophy,
After their mar-all women?
Anth. Mar a fool's head!
Peter. 'T will mar two fools' heads, and they take not heed,
Besides the giblets to 'em.
Anth. Will you walk, sir,
And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head
May chance to find a wooden nightcap else.
Peter. I never lay in any.

Enter DON JOHN *and* FREDERICK.

Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying. Here they come:
You had best tell them as much.
Peter. I am no tell-tale. *Exeunt.*
John. I would we could have seen her though! for, sure,
She must be some rare creature, or report lies,
All men's reports too.
Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she is so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserved from view, so like a paradise,
Placed where no knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 't were impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.
John. Hang me, from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as she came a strong report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.
Fred. 'Tis the best way.
But whither are you walking?
John. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.
Fred. 'Tis healthful.
John. Will not you stir?

52, 53 *Then . . . prophesying*] "Ought this to stand as two lines of Skeltonic verse; and a quotation?"—Dyce.
65 *best*] Ed. *next* Ff. The slip is due to the *next* earlier in the line. Cf. a similar error in I. ii. 39.

Fred. I have a little business.
John. Upon my life, this lady still—
Fred. Then you will lose it.
John. Pray, let 's walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have something to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miss to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I' th' high street;
For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first; then I am yours.
John. Remember. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.
First Gent. Fie, Antonio!
Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him:
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts
A surgeon may see through him.
First Gent. You are too violent.
Sec. Gent. Too open, undiscreet.
Petru. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?
My credit, and my name?
Sec. Gent. Be sure it be so,
Before ye use this violence: let not doubt
And a suspecting anger so much sway ye
Your wisdom may be question'd.
Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the cause: cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.

70 *Pray*] F1. *'Pray* F2.
II. 4 *A . . . him*] "i.e. *so that* a surgeon may see through him"—Mason. Cf. the grammar of ll. 10 and 50, in both of which *that* is also omitted.

Sec. Gent. Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish!
Alas, is this good justice?
Petru. I know, as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciously abused, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful: I must kill him;
Necessity compels me.
First Gent. But think better.
Petru. There is no other cure left: yet, witness with me
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and would 't were possible—
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker—
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol honour
That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
Must do this justice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or honour,
Or both, be accessory.
Sec. Gent. Do you weigh, Petruchio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?
Petru. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss me
Into the waves of everlasting ruin,

24–28 *I am . . . crimes*] "An unmistakeable echo of *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 167–170—

'We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar.'"—Köppel.

39 *waves*] F2. *stormes* F1. The F1 reading is a printer's or copyist's error similar to that in I. i. 65.

Yet I must through. If ye dare side me——
Ant. Dare?
Petru. Ye're friends indeed; if not——
Sec. Gent. Here 's none flies from you;
Do it in what design ye please, we 'll back ye.
Petru. But, then, be sure ye kill him.
Sec. Gent. Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life——
Petru. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.
First Gent. No other way to purge it?
Petru. There is; but never to be hoped for.
Sec. Gent. Think an hour more;
And, if then ye find no safer road to guide ye,
We 'll set up our rests too.
Ant. Mine 's up already;
And hang him, for my part, goes less than life!
Sec. Gent. If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Street before the house of PETRUCHIO.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. The civil order of this town, Bologna,
Makes it beloved and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;

43 Petru.] Seward. First Gent. Ff. Ant. Colman, Weber, Dyce. "These words . . . are much more suitable to *Antonio*, we think, who is crying out for blood through the whole scene."—Colman. "I am not sure, however, but that Seward was right."—Dyce. I think that the speaker of ll. 44-46 is also the speaker of these words.

46 First Gent.] F1. 2 Gent. F2.

47 *There . . . for*] The 'other way' is probably the marriage of the Duke with Constantia.

49 *set up our rests*] i.e. 'lay our stakes,' 'take our chance,' an expression borrowed from primero and other games of hazard.

50 *goes less*] "It is a phrase borrowed from gaming, and means properly—play for a smaller stake."—Dyce.

Sc. III.] 1 *Bologna*] F2. *Bellonia* F1.

Beside the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me;
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:
I 'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for, see,
A fair house yet stands open: yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring: there may be foul play;
I 'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Woman (*within*). Signior!

John. [*Aside.*] What! how is this?

Woman (*within*). Signior Fabritio!

John. [*Aside.*] I 'll go nearer.

Woman (*within*). Fabritio!

John. [*Aside.*] This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done.

Woman (*within*). Who 's there? Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Woman (*within*). Where are ye?

John. Here.

Woman (*within*). Oh, come, for Heaven's sake!

John. [*Aside.*] I must see what this means.

Enter Woman *with a Child* [*hidden in a bundle*].

Woman. I have stay'd this long hour for you. Make no noise,
For things are in strange trouble. Here; be secret;
'Tis worth your care [*Gives him the bundle*]. Begone now: more eyes watch us
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye!

Woman. Peace: good night. [*Exit.*]

John. She is gone, and I am loaden; fortune for me!

4 *Beside*] *Besides* Colman.

It weighs well, and it feels well ; it may chance
To be some pack of worth : by th' mass, 'tis heavy ;
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome ;
I 'll ne'er refuse a fortune : I am confident
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging.
If it hit right, I 'll bless this night. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another street.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. 'Tis strange
I cannot meet him ; sure, he has encounter'd
Some light-o'-love or other, and there means
To play at in-and-in for this night. Well, Don John,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch
Till you claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks ;
You must be still a-boot-haling. One round more,
Though it be late, I 'll venture to discover ye :
I do not like your out-leaps. *Exit.*

3 *light-o'-love*] "Is properly the name of an old dance-tune, which is given (from a MS.) by Sir J. Hawkins in a note on Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. sc. 4. In *Nat. Engl. Airs*, ii. 193, Mr. Chappell has reprinted from a unique black-letter copy, dated 1570, *A very proper Dittie : To the Tune of Lightie Love*. Our early writers very frequently mention the tune of *light-o'-love*, and also (as in the present passage) use the word as equivalent to—a light woman, a wanton."—Dyce.

4 *in-and-in*] "A quibbling allusion to the game so called : '*Inn-and-Inn* is a Game very much used at an Ordinary, and may be play'd by two or three, each having a Box in his hand. It is play'd with four Dice,' &c. &c. *The Compleat Gamester*, &c., p. 117, ed. 1680."—Dyce.

5 *spring a leak*] A common slang phrase for 'catch a venereal disease' : cf. I. vii. 5 ; II. ii. 12. The loss of hair from such diseases is also a frequent subject of allusion in these plays.

7 *boot-haling*] Dyce. *bootehalling* Ff. "*Butinement :* A *bootehaling*, preying on, making spoile of."—Cotgrave's *Dict.* "The word *boot-haling* is compounded of *boot* (booty) and *hale* (to drag). Here it is equivalent to—prowling for wenches."—Dyce.

SCENE V.

A room in the lodging of the Duke.

Enter Duke *and three* Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?
First Gent. To point, sir.
Duke. Where are the horses?
Sec. Gent. Where they were appointed.
Duke. Be private; and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let's stand sure.
Third Gent. Fear not us:
Ere ye shall be endanger'd or deluded,
We'll make a black night on 't.
Duke. No more; I know it.
You know your quarters?
First Gent. Will you go alone, sir?
Duke. Ye shall not be far from me; the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.
Sec. Gent. We are counsell'd. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A street.

Enter DON JOHN [*with a child in his arms*].

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious,
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? must I needs be peeping
Into men's houses, where I had no business.
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carried!
I must take other men's occasions on me,

Sc. V.] 1 *To point*] The French *a point*, Latin *ad punctum*, 'to the last point,' 'completely': cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 200: 'Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe.'
3 *Be private*] *Be private all* Seward.
Sc. VI.] 2 *bobb'd*] cheated, tricked.

And be I know not whom! most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel,—this comes of peeping!—
A lump got out of laziness.—Good White-bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye.—'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtleties; have I read over
All their school-learnings, dived into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads, caught the common way? i' th' night too,
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when ye have purchased
A bevy of these butter-prints together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities
Without commission. Why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this gingerbread; never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroke for't; 't had been justice
Then to have kept it: but to raise a dairy
For other men's adulteries, consume myself in caudles,
And scouring-works, in nurses, bells, and babies,
Only for charity, for mere "I thank you,"
A little troubles me: the least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whose'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother,
For 'tis well clothed, and, if I be not cozen'd,

15 *quiddits*] Legal subtleties; cf. *Hamlet*, V. i. 107, 'Where be his quiddits now, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?'

16 *bum-fiddled*] a slang term for sexual relationship.

17 *a card of five*] "i. e. a fifth card, a five,—which is comparatively a weak one at any game. This expression, I believe, is not common, though we find frequent mention of 'a card of ten.'"—Dyce.

23 *butter-prints*] a slang term for a child, used also in *Wit Without Money*, V. iv, 10.

29 *caudles*] Seward. *candles* Ff. Cf. *The Lover's Progress*, IV. 3, where the Ff have the same misprint.

30 *babies*] *bables* (i. e. *bawbles*) Sympson's conjecture. 'Babies,' of course, is the ordinary term in these plays for 'dolls.'

33 *contented*] F2. *contended* F1 in B.M. copy; Mr. Bullen's copy has *contented*.

Well lined within. To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
Than his that got it: well, I will dispose on 't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
To cry *memento* to me, no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this mother.—Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your starv'd treble
Will waken the rude watch else.—All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Street before the house of PETRUCHIO.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Sure, he 's gone home: I have beaten all the purlieus.
But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: to-morrow morning
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's,
Where he lies moor'd to mend his leaks.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. I'm ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to ye:
Be full of haste and care; we are undone else.
Where are your people? which way must we travel?

39 *deaths' heads*] Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4, 254, 'Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head. Do not bid me remember mine end'; and Donne, *A Valediction of my Name, in the Window* (*Muses Library* ed. i. 26)—

'It as a given death's head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach.'

41 *qualify*] placify.

SC. VII. 5 *leaks*] Cf. note to I. ii. 5.

For Heaven sake, stay not here, sir!
Fred. [*Aside.*] What may this prove?
Con. [*Aside.*] Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd!—[*Aloud.*] Sir, for Heaven sake, tell me,
Are ye a gentleman.
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in Spain.
Con. As ever you loved honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forced to trust ye.
Fred. Y'ave charm'd me:
Humanity and honour bids me help ye;
And, if I fail your trust——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations; I believe ye—
Alas, I must believe ye! From this place,
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike through my life that takes ye from me.
Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Another street.

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen

Petru. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

24 *settle*] 1711. *sertle* Ff.

Petru. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best game?
We shall fight close and handsome, then.
First Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.
Ant. Why? All physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would ye make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.
Petru. Speak softly, gentle cousin.
Ant. I 'll speak truly:
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him?
Sec. Gent. You are as far o' th' bow-hand now.
Ant. And cry,
"That's my fine boy! thou wilt do so no more, child."
Petru. Here are no such cold pities.
Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough Andrew,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I 'll strike 'em such a hornpipe! knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on; I profess it;
Not to scare costermongers: if I lose mine own,
Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty!

7 *penny almanacks*] "The stated price of almanacks, as appears from several authorities."—Dyce. The Elizabethan *Ephemerides* or astrological almanacs, e. g. those of Erra Pater, give elaborate directions as to the auspicious seasons for bleeding, tooth-drawing, hair-cutting, etc. Cf. *Richard II*, I. i. 157, 'Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.'

18. *o' th' bowhand*] "The bow-hand was the left hand, but 'to be much o' th' bow-hand' means, to have your arrow full much on the left hand of the mark at which you shoot."—Dyce.

21 *Andrew*] "Meaning his broad-sword; which was called an Andrew Ferrara from the name of a man famous for making that weapon."—Mason.

26 *Mine audit's cast*] i. e. my account is made up. For the metaphor, cf. II. i. 14, and note *ad. loc.*

cast] F2. *lost* F1.

Petru. Let's talk no longer: place yourselves with silence.
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so show yourselves.
Ant. So be it. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A room in the house of GILLIAN.

Enter DON JOHN *and his* Landlady.

Gillian. Nay, son, if this be your regard——
John. Good mother——
Gillian. Good me no goods! Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of decent and fair carriage,
And so behaved myself——
John. I know ye have.
Gillian. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours' nostrils, your devices,
Your brats, got out of Alligant and broken oaths!
Your linsey-woolsey work, your hasty puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities!
Y'are deceived in me, sir; I am none
Of those receivers.
John. Have I not sworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?
Gillian. Ye found an easy fool that let you get it;
She had better have worn pasterns.
John. Will ye hear me?

10 *Alligant*] "As our early writers very frequently corrupt the word—i. e. a red wine of *Alicant* in the province of Valencia. (In Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act IV. sc. ii., the Clown calls it *Allegant.*)"—Dyce.
11 *linsey-woolsey*] neither one thing nor the other; and so, irregular.
hasty-puddings] a slang term for bastards.
17 *pasterns*] *pattens* Mason. "Cotgrave explains, *Empas*, shackles, fetters or pasterns, for unruly or unbroken horses."—Weber.

Gillian. Oaths! what do you care for oaths, to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? what saint know ye?
Or what religion, but your purposed lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accused cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers:
I 'm sick to see this dealing.
John. Heaven forbid, mother.
Gillian. Nay, I am very sick.
John. Who waits there?
Ant. (*within.*) Sir?
John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.
Gillian. Exceeding sick; Heaven help me!
John. Haste ye, sirrah.—
[*Aside.*] I must even make her drunk.—[*Aloud.*] Nay, gentle mother—
Gillian. Now, fie upon ye! was it for this purpose
You fetched your evening walks for your digestions?
For this, pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold ye from the matins:
Were these your bo-peep prayers? ye have pray'd well,
And with a learn'd zeal; watch'd well too: your saint,
It seems, was pleased as well.—Still sicker, sicker!

Enter ANTHONY, *with a bottle of wine.*

John. [*Aside.*] There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
[*Aloud.*] Give me.—Here, mother, take a good round draught;
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: deeper, mother,
Gillian. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all.
John. All, i' faith, mother.
Gillian. I confess the wine
Will do his part.
John. I 'll pledge ye.
Gillian. But, son John—
John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once more;
Alas, you look not well! take a round draught.

23 *falconers*] So we talk of 'fish-tales.'

It warms the blood well, and restores the colour;
And then we 'll talk at large.
Gillian. A civil gentleman!
A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of!—
John. [*Aside.*] Nay, I will silence thee.
Gillian. One that should weigh his fair name!—Oh, a stitch!
John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother:
Make no spare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.
Gillian. As I said, a gentleman!
Lodge in my house! Now Heaven's my comfort, signior——
John. [*Aside.*] I look'd for this.
Gillian. I did not think you would have used me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, Heaven knows,
That loved you but too tenderly.
John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.
Gillian. No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye. Where's the infant?
Come, let 's see your workmanship.
John. None of mine, mother;
But there 'tis, and a lusty one.
Gillian. Heaven bless thee!
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune.—As I live,
Your own eyes, signior, and the nether lip
As like ye as ye had spit it.
John. I am glad on 't.
Gillian. Bless me, what things are these?
John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope.
Gillian. Well, well, son John,
I see ye are a woodman and can choose
Your deer, though it be 'i th' dark; all your discretion

47 *thee* F2. *there* F1.
56 *acknowledge.*] *knowledge* F2.
68 *woodman*] forester.

Is not yet lost ; this was well clapp'd aboard :
Here I am with you now, when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit ; when ye must needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well : be sure of one thing.
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool, son ; time is precious,
Work wary whilst ye have it : since ye must traffic
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, signior ;
Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.
John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses.
Gillian. Now blessing o' thy care ! it shall have all,
And instantly ; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child.—Ah, my young Spaniard !—
Take you no further care, sir.
John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your leave, mother. These are yours,
To make your care the stronger ; for the rest
I 'll find a master. The gold, for bringing up on 't,
I freely render to your charge.
Gillian. No more words,
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me :
This may do well.
John. I shall observe your morals,
But where's Don Frederick, mother ?
Gillian. Ten to one
About the like adventure ; he told me,
He was to find you out. *Exit* [*with child*].
John. Why should he stay thus ?
There may be some ill chance in 't : sleep I will not,
Before I have found him : now this woman 's pleased,
I 'll seek my friend out, and my care is eased. *Exit.*

79 *make your rest*]. Cf. note to I. ii. 49.
92 *Frederick*] F2. *Ferdinand* F1.

SCENE X.

A street.

Enter Duke *and* Gentlemen.

First Gent. Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it
As to remove the city : the main faction
Swarm through the streets like hornets, armed with angers
Able to ruin states ; no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.
Duke. May he be drawn,
And quarter'd too, that turns now ! Were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——
First Gent. Sir, I fear not.
Duke. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger ; wound my soul
To keep my body safe.
First Gent. I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness, to you.
Duke. No, nor do not,
Out of a baseness, leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions ?
A poor cold part o' th' blood : who takes it hold of ?
Cowards and wicked livers : valiant minds
Were made the masters of it ; and, as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean,
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to die all in this venture
(As I am confident against it), is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups ? Give me dying,

3 *through*] 1711. *throgh* F1. *though* F2.

As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that 's manly!
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on.
Sec. Gent. You may, sir;
But with what safety?
First Gent. Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.
Duke. That's spoken heartily.
First Gent. And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch!
Duke. No more dying;
There 's no such danger in it. What 's o'clock?
Third Gent. Somewhat above your hour.
Duke. Away, then, quickly!
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

A Room in the house of GILLIAN.

Enter FREDERICK, *and* PETER, *with a candle.*

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.
Peter. [*Aside.*] What have we now to do?
Fred. And, o' your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my landlady, nor my friend.
Peter. 'Tis done, sir.
Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.
Peter. [*Aside.*] Is the wind there again?
Fred. Begone.
Peter. I am, sir. *Exit.*
Fred. Now enter without fear:

37 *No more dying*] Possibly we should read, both for sense and rhythm, *No more of dying.*

Enter CONSTANTIA *with a jewel.*

—and, noble lady,
That safety and civility ye wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man
Dare enter here; your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.
Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust. Let it become me,
(I do beseech you, sir,) for all your kindness,
To render, with my thanks, this worthless trifle:
I may be longer troublesome. [*Offers the jewel.*]
Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: Heaven bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engaged.
Con. It shall be,
For I am truly confident ye are honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on. [*Unveils.*]
Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!—
[*Aside.*] Defend me, honest thoughts! I shall grow wild else:
What eyes are there, rather what little heavens,
To stir men's contemplations! what a paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be temperate:
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.—[*Aloud.*] Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families.
Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir:
Thus far I shall entreat——
Fred. Command me, lady;
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.
Fred. He 's safe,
Be what he will ; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire ; this key will guide ye : all things necessary
Are there before ye.
Con. All my prayers go with ye ! *Exit.*
Fred. Ye clap on proof upon me.
Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers :
Now I say beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into. We are all like sea-cards ;
All our endeavours and our motions,
As they do to the north, still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest : for a handsome woman,
Setting my soul aside, it should go hard
But I would strain my body ; yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. *Exit.*

48 *proof*] "that is, armour of proof."—Mason.
53 *sea-cards*] "i. e. mariners' compasses—properly, the cards or papers on which the points of the wind were marked."—Dyce.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter Duke, *pursued by* PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and that Faction.*

Duke. You will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye; let me come to him.
Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly.
Petru. Say you so, sir?
Ant. I say cut his weasand, spoil his peeping.—
Have at your love-sick heart, sir!

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Sure, 'tis fighting:
My friend may be engaged.—Fie, gentlemen!
This is unmanly odds.
Ant. I 'll stop your mouth, sir.

Duke *falls down;* DON JOHN *bestrides him.*

John. Nay, then, have at thee freely!
There 's a plum, sir, to satisfy your longing.
Petru. Away! I hope I have sped him. Here comes rescue;
We shall be endanger'd. Where 's Antonio?
Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.
John. Come up to me.
[*Wounds* ANTONIO.]
Ant. A mischief confound your fingers!
Petru. How is 't?

4 *peeping*] F1. *piping* F2. "i. e. chirping, 'To *peep* (as birds), *pipio*,' Coles's *Dict.*"—Dyce. But I suppose there is a punning allusion to 'peeping' in the more ordinary sense, as used e. g. in l. 74.

Ant. Well:
'Has given me my *quietus est;* I felt him
In my small guts; I 'm sure 'has feezed me.
This comes of siding with ye.
Sec. Gent. Can you go, sir?
Ant. I should go, man, and my head were off:
Never talk of going.
Petru. Come, all shall be well, then:
I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the Duke's *Faction.*

Ant. Let 's turn back, then;
My skull 's uncloven yet; let me but kill.
Petru. Away, for Heaven sake, with him!
[*Exit* PETRUCHIO, *with* ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.]
John. How is 't?
Duke. Well, sir;
Only a little stagger'd.
Gentlemen. Let 's pursue 'em.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye!—Thanks, good coat;
Thou hast saved me a shrewd welcome: 'twas put home, too,
With a good mind, I 'm sure on 't.
John. Are ye safe, then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely valour
And manly courtesy came to my rescue.
John. Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall him
That can pass by oppression!
Duke. May I crave, sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?

14 *quietus est*] The metaphor is the same as that in I. viii. 26. When an account submitted for audit was 'cast' (i. e. calculated) and found correct, the accountant was said to be *quietus* or 'quit.' Cf. *Hamlet*, III. i. 75—

'When he himself may his quietus make
With a bare bodkin.'

15 *'has*] Ed. *has* Ff. *he has* Dyce.
16 *go*] i.e. walk.

John. For the bond, sir,
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit ye: I am a stranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentleman
That lies here for my study.
Duke. I have heard, sir,
Much worthy mention of ye; yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.
John. You are pleased, sir,
To express your courtesy: may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?
Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon: you shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.
John. Your will's your own, sir.
Duke. What is't you look for, sir? have ye lost anything?
John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle: sure, these fellows
Were night-snaps.
Duke. No, believe, sir. Pray ye, use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
John. No, sir.
Duke. Indeed ye shall; I can command another:
I do beseech ye honour me.
John. I will, sir:
And so, I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge;
Till when, I love your memory. *Exit* Duke, *etc.*
John. I yours.
This is some noble fellow.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue, sure.—
Don John?

35 *lies*] F1. *lie* F2.
44 *ye lost*] F1. *you lost* F2.
46 *night-snaps*] i. e. night-robbers. So Autolycus, in *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 26, was 'a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'
53 *his tongue*] F1. *is tongue* F2.

John. Don Frederick?
Fred. Y' are fairly met, sir:
I thought ye had been a-bat-fowling. Prithee, tell me
What revelations hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?
John. Revelations!
I'll tell thee, Frederick; but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepared, sir.
John. Why, then, mark what shall follow. This night, Frederick,
This bawdy night——
Fred. I thought no less.
John. This blind night,
What dost think I have got?
Fred. The pox, it may be.
John. Would 'twere no worse! Ye talk of revelations;
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb while I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How!
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. 'Give ye joy, sir!
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick; that's the truth on't:
This town 's abominable.
Fred. I still told ye, John,
Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd ye:
But where no grace is——
John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fred. Answer the parish so.
John. Cheated, in troth,

54 *Y'are*] Ed. *Ye' are* F1. *Ye're* F2. *You're* Dyce.
65 *coxcomb*] "This should not be understood in the sense the word coxcomb now bears, but simply in that of 'fool'; the term being derived from the cock's comb, which generally surmounted the caps of domestic fools, and which was one of their principal insignia."—Weber.
68 *chopping*] i. e. fine.

Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederick,
Had I but kiss'd the ring for 't—'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for 't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is 't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage! But what will you say, signior,
To him that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?
John. How, good Frederick?
A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No; mine 's a nobler venture. What do you think, sir,
Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy?
John. Where is she—
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit——
John. Ay, marry, sir!
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his?
John. But where 's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That 's all one; she 's forth-coming,
I have her sure, boy.
John. Hark ye, Frederick;
What truck betwixt my infant——
Fred. 'Tis too light, sir;
Stick to your charges, good Don John; I am well.
John. But is there such a wench?
Fred. First tell me this,
Did ye not lately, as ye walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes, marry, and they urged it

91 *staining*] "i. e. out-doing or excelling his; making them appear faint by the superior lustre of her own."—Mason.
95 *your*] *our* Seward's conjecture. *charges*] *charge* Seward.

As far as they had spirit.
Fred. Pray, go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engaged amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I 'm sure brave mettle,
As I return'd to look you: I set in to him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescued him,
And came myself off safe too.
Fred. My work 's done, then:
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure ye;
And, which is more, fall'n under my protection.
John. I am glad of that. Forward, sweet Frederick.
Fred. And, which is more than that, by this night's wandering;
And, which is most of all, she is at home too, sir.
John. Come, let 's be gone, then.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain
You cannot see her, John.
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her, not my mother,
Till some few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her!
What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let 's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: we all know it.
Fred. No, I 'll assure you, sir.
John. Not see her!
I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
Ye talk'd to me of whoring: let 's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish ye.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?

115 *my mother*] "He means the landlady."—Mason. Cf. I. ii. 4.

Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.
John. I am answer'd:
But let me see her though; leave the door open
As ye go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.
Fred. That courtesy,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye. Come; 'tis now near morning.
Exit.

SCENE II.

A room in the house of GILLIAN.

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. Nay, the old woman 's gone too.
Anth. She 's a-caterwauling
Among the gutters: but, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?
Peter. Where they should be
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—
Anth. Ay, there it goes: my master 's bo-peep with me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.
Peter. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel.
Anth. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That till he spend his main-mast——
Peter. Pray, remember
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak;

5 *bo-peep*] *bo-beeps* 1711.
8 *carvel*] "A somewhat small, light, and fast ship."—*N.E.D.*
10 *spend his main-mast*] i. e. suffer from venereal disease.
spend] *spends* Colman. 12 *a leak*] Cf. note to I. iv. 5.

He had a sound one since he came. *Lute sounds within.*
Anth. Hark!
Peter. What?
Anth. Doest not hear a lute? Again!
Peter. Where is 't?
Anth. Above, in my master's chamber.
Peter. There 's no creature;
He hath the key himself, man.

SING *within.*

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

Anth. This is his lute; let him have it.
Peter. I grant you; but who strikes it?
Anth. An admirable voice too, hark ye.
Peter. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?
Anth. Without all doubt, Peter.
Peter. Then this must be the devil.
Anth. Let it be. *Sing again.*
Good devil, sing again! Oh, dainty devil!
Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil,
The sweetest devil——

Enter FREDERICK *and* DON JOHN.

Fred. If ye could leave peeping!
John. I cannot, by no means.

14 *Doest*] F1. *Dost* F2.
17-27 *Sing within*] F2. The song is omitted by F1, which however has the stage-directions to l. 13, 'Lute sounds within,' to l. 16, 'Sing within a little,' and to l. 31, 'Sing agen.' "Probably the song was divided originally, and different portions of it sung at different times to the end of the scene."—Weber.
20 *transgress'd*] not infrequently used in these plays for 'transgressed against.'
22, 23 *whose . . . rewarded*] Weber. *whose hard heart never, Slew those rewarders* F2. *whose hard heart none e'er slew, Thus ill rewarded* Seward. *whose hard heart never slew Those his regarders*, Mitford's conjecture.

Fred. Then come in softly;
And, as ye love your faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised.
John. Basta.
Fred. What make you up so early, sir?
John. You, sir, in your contemplations!
Peter. Oh, pray ye, peace, sir!
Fred. Why peace, sir?
Peter. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your lute.
Fred. Pray ye, speak softly;
She 's playing on 't.
Anth. The house is haunted, sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.
Fred. Ye saw nothing?
Anth. Not I.
Peter. Nor I, sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfast, then;
And make no words on 't. We 'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.
Anth. This is no devil, Peter: *Sing.*
Mum; there be bats abroad. *Exeunt* Servants.
Fred. Stay; now she sings.
John. An angel's voice, I 'll swear!
Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat, or, as I live,
I will not trust ye.
John. Pass: I warrant ye. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the same.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still! neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts: our own desires

37 *Basta*] F2. *Basto* F1. The word is Italian for 'enough.'
Sc. III.] Weber. There is no break in the Ff.
3 *tax*] F2. *taske* F1.

Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter FREDERICK, *and* DON JOHN, *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations!
John. [*Aside, to* FREDERICK.] Pox upon ye,
Stand out o' th' light!
Con. I crave your mercy, sir;
My mind, o'ercharged with care, made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray ye, set that mind at rest; all shall be perfect.
John. [*Aside.*] I like the body rare; a handsome body,
A wondrous handsome body. Would she would turn!
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again!
Fred. 'Tis done.
As all that you command shall be: the gentleman
Is safely off all danger.
John. [*Aside.*] *Oh, de Dios!*
Con. How shall I thank ye, sir? how satisfy?
Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.—
[*Aside.*] Now does he melt, like marmalade.
John. [*Aside.*] Nay, 'tis certain
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.
Fred. None disturb'd ye?
Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me;
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. [*Aside.*] I would fain pray now,
But the devil and that flesh there, o' the world—
What are we made to suffer! [*Puts his head in, with the Duke's hat on.*]

Fred. [*Aside.*] He will enter.
[*To* JOHN.] Pull in your head, and be hang'd!
John. Hark ye, Frederick;

25 *that . . . o' the world*] *that . . . (O the world!)* Seward, who also proposed *that . . . and the world.* "By *that flesh there o' the world* John, of course, means Constantia."—Dyce.
26 *He will*] Colman. *He'll* Ff.

I have brought ye home your pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon ye!
Con. Nay, let him enter.—Fie, my lord the duke
Stand peeping at your friends!
Fred. Ye are cozen'd, lady;
Here is no duke.
Con. I know him full well, signior.
John. [*Aside.*] Hold thee there, wench!
Fred. [*Aside.*] This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.
Con. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. [*Aside.*] My grace!
There was a word of comfort!
Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?
John. [*Aside.*] Well follow'd, Frederick!
Con. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in, then.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Bless ye, lady!
Fred. Nay, start not; though he be a stranger to ye,
He 's of a noble strain; my kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him;
He 's truly honest.
John. [*Aside.*] That 's a lie.
Fred. And trusty
Beyond your wishes, valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with as your blushes.
John. [*Aside.*] Now may I hang myself; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Must I cry, "No, forsooth," and "Ay, forsooth," and "Surely,"
And "Truly, as I live," and "As I am honest."
'Has done these things for 'nonce too; for he knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,

49 *for 'nonce*] "i.e. for the occasion."—Dyce.

Especially this way: 'has watch'd his time;
But I shall quit him.
Con. Sir, I credit ye.
Fred. Go kiss her, John.
John. Plague o' your commendations!
Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, sweet lady: thus I seal
My faith and all my service. [*Kisses her.*]
Con. One word, signior. [*To* FREDERICK.]
John. [*Aside.*] Now 'tis impossible I should be honest;
She kisses with a conjuration
Would make the devil dance. What points she at?
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:
Sit fast, Don Frederick!—
Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of, his own being lost i' th' scuffle.
Con. With much joy may he wear it!—'Tis a right one,
I can assure ye, gentleman; and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair service!
Fred. Why do ye blush?
Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me;
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another master of it: but 'tis well. *Knock within.*
Fred. Who 's there?——Stand ye a little close.
Exit CONSTANTIA.
Come in sir!

Enter ANTHONY.

Now, what 's the news with you?
Anth. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.
John. Who, sir?
Anth. I do not know, sir; but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

53 *quit*] "i.e. requite."—Dyce.
60 *What . . . at*] Constantia is pointing at John's hat, given him at II. i. 49 by the Duke, and asking Frederick for an explanation.
70 Exit Constantia] Omitted by F1.
71 *gentleman*] F2. *gentlemen* F1.

Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.
Anth. Well, sir. *Exit* ANTHONY.
Fred. How do you like her, John?
John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I am honest; you shall find it so too.
Fred. Art thou not honest?
John. Art thou not an ass?
"And modest as her blushes!" what a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable:
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslaked with service,
The same to-night, to-morrow-night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures,—
These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have such a spiced consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch ye,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom;
And nothing but fair honour, oh, sweet honour!
Hang up your eunuch honour! That I was trusty
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?
Fred. I am sorry, John.
John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my codpiece-point: fie on thee!
A man of thy discretion!
Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth ye shall have your due.
John. I look for 't.

78 *not an ass*] Colman. *an ass* Ff.
79 *What a blockhead*] F1. *What blockhead* F2. *Why, what blockhead.* Seward.
91 *spiced*] "i. e. nice, scrupulous."—Dyce.
100 *School-boy*] F1. *Shool-boy* F2.

Enter ANTHONY.

How now? who is 't?
Anth. A gentleman of this town,
And calls himself Petruchio.
John. I'll attend him.
[*Exit* ANTHONY.]

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. How did he call himself?
Fred. Petruchio:
Does it concern you aught?
Con. Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me!
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!
As ever ye had pity—— [*Kneels.*]
John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he shall come through me.
Lost here, and we about ye!
Fred. Fall before us?
Con. Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers
Compared to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all men's,
Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heaven sake! [*Raising her.*]
Con. I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven knows——
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts!
What is 'a?
Con. Too, too near to my offence, sir:
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!
Fred. 'Tis no treason?
John. Let it be what it will, if 'a cut here,
I 'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He must buy you dear;
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:

119 'a] Ed. *a* F1. *he* F2.
121 'a] Ed. *a* F1. *he* F2.

By Heaven, I 'll fire the town before ye perish!
And then, the more the merrier, we 'll jog with ye.
Fred. Come in and dry your eyes.
John. Pray, no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing! My return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.
Con. Heaven grant it!
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Street before the house of GILLIAN.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a letter.*

Petru. This man should be of special rank; for these commends
Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em:
'A shall be he.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Save ye, sir! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly to make ye
Wait thus long here.
Petru. Occasions must be served, sir.
But is your name Don John?
John. It is, sir.
Petru. Then,
First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace ye;
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make ye mine,
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look ye out, and, for the goodness in ye.
Whilst your occasions make ye resident
In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye;
Which, had I known sooner——
John. Noble sir,

128 *you*] F2. *yoe* F1.
Sc. IV.] Weber. Scene iii. Ff.
3 *'A*] Ed. *A* F1. *He* F2.
14 *had I known*] F1. *had I know* F2. *had I but known* Seward.

You 'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword, sir,
And have a service to be still disposed of
As you shall please command it.
Petru. Gentle sir,
That manly courtesy is half my business:
And, to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
And how above my friends, which are not few,
And those not slack, I estimate your virtues,
Make yourself understand, this day Petruchio,
A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.
John. Forward; I am free to entertain it.
Petru. Thus, then:—
I do beseech ye mark me.
John. I shall do it.
Petru. Ferrara's Duke—would I might call him worthy!
But that he has razed out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy—this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house to stock our memories,
My sister and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid by stealths
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abused her:—
I am ashamed to say the rest:—this purchased,
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her
And all our name to ruin.
John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.
Petru. I hope so.
He scaped me yester-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him!
I shall, with all my heart.
John. For me, brave signior,
What do ye intend?
Petru. Only, fair sir, this trust,
Which, from the commendations of this letter,

I dare presume well placed,—nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That, man to man, if we have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.
John. Fair and noble;
And I will do it home. When shall I visit ye?
Petru. Please you, this afternoon. I will ride with ye;
For at a castle, six mile hence, we are sure
To find him.
John. I 'll be ready.
Petru. To attend ye,
My man shall wait. With all my love—
John. My service shall not fail ye.
Exit PETRUCHIO.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now?
John. All 's well. Who dost thou think this wench is? Guess, and thou canst.
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known, then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two months after.
Fred. Who? Constantia?
Thou talk 'st of cocks and bulls.
John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and hens, Don Frederick; this is the pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be.
John. It shall be;
Sister to Don Petruchio: I know all, man.
Fred. Now I believe.

54 *with ye*] F1. *with you* F2.
55 *mile*] F1. *miles* F2.
57 *With . . . love*— John *My . . . ye*] Weber. *With . . . love* John. *My . . . ye* Ff. John *With . . . . you* Colman's conjecture.
60 *She . . . only she*] "This is a quotation from the song 'Say, love, if ever thou didst find,' in Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Airs* (1603)—
'She, She, She, and only She,
The only queen of love and beauty'"—Bullen.
61 *coxcombs*] i. e. heads, but with a suggestion of folly; cf. note to II. i. 65.
65 *proud*] i. e. amorous.

John. Go to! there has been stirring.
Fumbling with linen, Frederick.
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.
John. That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead; she is crack'd:
We have all that hope of our side, boy.
Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.
John. That 's all one;
She is loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven: but the world
Must know a fair way,—upon vow of marriage.
Fred. There may be such a slip.
John. And will be, Frederick,
Whilst the old game 's a-foot. I fear the boy too
Will prove hers, I took up.
Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.
John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick.
Come, let 's walk in and comfort her: her being here
Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I 'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow, and what honour
'Has done to me a stranger. There be irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods,
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.
Fred. Well, sir. *Exeunt.*

71 *of*] "i. e. on."—Dyce.
77, 78 *I fear . . . up*] Weber, following Buckingham. *I fear the boy too Will prove hers too I took up* F1. *I fear the boy Will prove hers too I took up* F2.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in the house of GILLIAN.

Enter Landlady, *and* PETER.

Gillian. Come, ye do know.
Peter. I do not, by this hand, mistress.
But I suspect——
Gillian. What?
Peter. That, if eggs continue
At this price, women will never be saved
By their good works.
Gillian. I will know.
Peter. Ye shall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorraine now
Is seven thousand strong. I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.
Gillian. Sirrah, sirrah!
Peter. The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis suspected
They shall be baited in England.
Gillian. Very well, sir!
Peter. No, 'tis not so well, neither.
Gillian. But I say to ye,
Who is it keeps your master company?
Peter. I say to you, Don John.
Gillian. I say, what woman?
Peter. I say so too.
Gillian. I say again, I will know.
Peter. I say, 'tis fit ye should.

3 *will . . . saved*] Ed. *will ne're be sav'd* Ff. *never will be saved* Dyce's conjecture.
5 *duke of Lorraine*] See Introduction.
8 *The pope's bulls*] See Introduction.

Gillian. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.
Peter. And I tell thee,
'Tis then the better for him.
Gillian. You are no bawd now?
Peter. Would I were able to be call'd unto it!
A worshipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.
Gillian. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: if this gear hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signiors,
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.
Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now?
Why, what 's the matter, landlady?
Gillian. What's the matter?
Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.
Fred. Who hast abus'd her? you, sir?
Gillian. 'Ods my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not!
Peter. I gave her no ill language.
Gillian. Thou liest lewdly;
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a maukin, a flurt-gillian;
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, sirrah?
Peter. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech ye;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.

21 *frump'd off*] "i. e. mocked, flouted."—Dyce.
34 *maukin*] a diminutive of Matilda, often used in a depreciatory sense for a woman.
flurt-gillian,] "A woman of light or loose behaviour"—*N.E.D.*

Gillian. Go to! thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil!
Peter. As I live, sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get ye in;
I 'll answer you anon, sir.
Peter. [*Aside to Gillian.*] By this hand,
I 'll break your posset-pan.
Gillian. [*Aside to Peter.*] Then, by this hood,
I 'll lock the meat up. *Exit* [PETER].
Fred. Now, your grief! what is 't?
For I can guess——
Gillian. Ye may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst ye: nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house! not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too! My patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!
Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady; for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger:
But turn it presently and handsomely.
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such a one there is indeed,)——
Gillian. 'Tis well, son.
Fred. Leaving your devil's matins and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.
Gillian. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
Ye had that might content,
At home, within yourselves too, right good gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome: but you gallants—
Beast that I was to believe ye——
Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For, as I live, there 's no such thing.

57 *a*] F1. *an* F2.
62 *right good gentlemen*] *right good, gentlemen* Weber.
64 *Beast*] F2. *Boast* F.

Gillian. Mine honour!
And 't were not for mine honour——
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough. [*Gives her wine.*] Sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this lady
With all civility (she well deserves it),
Together with all secresy: I dare trust ye,
For I have found ye faithful: when you know her,
You will find your own fault. No more words, but do it.
Gillian. You know you may command me.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? by this hand,
Thou look'st most amiably: now could I willingly,
And 't were not for abusing thy Geneva print there,
Venture my body with thee.
Gillian. You 'll leave this ropery
When you come to my years.
John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a mere girl;
Thou hast not half thy teeth: come——
Fred. Prithee, John,
Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;
She 'll grow stark mad, man.
John. I would see her mad;
An old mad woman——
Fred. Prithee, be patient.
John. Is like a miller's mare troubled with tooth-ache;

68 Gives her wine] Ed. Bowle of wine ready, F1. Omitted by F2.

75 *velvet scabbard*] An indecent slang term.

77 *Geneva print*] "i. e. her immaculate linen. The, 'Shee precise Hypocrite' in Earle's *Microcosmographic* has a 'ruffle of Geneva print.'"—Bullen.

78–79 *you'll . . . years*] "Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 152, 'What saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?' Ethically old Gillian stands on the same level with Juliet's Nurse, but she is quicker at repartee, answering Don John's chaff much more smartly than the Nurse does that of Mercutio. The verbal parallel makes it clear that Fletcher had Shakespeare's scene in mind."—Köppel.

78 *ropery*] F1. *roguery* F2. "i. e. what deserves a rope or halter."—Dyce.

She 'll make the rarest faces.
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.
Gillian. Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, " Oh, good mother,
What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
Oh, the green water, mother!"
John Doting take ye!
Do ye remember that?
Fred. She has paid ye now, sir.
Gillian. " Clary, sweet mother, clary!"
Fred. Are ye satisfied?
Gillian. " I 'll never whore again; never give petticoats
And waistcoats at five pound a piece! Good mother!
Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, son.
John. A devil grind your old chaps!
Fred. By this hand, wench,
I 'll give thee a new hood for this. *Exit* Landlady.
—Has she met with your lordship?
John. Touchwood rake her!
She's a rare ghostly mother.

Enter ANTHONY.

Anth. Below attends ye
The gentleman's man, sir, that was with ye.
John. Well, sir. [*Exit* ANTHONY.]
My time is come, then; yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I 'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Frederick.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

By her face,
I feel her fears are working.

89 *carnosity*] i. e. a morbid growth, swelling.
92 *clary . . . clary*] F2. *clarry . . . clarry* F1. *N.E.D.* explains clary as "a sweet liquor consisting of a mixture of wine, clarified honey, and various spices, as pepper and ginger."
94 *waistcoats*] part of a lady's attire in the seventeenth century, and frequently referred to in these plays as characteristic of whores.
98 *John*] F2. F1 continues to Frederick.
rake] F1. *take* F2.
100 *ye*] F1. *you* F2.

Con. Is there no way
(I do beseech ye think yet) to divert
This certain danger?
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their honours are engaged.
Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of
Than make one in 't. You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less yet.
John. Lady, were 't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on; though general massacres,
As much I fear——
Con. [*To* FREDERICK.] Do ye hear, sir? for
Heaven's pity,
Let me request one love of you!
Fred. Yes, any thing.
Con. This gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper
And noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.
Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour.—Hark ye, John;
I will go with ye.
John. No.
Fred. Indeed I will;
Ye go upon a hazard: no denial;
For, as I live, I 'll go.
John. Then make ye ready,
For I am straight a-horse-back.
Fred. My sword on,
I am as ready as you.—What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And ye may trust her in all points.

110 *make all go less*] Cf. note on I. i. 50.
127 *a*] F1. *o'* F2.

Con. Ye are noble.
Fred. And so, I kiss your hand.
John. That seal for me too;
And I hope happy issue, lady.
Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers!
John. So, now my mind's at rest.
Fred. Away! 'tis late, John. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the house of ANTONIO.

Enter ANTONIO, *a* Surgeon, *and two* Gentlemen.

First Gent. Come, sir, be hearty; all the worst is past.
Ant. Give me some wine.
Sur. 'Tis death, sir,
Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir!
'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but sauces to my sores!
Sec. Gent. Fie, Antonio!
You must be govern'd.
Ant. 'Has given me a damn'd glyster,
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scour'd my guts out.
Sur. I have given you that, sir,
Is fittest for your state.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks and drowned chickens,
Stew'd pericraniums and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true, gentlemen,)
He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,

132 *Ye are*] F1. *You are* F2.
133 *Fred.*] Seward. Part of Constantia's speech in Ff. "This certainly belongs to *Frederick*. 'Tis the usual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman; and *John* confirms it by desiring the same favour."—Seward.
3 *'Sblood*] F1. Omitted by F2.
5 *glyster*] injection.

That I am just the man i' th' almanac,—
" In head and face is Aries' place."
Sur. Will 't please ye
To let your friends see ye open'd?
Ant. Will it please you, sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How? a wench?
Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen, thus I am used still;
I can get nothing that I want.
First Gent. Leave these things,
And let him open ye.
Ant. D' ye hear, surgeon!
Send for the music; let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, beside your salads,
Your green salves, and your searches, and some wine too,
That I may only smell to it; or, by this light,
I 'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.
First Gent. Let him have music.
Sur. 'Tis i' th' house, and ready,

Enter ROWLAND *with wine.*

If he will ask no more. But wine—— *Music.*
Sec. Gent. He shall not drink it.
Sur. Will these things please ye?

14 *In*] *My* Seward, following Buckingham.
Aries' place] "Antonio means that the 'labels' make him resemble the figure we find in old almanacs,—a man surrounded by the 12 signs of the zodiac, each sign being placed beside that part of the body which it governs, and each having a 'label,' from '*Aries, the head and face*,' to '*Pisces, the feet*.' Probably the very words of this line are quoted from some almanac." —Dyce.
ye] *you, sir* Weber.
15 *see ye*] F1. *see you* F2.
see ye open'd] i.e. see your wounds dressed.
Will it] F1. *Will't* F2.
22 *salads*] Poultices of lettuces appear to have been used to reduce inflammation by seventeenth-century physicians; cf. *Thierry and Theodoret*, V. ii. 8.
23 *searches*] *sear-cloths* Seward. *searces* (i.e. fine sieves) Mason. 'Searches' are "tents or probes."—Dyce.
26 *i' th'*] F1. *in the* F2.
27 Rowland] 1711. Rowl. Ff. See introductory note on the date of the play.

Ant. Yes; and let 'em sing
John Dorrie.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis too long.
Ant. I'll have *John Dorrie;*
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.—
Give me some drink.—Have ye stopp'd the leaks well, surgeon?
All will run out else.
Sur. Fear not.
Ant. Sit down, gentlemen.—
And now advance your plasters. *Song of John Dorrie.*
Give 'em ten shillings, friends.
[*Exeunt* ROWLAND *and Music.*]
——How do ye find me?
What symptoms do you see now?
Sur. None, sir, dangerous;
But, if you will be ruled——
Ant. What time?
Sur. I can cure ye
In forty days, so you will not transgress me.
Ant. I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.
In how long canst thou kill me?
Sur. Presently.
Ant. Do it; there's more delight in 't.
First Gent. You must have patience.
Ant. Man, I must have business: this foolish fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals
To hurt within these five days.—Good man-mender,
Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad——
Sur. You shall walk shortly.
Ant. For I must find Petruchio.
Sec. Gent. Time enough.
First Gent. Come, lead him in, and let him sleep.—
Within these three days
We'll beg ye leave to play.
Sec. Gent. And then how things fall
We'll certainly inform ye.

31 *the leaks*] i.e. his wounds.
33 Song of John Dorrie] See Introduction.
36 *cure ye*] F1. *cure you* F2.
44 *Stop . . . parsley*] Colman. *Stop me up with parsley* F1. *Stop me with some parsley* F2.

Ant. But, surgeon, promise me
I shall drink wine then too.
Sur. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I 'll no tempering, surgeon.
Sur. Well, as 't please ye,
So ye exceed not.
Ant. Farewell: and, if ye find
The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his skin close.
First Gent. Take your rest, sir.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A room in the house of GILLIAN.

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* Landlady.

Con. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your counsel and concealment; for to me
You seem a worthy woman, one of those
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous.
Direct me, I beseech ye.
Gillian. Ye say well, lady;
And hold ye to that point; for, in these businesses,
A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
(Do ye mark me? that conceives the matter, lady,)
Is worth ten men's engagements: she knows something,
And out of that can work like wax; when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,
Discovering all, there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.
Con. Ay, but these gentlemen——
Gillian. Do not you trust to that; these gentlemen
Are, as all gentlemen, of the same barrel,
Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be it granted

They have used ye with respect and fair behaviour
Yet since ye came; do you know what must follow?
They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
Things that will thrash the devil or his dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven—
Con. Now Heaven bless me!
Gillian. Mad colts will court the wind; I know 'em, lady,
To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint-pot bless 'em,
They 'll offer to my years——
Con. How?
Gillian. Such rude gambols——
Con. To you?
Gillian. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am forced
To fight of all four for my safety. There 's the younger,
Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:
The other time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely, on the quarry;
'Has been a dragon in his days: but, Tarmont,
Don Jenkin is the devil himself, the dog-days,
The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
Twenty a night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,
And those so miserable they look like famine,
Are all sweet ladies in his drink.
Con. He 's a handsome gentleman;
Pity he should be master of such follies.
Gillian. He 's ne'er without a noise of syringes
In 's pocket, (those proclaim him,) birding-pills,

21 *Yet*] F1. *Ere* F2.
22–25 *jennets . . . mad colts*] This seems to be an inversion of the ordinary fiction of romances by which fillies are supposed to conceive by the wind; cf. e.g. *Valentinian*, IV. i. 51.
31 *of all four*] i.e. on all fours.
34 *o'erflown*] i.e. drunk.
35 *'Has*] *Has* Ff. *H'as*, 1711.
but] F2. *Bur* F1.
Tarmont] an oath, by Termagant. "Termagant was a deity, whom the Crusaders and romance-writers charged the Saracens with worshipping, though there was certainly no such Saracenic deity."—Dyce.
36 *Jenkin*] a diminutive of 'John.'
42 *noise*] i.e. company, as in the phrase 'a noise of musicians.'
syringes] used surgically in cases of venereal disease.
43 *birding-pills*] *purging-pills* Seward. 'Birding-pills' are, "I suppose, pills to cure the consequences of *birding* (wenching)."—Dyce.

Waters, to cool his conscience, in small vials,
With thousand such sufficient emblems: the truth is,
Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not;
He flies at all. Bastards, upon my conscience,
He has now in making, multitudes; the last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it;
But we are all weak vessels; some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels, the bearing-cloth
No less than crimson velvet.
Con. How?
Gillian. 'Tis true, lady.
Con. Was it a boy too?
Gillian. A brave boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in 's getting; as, I 'll say for him,
He 's as well-paced for that sport——
Con. May I see it?
For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of: now, if you please
To be so courteous to me——
Gillian. Ye shall see it.
But what do ye think of these men, now ye know 'em,
And of the cause I told ye of? Be wise;
Ye may repent too late else; I but tell ye
For your own good, and as you will find it, lady.
Con. I am advised.
Gillian. No more words, then; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of; be ready.—
[*Aside.*] Don John, I 'll fit ye for your frumps.
Con. I shall be:
But shall I see this child?
Gillian. Within this half-hour.
Let 's in, and there think better: she that 's wise
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. *Exeunt.*

52 *bearing-cloth*] "i.e. the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized."—Weber.
67 *fit ye*] F1. *fit you* F2.
frumps] Cf. note to III. i. 21

SCENE IV.

The country.

Enter PETRUCHIO, DON JOHN, *and* FREDERICK.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman
(If I that so much love him may commend him),
Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him),
Will not fly back for fillips.
Petru. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay; what troop
Is that below i' th' valley there?
John. Hawking, I take it.
Petru. They are so: 'tis the duke; 'tis even he, gentlemen.—
[*To* Servant *within.*] Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call ye.—
I know him by his company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petru. So he does.
John. Stand you still
Within that covert till I call. You, Frederick,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!
Petru. I need no more instruct ye?
John. Fear me not;
I 'll give it him, and boldly.
Exeunt PETRUCHIO *and* FREDERICK.

Enter Duke *and his faction.*

Duke. Feed the hawks up;
We 'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man?

John. Ye have, sir;
And him you know by this. [*Points to his hat.*]
Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love——
John. I do beseech your grace stay there
(For I know you too now); that love and honour
I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
Till ye appear fair to the world. I must beseech ye,
Dismiss your train a little.
Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye.
[*Exeunt the Faction.*]
——Now, sir?
John. Last time we met, I was a friend.
Duke. And nobly
You did a friend's office: let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——
John. Your pardon;
Never a friend to him cannot be friend
To his own honour.
Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
Ye make a bold breach at the first, sir.
John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy
And ruin, to surprise a noble stock.
Duke. Be plain, sir.
John. I will, and short: ye have wrong'd a gentleman,
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.
Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. Petruchio;
The wrong, ye have whored his sister.
Duke. What 's his will in 't?
John. His will is to oppose you like a gentleman,
And, single, to decide all.
Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me with the like belief. This gentleman
His sister that you named, 'tis true I have long loved,
Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it;
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,

28 *did a*] *did me a* Seward.
37 *the*] Dyce. Omitted by Ff.

I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace or ruin by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven
(Witness I owe more tie to than her brother);
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous danger.
John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my service.
Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert ye. Had we
But that rough man here now too——
John. And ye shall, sir.—
Whoa, hoa, hoo!
Duke. I hope ye have laid no ambush?
John. Only friends.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Duke. My noble brother! welcome!
Come, put your anger off; we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.
Petru. Do you speak this heartily?
Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: the first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.
Petru. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions:
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.
John. The good man 's over-joy'd.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now? how goes it?
John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all 's well, Frederick;

55 *his jealous danger*] "i. e. for the danger arising from his jealousy."—Seward.
danger] *anger* Seward.
61 *have*] F1. Omitted by F2.
68 *How now*] F1. *How how* F2.

The duke professes freely he 's her husband.
Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.
John. Yes, for modest gentlemen.
I must present ye.—May it please your grace
To number this brave gentleman, my friend
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants.
Duke. Oh, my brave friend, you shower your bounties on me!
Amongst my best thoughts, signior; in which number
You being worthily disposed already,
May place your friend to honour me.
Fred. My love, sir,
And, where your grace dares trust me, all my service.
Petru. Why, this is wondrous happy. But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Constantia——
Duke. Why, what of her?
Petru. Nor what, nor where, do I know:
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house; but whither——
Fred. Let not that——
Duke. No more, good sir; I have heard too much.
Petru. Nay, sink not;
She cannot be so lost.
John. Nor shall not, gentlemen:
Be free again; the lady 's found. That smile, sir,
Shows ye distrust your servant.
Duke. I do beseech ye——
John. Ye shall believe me: by my soul, she is safe—
Duke. Heaven knows, I would believe, sir.
Fred. Ye may safely.
John. And under noble usage: this fair gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.
Petru. Ye may believe now.
Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.—
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels
(For ye have both preserved me), when these virtues

84 *whither*] F2. *whether* F1.

Die in your friend's remembrance——
John. Good your grace,
Lose no more time in compliment; 'tis too precious:
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes, especially
In way of lustly pleasures.
Petru. He has hit it.
Fred. To horse again, then; for this night I 'll crown
With all the joys ye wish for.
Petru. Happy gentlemen!
Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Another part of the country.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief: never fool
Was so fubb'd off as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myself mine own ass. Trust a woman!
I 'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than 's word sometime. What faith have I broke?
In what observance fail'd? let me consider;
For this is monstrous usage.

Enter DON JOHN *and* FREDERICK.

Fred. Let them talk;
We 'll ride on fair and softly.
Fran. Well, Constantia——
Fred. Constantia!—What 's this fellow? stay, by all means.
Fran. Ye have spun yourself a fair thread now.
Fred. Stand still, John.
Fran. What cause had you to fly? what fear possess'd ye?
Were you not safely lodged from all suspicion?
Used with all gentle means? did any know

Sc. V.] Dyce. There is no break in the Ff.
2 *fubb'd*] F1. *fob'd* F2.

How ye came thither, or what your sin was?
Fred. John,
I smell some juggling, John.
John. Yes, Frederick;
I fear it will be found so.
Fran. So strangely,
Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately,
To put all dangers on ye!
Fred. 'Tis she.
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a stranger's lure!
John. Did ye mark that, Frederick?
Fran. To make ye appear more monster, and the law
More cruel to reward ye! to leave all,
All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,
He that incited ye—
Fred. Mark that too.
John. Yes, sir.
Fran. 'Had better have plough'd farther off. Now, lady,
What will your last friend, he that should preserve ye,
And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,
Think of this slip? he 'll to Petruchio,
And call for open justice.
John. 'Tis she, Frederick.
Fred. But what that he is, John——
Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt ye out; for I know certainly
Ye are about the town still. Ha! no more words.
Exit.
Fred. Well!
John. Very well!
Fred. Discreetly—
John. Finely carried!
Fred. You have no more of these tricks?
John. Ten to one, sir,
I shall meet with 'em, if ye have.
Fred. Is this honest?
John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no ass, Don Frederick.

25 'Had] *Had* Weber, Dyce.

Fred. And, Don John,
It shall appear I am no fool. Disgrace me,
To make yourself a lecher! 'tis boyish, 'tis base.
John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me;
Nor will I be your bolster, sir.
Fred. Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have been eunuch,
Thou common woman's courtesy, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour.
A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.
John. Holla, holla!
Ye kick too fast, sir: what strange brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an eunuch!
I privy to this dog-trick! Clear yourself
(For I know where the wind sits), and most nobly,
Or, as I have a life—— *A noise within like horses.*
Fred. No more;—they 're horses;—
Nor show no discontent: to-morrow comes.
Let's quietly away. If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.
John. The fellow,
We have lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke *and* PETRUCHIO.

Duke. Come, gentlemen,
Now set on roundly: suppose ye have all mistresses,
And mend your pace according.
Petru. Then have at ye!
Exeunt.

50 *they're*] *their* Seward.
53, 54 *The fellow, We have*] *The fellow we Have* Dyce. I take it that *jealousies* is here a word of four syllables.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Bologna.—Street before the house of GILLIAN.

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, FREDERICK, *and* JOHN.

Petru. Now to Bologna, my most honour'd brother,
I dare pronounce ye a hearty and safe welcome:
Our loves shall now way-lay ye.—Welcome, gentlemen!
John. The same to you, brave sir!—Don Frederick,
Will ye step in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?
Petru. Bid her be sudden:
We come to see no curious wench; a night-gown
Will serve the turn: here 's one that knows her nearer.
Fred. I 'll tell her what ye say, sir.
Exit FREDERICK.
Duke. My dear brother,
Ye are a merry gentleman.
Petru. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire
She 'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,
Her conscience and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead, as a fowl at souse, she 'll sink.
Duke. Fair brother,
I must entreat you——
Petru. I conceive your mind, sir;
I will not chide her: yet, ten ducats, duke,
She falls upon her knees; ten more, she dare not—
Duke. I must not have her frighted.

1 *Bologna*] F2. *Bollonia* F1.
11 *wildfire*] F1. *a wildfire* F2.
14 *at souse*] "i. e. at the stroke of another bird descending violently on it."—Dyce.

Petru. Well, you shall not:
But, like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I 'll gild her cheeks.

Enter FREDERICK *and* PETER.

John. How now?
Duke. Ye may, sir.
Fred. Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance;
For you must know—
Petru. What?
Duke. Where is she?
Fred. Gone, sir.
Duke. How?
Petru. What did you say, sir?
Fred. Gone, by Heaven; removed!
The woman of the house too.
John. Well, Don Frederick!
Fred. Don John, it is not well; but——
Petru. Gone?
Fred. This fellow
Can testify I lie not.
Peter. Some four hours after
My master was departed with this gentleman,
My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think) of purpose——
Petru. Hang these circumstances!
They appear like owls, to ill ends.
John. [*Aside.*] Now could I eat
The devil in his own broth, I am so tortured!——
Gone?
Petru. Gone?
Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted:
What would you have me say?

20 Duke. *Ye may, Sir*] Seward. In Ff these words are part of *Frederick's* following speech. "I have ventured to give the three first words of *Frederick's* speech to the *Duke:* they are a proper answer to *Petruchio,* but are not intelligible in *Frederick's* mouth, without considering them as a broken sentence relating to the mutual suspicion between John and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting."—Seward.

30 (*As . . . think*) . . . *purpose*] (*As . . . think . . . purpose*) Dyce.

Duke. Well, gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.
Fred. For your dukedom
I will not be a knave, sir.
John. He that is,
A rot run in his blood!
Petru. But hark ye, gentlemen;
Are ye sure ye had her here? did ye not dream this?
John. Have you your nose, sir?
Petru. Yes, sir.
John. Then we had her.
Petru. Since you are so short, believe your having her
Shall suffer more construction.
John. Let it suffer:
But, if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monster!
Duke. I believe ye.
John. [*Aside.*] I could lie with a witch now, to be revenged.
Upon that rascal did this!
Fred. Only thus much
I would desire your grace (for my mind gives me,
Before night yet she is yours),—stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, till full cause call it;
Then every man's own work's to justify him!
And this day let us give to search. My man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) such a face
As our old landlady's, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it: let's first thither;
For, she being found, all's ended.
Duke. Come, for Heaven's sake!—
And, Fortune, and thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes.—Away, friends! *Exeunt.*

43 *practice*] i. e. intrigue, treachery.
51 *work's*] *works* 1711.
54 *note*] F1. *notice* F2.

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter ANTONIO *and his* Servant.

Ant. With all my jewels?
Serv. All, sir.
Ant. And that money
I left i' th' trunk?
Serv. The trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. Francisco of the plot?
Serv. Gone with the wench too.
Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.
Serv. Sure, they thought, sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and fiddler?
Why, what a consort have they made! Hen and bacon!
Well, my sweet mistress, well, good madam Mar-tail,
You that have hung about my neck and lick'd me,
I 'll try how handsomely your ladyship
Can hang upon a gallows; there's your master-piece.——
But, hark ye, sirrah; no imagination
Of where they should be?
Serv. None, sir; yet we have search'd
All places we suspected. I believe, sir,
They have taken towards the ports.
Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water-devil: I 'll port 'em.
Play at duck and drake with my money! Take heed, fiddler;

Servant] Rowland, Dyce's conjecture, as Antonio's servant is called Rowland in the stage-directions to Act III. sc. ii. But see Introduction.

8 *consort*] "One of the many quibbles in old writings on *concert* and *consort*, which were anciently spelt with the same letters."—Weber.

9 *Mar-tail*] a slang name for a whore.

14 *Should be*] In F1 but not in F2 follows a stage-direction 'Bawd ready above.' "A direction for the prompter to see that the Bawd is ready for the next scene."—Weber.

I 'll dance ye, by this hand; your fiddle-stick
I 'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my de-gamboys.——Get me a conjurer;
Inquire me out a man that lets out devils.—
None but my C cliff serve your turn?
Serv. I know not——
Ant. In every street, Tom Fool; any blear-eyed people,
With red heads and flat noses, can perform it:
Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.—
Mount my mare, fiddler! ha, boy! up at first dash!
Sit sure; I 'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,
Shall make your filly firk; I will, fine fiddler;
I 'll put you to your plunge, boy.—Sirrah, meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,
Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
How he will let his devils by the day out.
I 'll have 'em and they be above ground. *Exit* ANTONIO.
Serv. Now, bless me,
What a mad man is this! I must do something
To please his humour: such a man I 'll ask for,
And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his Don Devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another street.

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, FREDERICK, PETER, *and* [*separately*] Servant *with bottles.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?
Peter. 'Tis hard by, sir:
And ten to one this wine goes thither.

21 *de-gamboys*] *de-gambos* Seward. A viol-de-gambo is a kind of fiddle held between the legs (Italian *gamba*, leg). Antonio of course means his mistress.
23 *C cliff*] A musical term; but of course a pun is here intended.
29 *firk*] start.
29 *fine*] F2. *find* F1.

Duke. Forward!
Petru. Are they grown so merry?
Duke. 'Tis most likely
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To wash her sorrows off.
Peter. 'Tis so; that house, sir,
Is it: out of the window certainly
I saw my old mistress's face.
Petru. They are merry, indeed: *Music.*
Hark! I hear music too.
Duke. Excellent music.
John. [*Aside.*] Would I were even among 'em, and alone now,
A pallet for the purpose in a corner,
And good rich wine within me! what gay sport
Could I make in an hour now!
Fred. Hark! a voice too:
Let 's not stir yet by any means.

SONG [WITHIN].

Welcome, sweet liberty! and, care, farewell!
I am mine own.
She is twice damn'd that lives in hell,
When heaven is shewn.
Budding beauty, blooming years,
Were made for pleasure. Farewell, fears!
For now I am myself, mine own command,
My fortune always in my hand.

John. Was this her own voice?
Duke. Yes, sure.
Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter BAWD (*above*).

Duke. The song confirms her here too; for if ye mark it,
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleasure.
Peter. Look ye there, sir:
Do ye know that head?

3 *most*] F. *most most* F2.
14–21 Song . . .] F2. Omitted by F1, which, however, has the stage-direction *Sing* after 'now' in l. 9.

Fred. 'Tis my good landlady:
I find fear has done all this.
John. She, I swear;
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,
She is parcel drunk. Shall we go in?
Duke. Not yet, sir.
Petru. No; let 'em take their pleasure.
Duke. When it is highest. *Music.*
We 'll step in, and amaze 'em. Peace; more music.
John. [*Aside.*] This music murders me: what blood have I now!

Enter FRANCISCO *and Exit.*

Fred. I should know that face.
John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first suspicions; the same fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discoursing of Constantia.
John. Still the same.
Now he slips in.
Duke. What's that?
Fred. She must be here, sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your grace
We found upon the way, and what his talk was.

Enter FRANCISCO [*above*].

Petru. Why, sure, I know this fellow: yes, 'tis he;
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician;
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her. Certain,
Without all doubt, she is here; it must be so.
John. Here! that 's no question: what should our hen o' the game else
Do here without her? If she be not here
(I am so confident), let your grace believe
We two are arrant rascals, and have abused ye.
Fred. I say so too.

29 *parcel drunk*] "i. e. partly drunk."—Dyce.
45 *our hen o' the game*] i. e. the landlady, for whom John mistakes the Bawd.

[*Enter* Bawd *again, above.*]

John. Why, there 's the hood again now,
The card that guides us : I know the fabric of it,
And know the old tree of that saddle yet 'twas made of;
A hunting-hood ; observe it !
Duke. Who shall enter ?
Petru. I 'll make one.
John. I another.
Duke. But so carry it
That all her joys flow not together.
John. If we told her
Your grace would none of her ?
Duke. By no means, signior ;
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantic.
John. Or assured her——
Duke. Nothing of that stern nature. This ye may, sir,—
That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings, or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.
John. [*Aside.*] Would I could draw her
To hate your grace with these things !
Petru. Come, let 's enter.—
[*Aside.*] And, now he sees me not, I 'll search her soundly.
Exeunt PETRUCHIO *and* JOHN.
Duke. Now luck of all sides ! *Music.*
Fred. Doubt it not.—More music !
Sure, she has heard some comfort.
Duke. Yes ; stand still, sir. [*Song within.*]
Fred. This is the maddest song !

50 *card*] Seward. *guard* Ff. "In either sense of the word 'guard', as a watch or sentinel, or as a fringe or hem of a garment, the word is intelligible in this place ; but sure 'tis not a very natural expression, and I have therefore ventured to discard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr. Sympson's, 'card,' i. e. the chart or mariner's compass."—Seward. Cf. I. ii. 53.

57 *Nothing . . . nature*] F2. *Nothing of that ? starve nature* F1.

64 Song within] This song has not been preserved.

Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.
Clapping of a door.
Fred. Now all the sport begins—hark!
Duke. They are amongst 'em:
The fears now, and the shakings! *Trampling above.*
Fred. Our old lady
(Hark how they run!) is even now at this instant
Cease music.
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping through a cat-hole.

PETRUCHIO *and* JOHN *within.*

Petru. Bring 'em down:—
And you, sir, follow me.
Duke. He's angry with 'em:
I must not suffer this.
John. (*within*) Bowl down the bawd there,
Old Erra Mater.—You, Lady Lechery,
For the good will I bear to the game, most tenderly
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JOHN, Whore, *and* Bawd *with* FRANCISCO.

Duke. Is this Constantia?
Why, gentlemen, what do you mean? Is this she?
Whore. I am Constantia, sir.
Duke. A whore ye are, sir.
Whore. 'Tis very true; I am a whore indeed, sir.
Petru. She will not lie yet, though she steal.
Whore. A plain whore,
If you please to employ me.
Duke. And an impudent.
Whore. Plain dealing now is impudence:—
One, if you will, sir, can shew ye as much sport
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half a year;
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is she not drunk too?

66 *Clapping of a door*] F1. Omitted by F2.
69 *Cease music*] F1. Omitted by F2.
74 *Erra Mater*] i. e. mother of errant women; an adaptation of the traditional name Erra Pater, placed on the title-pages of almanacs.

Whore. A little gilded o'er, sir:
Old sack, old sack, boys!
Petru. This is valiant.
John. A brave bold quean!
Duke. Is this your certainty?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant?
Fred. No.
Duke. That your landlady?
John. I know not what to say.
Duke. Am I a person
To be your sport, gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a knave; but how or when——
Duke. [*To the* Bawd.] What are you?
Petru. Bawd to this piece of pie-meat.
Bawd. A poor gentlewoman
That lies in town about law business,
And 't like your worships.
Petru. You shall have law, believe it.
Bawd. I 'll show your mastership my case.
Petru. By no means;
I had rather see a custard.
Bawd. My dead husband
Left it even thus, sir.
John. Bless mine eyes from blasting!
I was never so frighted with a case.
Bawd. And so, sir——
Petru. Enough; put up, good velvet-head.
Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confessions?
Fred. What you shall think us;
Though to myself I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it.
John. We are sure of nothing, Frederick, that 's the truth on 't:
I do not think my name 's Don John, nor dare not

87 *gilded*] a euphemism for 'drunk.' "Cf. *Tempest*, V. i. 279, 'And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they Find this grand liquor, that hath gilded 'em?'"—Reed.

88 *valiant*] Bullen's conjecture. *saliant*, Ff.

98 *case*] The Bawd means 'law-suit,' but Petruchio wilfully misunderstands the word in an indecent sense.

102 *velvet-head*] "Alluding, of course, to her velvet hood."—Dyce.

Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment.—Things are so carried,
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell ye
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning!
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And, o' my conscience, I should fight in 't.
Duke. Thus, then;
For we may be all abused——
Petru. 'Tis possible;
For how should this concern them?
Duke. Here let 's part,
Until to-morrow this time; we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way,
Pawning our honours then to meet again:
When, if she be not found——
Fred. We stand engaged
To answer, any worthy way we are call'd to.
Duke. We ask no more.
Whore. Ye have done with us, then?
Petru. No, dame.
Duke. But is her name Constantia?
Petru. Yes; a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine.—Come out, fiddler;
What say you to this lady? be not fearful.
Fran. Saving the reverence of my master's pleasure,
I say she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
Whore. Who provoked me?
Nay, sirrah Squeak, I 'll see your treble strings
Tied up too; if I hang, I 'll spoil your piping;
Your sweet face shall not save ye.
Petru. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dried devil!—Where 's the officer?
Peter. He 's here, sir.

Enter Officer.

Petru. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em:
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why. Away!
[*Exit* Officer *with* Whore, Bawd, *and* FRANCISCO.]

John. [*Aside.*] By this hand,
A handsome whore!—Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officer's.—A stout whore!
I love such stirring ware.—Pox o' this business!
A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself!—A quick-ey'd whore, that 's wild-fire,
And makes the blood dance through the veins like billows!
I will reprieve this whore.
Duke. Well, good luck with ye!
Fred. As much attend your grace!
Petru. To-morrow, certain——
John. If we out-live this night, sir,
Fred. Come, Don John,
We have something now to do.
John. I am sure I would have.
Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.
John. I am glad on 't;
I have not fought a great while.
Fred. If we die——
John. There 's so much money saved in lechery.
Exeunt.

138 *hunt*] F2. *haunt* F1.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A street.

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, *below, and* VECCHIO, *above.*

Duke. It should be hereabouts.
Petru. Your grace is right ;
This is the house, I know it.
Vec. [*Aside.*] Grace !
Duke. 'Tis further,
By the description we received.
Petru. Good my lord the duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.
Vec. [*Aside.*] My lord the duke ! [*Withdraws.*]
Duke. Pray Heaven this man prove right now !
Petru. Believe it, he 's a most sufficient scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way ; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better : I have heard strange wonders of him.
Duke. But can he shew us where she is ?
Petru. Most certain ;
And for what cause too she departed.
Duke. Knock, then ;
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spaniards ;
Yet they appear brave fellows : can he tell us ?
Petru. With a wet finger, whether they be false.
Duke. Away, then !
Petru. Who 's within here ? [*Knocks.*]

Enter VECCHIO.

Vec. Your grace may enter——
Duke. How can he know me?
Petru. He knows all.
Vec. And you, sir. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter DON JOHN *and* FREDERICK.

John. What do you call his name?
Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.
John. They say he can raise devils: can he make 'em
Tell truth too when he has raised 'em? for, believe it,
These devils are the lying'st rascals!
Fred. He can compel 'em.
John. With what?
Can he tie squibs in their tails, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earthquake?
Fred. With spells, man.
John. Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compell'd with cross and pile to run of errands?
With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belphegor?
Why should he shake at sounds that lives in a smith's forge?
Or, if he do——
Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.
John. Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of bullions?

5, 6 *With . . . out*] Colman's arrangement. Two lines ending *he . . . out* Ff.

12 *cross and pile*] i. e. with a silver coin, the 'cross and pile' corresponding to 'heads and tails.' Conjurers always require their hands 'crossed with silver.'

16 *bilbo*] a sword, from Bilbao in Spain, where swords were made.
bullions] probably bullion-hose, trunk-hose with exaggerated puffs.

They go as big as any ; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble?
These make as fell a noise. Methinks the colic,
Well handled, and fed with small beer——
Fred. 'Tis the virtue——
John. The virtue! nay, and goodness fetch him up once,
'Has lost a friend of me; the wise old gentleman
Knows when, and how. I 'll lay this hand to twopence,
Let all the conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,
And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs : where 's virtue?
Fred. Thou art the most sufficient (I 'll say for thee)
Not to believe a thing——
John. Oh, sir, slow credit
Is the best child of knowledge. I 'll go with ye ;
And, if he can do any thing, I 'll think
As you would have me.
Fred. Let 's inquire along ;
For certain we are not far off.
John. Nor much nearer.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A room in the house of VECCHIO.

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, *and* VECCHIO.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.
Petru. How think you, sir?
Duke. Is your name Vecchio?
Vec. Yes, sir.
Duke. And you can shew me
These things you promise?

19 *make him tremble*] Mason. *make us tremble* F1. Omitted by F2.
21 *virtue*] i. e. potency, but John misunderstands the word in the sense of 'goodness.'

Vec. Your grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law shall seize me.
Duke. As I live, sir!
Petru. And as I live, that can do something too, sir!
Vec. I take your promises. Stay here a little,
Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I 'll satisfy ye.
The lady's name 's Constantia?
Petru. Yes.
Vec. I come straight.
Exit VECCHIO.
Duke. Sure, he 's a learned man.
Petru. The most now living.
Did your grace mark, when we told all these circumstances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?
Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.
Petru. Not unlikely;
For sure he has 'em subject.
Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?
Petru. True.
Duke. Or hit upon mine honour? or assure me
The lady loved me dearly?
Petru. 'Twas so.

Enter VECCHIO *in his habiliments.*

Vec. Now,
I do beseech your grace, sit down; and you, sir:
Nay, pray, sit close, like brothers.
Petru. A rare fellow!
Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,
Until I ask ye; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition and thin air,
Not to be held nor spoken to. *Knocking within.*

16 *mine honour*] my rank, Vecchio having recognised his visitor as the Duke.

JOHN, FREDERICK, *and a* Servant *within.*

Duke. We are counsell'd.
Vec. What noise is that without there?
Fred. (*within.*) We must speak with him.
Serv. (*within.*) He 's busy, gentlemen.
John (*within.*) That 's all one, friend; We must and will speak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, sir:
We know their tongues and business; 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.
Vec. Let 'em in, then.

Enter FREDERICK, JOHN, *and* Servant.

Sit down; I know your meaning.
Fred. The duke before us! Now we shall sure know something.
Vec. Not a question; But make your eyes your tongues.
John. This is a strange juggler; Neither indent before-hand for his payment, Nor know the breadth of the business! Sure, his devil Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds For dead drink and old doublets.
Fred. Peace; he conjures.
John. Let him; he cannot raise my devil.
Fred. Prithee, peace.
Vec. Appear, appear!
And you, soft winds, so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them sing
Gentle love-lays to the spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound! *Soft music.*

35 *Lapland*] the witches in *Macbeth* dispose of winds. It was a northern trait. Cf. Bartholomew Anglicus, in R. Steele, *Mediæval Lore*, of the Finlanders, 'and so to men that sail by their coasts, and also to men that abide with them from default of wind, they proffer wind to sailing, and so they sell wind.'

John. This is an honest conjurer and a pretty poet:
I like his words well; there 's no bombast in 'em.
But do you thinknow he can cudgel up the devil
With this short staff of verses?
Fred. Peace! the spirits!

Two Shapes of Women pass by.

John. Nay, and they be no worse——
Vec. Do ye know these faces?
Duke. No.
Vec. Sit still, upon your lives, then, and mark what follows.——
Away, away!
John. These devils do not paint, sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?
Fred. Hark now, John!

CONSTANTIA *passes by* [*veiled*].

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like; this devil
Carries some mettle in her gait.
Vec. I find ye;
You would see her face unveil'd?
Duke. Yes.
Vec. Be uncover'd. [*She unveils.*]
Duke. Oh, Heaven!
Vec. Peace!
Petru. See how she blushes!
John. Frederick,
This devil for my money; this is she, boy.
Why dost thou shake? I burn.
Vec. Sit still, and silent.
Duke. She looks back at me; now she smiles, sir.
Vec. Silence!
Duke. I must rise, or I burst. *Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Vec. Ye see what follows.
Duke. Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!
Vec. I cannot;
'Tis all dissolved again. This was the figure?
Duke. The very same, sir.

49 *pass by*] F1. *passing by* F 2.

Petru. No hope once more to see it?
Vec. You might have kept it longer, had ye spared it;
Now 'tis impossible.
Duke. No means to find it?
Vec. Yes, that there is: sit still a while; there's wine,
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, sir. *Exit* VECCHIO.
John. This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two such devils more
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?
Fred. Hollock.
John. The devil 's in it, then; look how it dances!
Well, if I be—— [*Drinks.*]
Petru. We are all before ye,
That 's your best comfort, sir.
John. By th' mass, brave wine!
Nay, and the devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.
Duke. Here 'a comes:

Enter VECCHIO.

Silence of all sides, gentlemen!
Vec. Good your grace,
Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gallants;
You 'll be deluded all else. This merry devil
That next appears (for such a one you'll find it)

64 Petru.] F1. F2 gives this speech to the Duke.

71 *Hollock*] *Hock* Seward. "In Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 312, the present passage is cited with the erroneous reading 'Hock'; but that elaborate work contains no account of *hollock*. The latter wine, however, is frequently mentioned by our early writers: so Taylor—

'*Hollock* and Tent would be of small repute.'
The Praise of Hemp-seed, p. 65.—*Workes*, ed. 1630.

It probably means wine produced in Holach or Hohenlohe, a district in the circle of Franconia."—Dyce.

73 *Well, if I be——*] "The author, I apprehend, wrote, *Well if I be damn'd——*: John has just said that the devil is in the wine."—Dyce. I do not suppose that this is what the author wrote, but this is doubtless what John's aposiopesis means.

77 *'a*] F1. *he* F2.

Must be call'd up by a strange incantation,—
A song, and I must sing it : pray, bear with me,
And pardon my rude pipe ; for yet, ere parting,
Twenty to one I please ye.
Duke. We are arm'd, sir.
Petru. Nor shall you see us more transgress.
Fred. What think'st thou
Now, John ?
John. Why, now do I think, Frederick,
(And, if I think amiss, Heaven pardon me !)
This honest conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.
Fred. Peace ; he conjures.

SONG.

Come away, thou lady gay !—
Hoist, how she stumbles !
Hark how she mumbles !—
Dame Gillian !
Answer. I come, I come.

By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Matthewglin, and Peter,
Appear, and answer me in metre !
Why, when ?
Why, Gill !
Why, when ?
Answer. You 'll tarry till I am ready.

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83 *pray*] F1. *'pray* F2.

92–119 Song] F2. Omitted by F1, which, however, has the stage-direction *Song* to 'midnight' in l. 91.

99 *Matthewglin*] *Metheglin*, 1711. Metheglin, or mead, is made of honey. It is called "Britain Matthewglin" as being a characteristically British drink. "The common appellation of the first [Metheglin] by the name of *Matthew Glinn*, (although it seeme a Nick't name to the world,) is generally received by the History of Monmouth to be the Authours name of this Mellifluous mixture ; for this *Matthew*, dwelling in a Valley (for so the word *Glinn* imports Englished from the Welsh), being master of a very great stocke of Bees, and wanting vent for the issue of their labours in an abundant yeare, betooke himself wholy to his study, and being most ingenious in things of this nature, in a short time he profited so well, as out of his maternall or mother-wit, of himselfe he perfected this rare composure."—Taylor's *Drinke and Welcome*, 1637, sig. A 3, quoted by Dyce.

100 *Peter*] "an abbreviation of *Peter-see-me*, *Peter-sameene*, or *Peter-semine*, corruptions of the word *Pedro-Ximenes*."—Dyce. "The Pedro-Ximenes . . . receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to Ximen or

Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose in thy nose,
And the gout in thy toes;
By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that 's made of stuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch;
By the stakes and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,
Appear,
Appear,
Appear!

Answer. Oh, I am here!

John. Why, this is the song, Frederick. Twenty pound now,
To see but our Don Gillian!

Fred. Peace; it appears.

Enter Landlady *and the* Child.

John. I cannot peace: devils in French hoods, Frederick! Satan's old syringes!

Duke. What's this?

Vec. Peace!

John. She, boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, boy, I say.

Fred. Ha!

John. She, boy;
The very child, too, Frederick.

Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, John: has the devil these affections?
I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not:

Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the malmsey of Paxarete."—Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 193, quoted by Dyce.

101 *Why, when*] "An elliptical expression of impatience, very common in early plays."—Dyce.

106 *pose*] "a catarrh or defluxion of rheum."—Seward.

123 *syringes*] Here used as equivalent to 'bawds'; cf. III. iii. 42.

"Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?"
Sweet lady, was it you? if thou be'st the devil,
First, having cross'd myself, to keep out wildfire,
Then said some special prayers to defend me
Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!
Gillian. Hold, sir! I am no devil.
John. That 's all one.
Gillian. I am your very landlady.
John. I defy thee:
Thus, as St. Dunstan blew the devil's nose
With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful——
Gillian. Sweet son, I am old Gillian.
Duke. This is no spirit.
John. Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?
Gillian. I am, son.
Vec. Sit still, sir; now I 'll show you all.
Exit VECCHIO.
John. Where 's thy bottle?
Gillian. Here, I beseech ye, son——
John. For I know the devil
Cannot assume that shape.
Fred. 'Tis she, John, certain.
John. A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what make you
Tumbling and juggling here?
Gillian. I am quit now, signior,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me;
For to tell true, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours (which was a lie,
But then it served my turn), I drew the lady
Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture
Your don-ships for a day or two, and secure her
Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

Enter VECCHIO *and* CONSTANTIA.

Duke. May I yet speak?
Vec. Yes, and embrace her too;

128 *Who . . . bed?*] A jesting imitation of a famous speech of Hieronimo in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, II. v. 1, which begins, "What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?"
142 *make*] F1. *makes* F2.
145 *true*] *truth*. Weber.

For one that loves you dearer——
Duke. Oh, my sweetest!
Petru. Blush not; I will not chide ye.
Con. To add more
Unto the joy I know I bring ye,—see, sir,
The happy fruit of all our vows!
Duke. Heaven's blessing
Be round about thee ever!
John. Pray, bless me too;
For, if your grace be well instructed this way,
You 'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, sir?
John. I 'll tell ye that anon.
Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman
Has done a charity worthy your favour;
And let him have it, dear sir.
Duke. My best lady,
He has, and ever shall have.—So must you, sir,
To whom I am equal bound as to my being.
Fred. Your grace's humble servants.
Duke. Why kneel you, sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet 'twas harmless,
And all the art I have, sir. Those your grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours' children,
Whom I instruct in grammar here and music;
Their shapes (the people's fond opinions
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stolen from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readiness. By conjecture,
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fallen out so; which way
(Having the persons here I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your grace. My end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.
Duke. I believe it,

154 *I know I bring*] Dyce. *I know, I bring* Ff.
159 *ye*] F1. *you* F2.
160 *Has*] F2. *'Has* F1.
162 *He*] F2. *She* F1.
164 *servants*] F1. *servant* F2.
169 *shapes*] "i. e. dresses (for disguise)."—Dyce.

For you have pleased me truly; so well pleased me,
That, when I shall forget it——
Petru. Here's old Antonio,
(I spied him at a window) coming mainly,
I know, about his whore; the man you light on,
As you discover'd unto me. Good your grace,
Let 's stand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all
To observe his pelting fury.
Vec. About a wench, sir?
Petru. A young whore that has robb'd him.
Vec. But do you know, sir,
Where she is?
Petru. Yes, and will make that perfect.
Vec. I am instructed well, then.
John. If he come
To have a devil show'd him, by all means
Let me be he; I can roar rarely.
Petru. Be so;
But take heed to his anger.
Vec. Slip in quickly;
There you shall find suits of all sorts. When I call,
Be ready, and come forward.

Exeunt all but VECCHIO.

Who's there? come in.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?
Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me.
Ant. Presently
Shew me a devil that can tell——
Vec. Where your wench is.
Ant. You are i' th' right; as also where the fiddler
That was consenting to her.
Vec. Sit ye there, sir;

181 *his whore; the man*] *his whore and the man* Mason. 'The man' is, of course, Francisco.
light] *lit* Colman. 'Light,' is often used for the past tense in these plays.
188 *show'd*] *shewn* Colman.
192 *Who's . . . in*] Dyce. *Who's there come in?* F1. *Who's there comes in?* F2.

Ye shall know presently. Can ye pray heartily?
Ant. Why, is your devil so furious?
Vec. I must show ye
A form may chance affright ye.
Ant. He must fart fire, then:
Take you no care for me.
Vec. Ascend, Asteroth!
Why, when? appear, I say!—

Re-enter DON JOHN, *like a Spirit.*

Now question him.
Ant. Where is my whore, Don Devil?
John. Gone to China,
To be the Great Cham's mistress.
Ant. That 's a lie, devil.
Where are my jewels?
John. Pawn'd for petticoats.
Ant. That may be. Where 's the fiddler?
John. Condemn'd to th' gallows
For robbing of a mill.
Ant. The lying'st devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!—
What was that rascal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How!
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do ye hear, conjurer?
Dare you venture your devil?
Vec. Yes.
Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger——
Have at your devil's pate! [*Attacks* DON JOHN, *who throws off his disguise.*] Do ye mew?

Enter all.

Vec. Hold!
Petru. Hold there!

201 *Asteroth*] *Asterth* Ff. *Asht'roth* Seward.
202 *Why, when?*] Cf. note to line 100.
210 *ye*] F1. *you* F2.
212 *ye*] F1. *you* F2.
212 *mew*] "i. e. cast your dress; properly, moult."—Dyce.

I do command ye hold!
Ant. Is this the devil?
Why, conjurer——
Petru. 'Has been a devil to you, sir;
But now you shall forget all. Your whore's safe,
And all your jewels; your boy too.
John. Now the devil indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fiend.
Ant. All safe?
Petru. Pray ye, know this person; all 's right now.
Ant. Your grace
May now command me, then. But where 's my whore?
Petru. Ready to go to whipping.
Ant. My whore whipp'd!
Petru. Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir.
Ant. Whipp'd! Pray, gentlemen——
Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye?
The young boy
You may forgive; he was enticed.
John. The whore, sir,
Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!
Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.
Petru. Let 's in all;
And, if we see contrition in your whore, sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,
And the full consummation of my vow! *Exeunt.*

213 *ye*] F1. *you* F2.
214 *'Has*] F1. *He has* F2.
218 *All*] *All's* Weber.
219 *Pray*] F1. *'Pray* F2.
222 *Pray*] F1. *'pray* F2.

EPILOGUE.

WE have not held you long; nor do I see
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eased
Could we be confident that all rise pleased:
But such ambition soars too high: if we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a fair censure, we have our reward,
And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard.

1 *nor . . . see*] Omitted by 1653.
7 *censure*] "i. e. judgment, opinion."—Dyce.

FINIS

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